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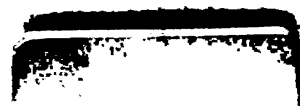
The Little corporal

Alfred L. Sewell, Emily Huntington Miller

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THE
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AN

Illustrated Magazine,

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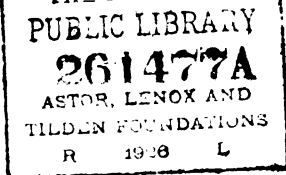
BOYS AND GIRLS.

EDITED BY

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

VOLUME XVI.

CHICAGO:
JOHN E. MILLER.
1873.



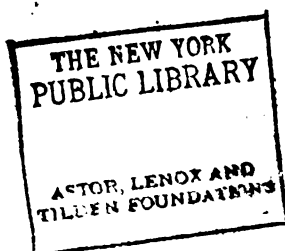
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LISTENING TO THE NEW YEAR'S CHIMES.

Toll, bells, for the year that has fled;
Toll sorrowful chimes at his bier;
Then ring for the New in a jubilant strain,
Ring, bells, for the happy New Year.

THE LITTLE CORPORAL.

FIGHTING AGAINST WRONG; AND FOR THE GOOD, THE TRUE, AND THE BEAUTIFUL.

VOL. XVI.—JANUARY, 1873.—No. 1.

UNCLE DICK'S LEGACY.

BY MRS. EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

CHAPTER V.



STEVE looked down at the little Irishman with the air of a great, good-natured mastiff regarding a little barking cur, while the visitor, reassured by a glance at the boys, coolly seated himself by the fire, saying,

"Pass along the whishky, till I warm me heart a bit, an' ye may pick me bones an' wilcome afterwards."

"We haven't any whishky," said Raymond; "and I don't believe your bones would pay for picking."

"Thru for ye, me bye," said the man, with a grin; "but it's mesilf could ate ye wid a relish; ye smell oncommon nice," and he glanced at the stew-pan with a hungry look, that moved Raymond to say,

"We've had supper, but Steve will make you some soup, if you'll get some more water."

"Niver mind the wather," said the man; "sure, an' I'll take me soup clare, if it's the same to you. Wather. disagraes wid me stummic."

"Here it is, then," said Archie, handing him one of the little packages, wrapped in tin foil. "I'm afraid you'll find it's dry."

Steve laughed till the woods rang, at the man's puzzled expression, as he turned the package over and over.

"Dry as the bones of Saint Patrick," said he, at length; and laying it down as carefully as if he thought it might explode, he went down to the little run for water.

"Put in plinty of sasoning, me jewel," said he, watching Steve narrowly, as he shaved up the mysterious stuff; "ye might put twinty of thim little quids in me stummic, and niver know where they wint."

But his wonder knew no bounds when the watery contents of the stew-pan began to bubble and thicken and send out savory odors.

"Be jabbers, it's a witch ye are," he said, "that can make brath out o' stunes."

"Try it," said Raymond; and the man at once seized the pan, pulled a flat bottle from the bosom of his hunting shirt, and poured in a spoonful or two.

"To kape off the ager, and take the faver out o' the wather," he explained.

"You've spoilt it now, with that dirty stuff," said Archie, in disgust.

"Don't ye belave it, me bye; it's illegant, intirely," and he finished his arrange-

ments by breaking in a large square of corn bread, which he took from the same convenient pocket that held the bottle.

Steve had seen the whisky bottle with a lowering face, and now he said,

"Look a' here, Mr. Pat, how much you got in dat bottle?"

"Me name is Dinnis, me black jewel," said the man, not in the least disturbed, "and there is n't the full of yer mouth in the bottle, bad luck to it! but I'll share me last sup wid ye, an' wilcome," and he promptly handed the bottle to Steve, who took it with a look of disgust, shook it to be sure that the man told the truth, and then gave it back, greatly relieved. "I don't want yer p'ison stuff," he said; "would n't taste it no how."

"No more would I, if I was a nager," said the man, coolly. "It takes a gintleman to drink gintalee."

"Shame!" cried Raymond, indignantly; but Steve quietly stepped up to the man and said,

"Look a' here, *Paddy*, yer in our camp, an' ye came 'd out anybody 'vitin' of yer; an' ef ye mean to stay, you'd best keep a civil tongue in yer head, or I'll pitch yer so fer in de bresh ye'll never fin' yerself. I kin do it easy 'nuff," and Steve straightened his brawny arms, and looked as if he would rather relish the job.

"Fa'th, an' I belave yer right," said Dennis, finishing his supper. "Ye've trated me like a born gintleman, any how."

Steve said no more; but Raymond and Archie laughed heartily at the energy with which he washed the stew-pan and scoured it with ashes. Then he gathered up the things that were scattered around, and stowed them carefully under the brush that formed his own bed.

"Don' ye leave nuffin lyin' roun' loose," he said to the boys, in a low tone; "no use temptin' sech pore trash."

But this was not to end their annoyances, for Dennis took out a stumpy black pipe and proceeded to fill and light it.

"Horrid!" said Archie; "this is a little too much."

"Belikes yer not fond of tobaccy, nay-ther," said Dennis, and quickly changed his position, so that the wind carried off most of the fumes.

"I wonder where he came from," said Raymond. "It looks as if there must be people living somewhere near here."

"Come from settlement up de riber, I reckon," said Steve; "mizzable, loafin' trash."

Dennis came back with an evident desire to be sociable.

"You must have come a long way," said Raymond, by way of an opening.

"Ye may say that," said Dennis; "it's a long way, consid'rin' it's so short."

"Do you live at a settlement?" asked Archie.

"Fa'th, it's me own sittlemint; yer entertainin' a gintleman wid a foiner estate, me bye."

"A farm?" said Archie, in astonishment.

"Jist so, me bye; an' illegant plantation, barrin' the stoamps and the bushes, that make it a bit hard to cooltivate; but they'll be rottin' away in time, I'm thinkin'."

"Have you got a house?" asked Raymond.

"Jist a snoog bit of a cabin, nice and convaynient. Och! if me poor Biddy could see it."

"Then your wife is n't with you?" said Archie.

"She's dead, the jewel—rist her sowl—and the natest housekeeper in ahl the land, she was. We lived in the Illiny bottoms. Do ye mind the Illiny bottoms?"

Raymond shook his head and bit his lip.

"Well, it's a chatin' old thafe of a river, bad luck to it. Whin Biddy an' me seen the smooth, pooty lay of the land, ahl black wid richness, and that saft ye could rin yer arrum doon to the elbow, says I, 'Biddy, me jewel, here's the farrum for me.' And we took up a shtrip of a garden, and pit in the pitaties, an' Biddy had a coop of chickens, and the foinest pig that iver squealed for his dinner, and his riverence, the Pope, was no grander nor I was, shmokin' me pipe in the garden, wid the pig lookin' over

the top of the pen, conshtiderin' the pitaties that would a been ready to dig come fourth o' July, any how. Well, we wint to' bed one night wid an awful black sky a brewin', an' says I, 'Biddy, d'ye think it 'll rain, I d'n know?'

"An' Biddy says she, 'Dinnis, I'm thinkin' it 'll rain, an' had n't ye better pit out the toobs an' the pa'ls an' catch a little?'

"An' I pit out the toobs and the pa'ls, an' *we ca'ght it before mornin'*, be jabers! I was drammin' the Prident was axin' me would I accipt of a barry full o' goold, an' there was Biddy a shakin' me by the hair o' me head, an' says she, 'Dinnis,' says she, 'the wather is over the flure, an' the pig squalin' bludy murrder.' An' before I could sittle me sinces the wather histed the bid, and the pig wint scrachin' by the windy. Biddy she ca'ght at the blissid Virgin, a hangin' forninst the bid, and the wather scroonched up the cabin, like ye 'd scroonch an aig in yer fisht, an' lift us sailin' away wid the fither bid and the howly Virgin betwixt us an' dith. Be jabers, thin, an' it 's the thruth I'm tellin' ye, we sailed more nor tin mile on that fither bid, till we was that coold, an' hoongry, an' wit to the harrrt, I was minded many times to joomp in an' thry me look wid the fishes. Jist coomin' dark we floated nigh to a tree, an' says I, 'Dinnis, me bye, now 's yer chance;' an' whin we come foreninst it, I made a grab at the branches, and joomped fer the top. I made me footin' ahl right, but Biddy, poor sowl, she kept on down the strame, an' I niver seen her to this day."

Dennis sighed profoundly, and looked into the fire, and Raymond asked, as soon as he could speak for laughter,

"And how did you finally get away?"

"Eshcaped in a boat," said Dennis; "a coople of friendly furriners, out fishin' for ails, took me off with 'em; but ye can see the crooks in me laigs to this prisent day, rooshtin' so lohng in the scroob oak."

"Did you find anything of your house?" asked Archie.

"House is it?" said Dennis; "the virry dirrt was clane gone—swipt away tin foot

dape, an' I rode over the shpot in a stame-boat, thinking of me foine little cabin, an' the pig, an' the chakens, an' the chist that came over from Ballymacraven, an' 'the fither bid, an' the toobs, an' the pa'ls, an' the pitaties that wud a' been riddy to dig come fourth o' July, any how."

"And Biddy?" suggested Archie, as Dennis closed his list of losses.

"Yis, an' Biddy, rist her sowl!" and Dennis pulled out the black pipe and prepared to console himself with another smoke, unrolling his dirty blanket and stretching himself on the other side of the fire. The boys lay laughing and shaking on their brush beds, while Steve, by a few adroit questions, managed to find out to a certainty what he had all along suspected—that the man was a squatter, and had built a shanty on Uncle Dick's farm.

"How much you pay fer taxes las' year?" inquired Steve.

"Not a cint!" said Dennis, triumphantly; "fa'lh, an' the Prident is moighty glad to git the lañd sittled up wid stiddy votin' citizens, an' he gives the byes a homesthead fer the takin'—spishaly thim as has been in the army."

"How long was you in the army?" asked Steve.

"An' was n't it meself was cunnel of the twenty-firsht voluntares, an' lid tho charge in Tinnessay, an' has tin bullets in me back this minute?"

Steve rose up with a snort of indignation, and left Dennis to his dreams.

"Boys," said he, in a low tone, "it 's yer own farm he 's livin' on; but he says he does n't have to pay taxes, so he 's only a squatter, the dirty, cheatin' mule!"

Steve had bestowed upon the poor Irishman the name which expressed to his mind the very height and depth of contempt, and now he lay down in front of the boys to sleep, as a sentinel might sleep, with his senses alert for the least alarm.

CHAPTER VI.

The last letter from the boys had reached home. It was written just before they left

the little lumber schooner, and mailed by the captain as soon as she touched at a port.

"All right, so far," said the doctor, cheerfully, handing the open letter to Aunt Rachel, who read it eagerly, and then smiled a little dolefully, as she said,

"Seems to me it's rather soon to take courage. I wonder if Daniel's friends, when they saw him safely inside the den, said, 'All right, so far,' as they went home to dinner?"

"You surely don't think it is so bad as that, Rachel?" said the doctor. "Of course I should n't send those boys into any danger. They may have some rough times, and meet some adventures, but there's no more real danger in what they've undertaken than in going to Boston."

"I only hope you are right," said Aunt Rachel; "but it does look to me like tempting Providence."

"Providence means God, as you and I believe, Rachel. I think of my Father as keeping my boys under the shadow of His wing, and not doing them evil because they are out from under my wing. You look horrified, Rachel; but that is about what people really mean by 'tempting Providence,' as if God were watching for a chance to do us harm."

"It's a remarkable letter," said Rachel, her face flushing a little, as she turned the page; "but Raymond is a remarkable boy."

"I never thought so," said the doctor, with a provoking smile.

"No, you never did him justice; you never could see anything beyond your musty old Greek; but I've seen it ever since he was born," and Aunt Rachel's eyes were full of tears as she read her favorite's letter.

The doctor took from his breast pocket an oval case, from which three boyish faces looked out at him. His hand was steady, his eye was calm and clear, as he looked at it, but he said in a low tone, as he returned it to its place, "He that toucheth you, toucheth the apple of my eye."

Will was in the kitchen, as usual, taking to himself all the petting which old Chloe had been accustomed to bestow upon the

three, and Aunt Rachel went down to carry the news to them both.

"We have a letter from the boys," said she; and Will dropped the corn he was parching, into the fire, while Chloe left polishing her window, wiped her hands on her check apron, and hastened to give Miss Rachel a chair.

"Bress de Lord, honey, an' how is dem bressed chillen?"

"I'll read you the letter," said Miss Rachel; and Chloe listened with pride and delight to Raymond's letter, with Archie's postscript, and Steve's dutiful messages to his "ole mammy."

"'Clar' fer it," said Chloe, wiping her eyes; "dat boy is right down edifyin', now; y' ought to read dat ar letter to de preacher, Miss Rachel."

"Oh, auntie," said Will, leaning on her lap and looking wistfully in her face, "do n't you so wish you were there, too?"

"Why, no," said Aunt Rachel, smoothing Will's bright hair; "the last place I should like to find myself just now would be on the deck of a lumber schooner, if that is what you mean by 'there.'"

"They're in the woods by this time," said Will, "hunting, and camping, and telling stories around the fire, and I'm just staying here and going to school—"

"And comforting papa," said Aunt Rachel; "and keeping us all from going distracted, as we surely should, with all our boys away."

"Bress yer heart, honey," said Chloe, "don' yer go fer to fret 'count of de Lord's blessins and marcies. I's done baked ye a tu'nover jes' bustin' wid raisins, an' I'll fotch it up soon's ever I polish off dis yer winder. Did ye took notice, Miss Rachel, how them laylocks is blowin' out, an' Cunel Foster's gardin's all of a shine with toolips?"

"It's lovely weather," said Miss Rachel; "lovely for this dreary climate, but it always sets me longing for the magnolias, and the roses, and the yellow jessamines—"

"I'm glad you want something, aunty," said Will, slipping his arm around her as

she stood in the door; "I thought everybody was satisfied but me."

"Not satisfied, Will," said Aunt Rachel, softly, "but contented. Content may come to us anywhere; we need not ask to be satisfied away from home."

(*To be continued.*)

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

BY M. E. N. HATHIEWAY.

In frozen slumber nature lies,
A shadow rests on all below,
No more the shapes that gladden sense,
In grace and beauty come and go,

But shutting out the chill and gloom,
We gather round the Christmas Tree,
Rejoicing in the time that is,
The time more glorious that shall be.

O! wondrous Tree of heavenly seed!
That sprang to life that far-off morn,
When in earth's lowliest estate
The child of Love and Peace was born.

And deeper shall its roots descend,
And higher shall its branches grow,
Uniting in fraternal thought
The worlds above and worlds below.

Till all the wise from east to west
Shall bring their offerings rich and sweet,
To deck its sacred boughs, and make
His work and worship more complete.

And dreaming thus, how future years
A nobler age than ours shall see,
We hail the glorious time that is,
The time more glorious that shall be.

GOING TO SCHOOL.

BY A. H. POE.

Bare feet trudge the path together,
Through the dreamy autumn weather;
Whistling Ben, with drollest eyes;
Dimpled Mollie, loving and wise.

Mooley, lurching on the grass,
Looks up gravely as they pass;
Quiet pony sees them make
Pictures every step they take.

Over the glade with merry speeches,
Crickets sing and black-bird preaches;
Up! goes a line of partridge folk,
And the sun says, "Almost nine o'clock."

"Eat your white bread!" cries Granny More,
As they peep like sparrows in at her door;
A little farther—they drink at the well.
Then, "ding-a-ling-ling!" goes the teacher's bell.

ABOUT BLIND CHILDREN.

BY JENNY BURR.

I wonder how many of my young readers will think this is to be about the blind boys and girls in asylums, like the blind asylum in Boston, or the institute for the blind in New York?

It is very sad to think of these children, who can never see the pleasant sunshine, nor the flowers, nor their mothers' faces; but these are not the blind children I mean. Indeed, I would n't wonder if some one of them were this minute reading these very words, studying a history lesson, or drawing some gray castle on the Rhine. For it was only the other day that I saw one of these children, with as bright, laughing brown eyes, as ever shone in a boy's face. It was Rob, who came bounding in from a walk in the fields. His mother is an invalid, who cannot go out much, and she asked him if the leaves of the red maples in the swamp had begun to turn any yet. Now, although it was time for those trees to be changing a little, Rob was obliged to tell his mother that he had n't noticed them at all. He had seen a flock of pigeons, for that was just what he went out for; and he had heard a partridge whirring through the woods; but the leaves—whether they were all green still, or whether the early autumn had begun to paint them, he did n't know. And not long ago, Agnes, who has the brightest of blue eyes, wrote a composition about "The Robin's Nest," in which she told about the five *brown* eggs that she found in it. Some of the children looked at one another, and smiled a queer smile when she read it, for I suppose they wondered what sort of robin's eggs they were that were brown instead of pretty blue-green.

You see it is n't so much the bright eye as the *using it*. That's the secret. So many beautiful and curious things there are that we never see, though they are right before us every day. Nelly thinks if she could only go to Europe, and see so much that is rare and wonderful, she should be

perfectly happy. I wonder if she has ever thought that there is a whole world of beauty she has not seen within a few miles of her own home by the river or on the prairie, and that if she will only look at the common things carefully, they will afford her so much pleasure she will not care half so much about seeing the rare ones.

This, in amount, is what Johnny thought the other night. He had picked up a gray stone on the way from school, that looked like any other gray stone; but his grandfather showed him so much that was wonderful and curious in it, as they sat by the evening fire, he quite forgot it was common.

To know how to see is one of the things to learn. A good many grown folks need to learn it as well as the young people. Not long since a beautiful poem appeared in one of the magazines; but there was just one word in it—about a bird—that was wrong; and the critic—a wise and kind one, too—was quick to see it, and point it out. And he said, too, that one common fault of American writers was the not careful seeing of little things.

Eyes are at first like raw recruits, that have to be drilled and trained before they do good service. You have all heard of Professor Agassiz, and perhaps you know that two or three years ago he went to South America to study certain things about that country. Many travelers had been there before, and described what they had seen; but nobody had seen what Professor Agassiz saw, because nobody's eyes were trained like his. It was all there, but he found it first.

And this same art of seeing things is just what he tries to teach other people. When young men go to him to be taught—about shells, for instance—he gives them a shell to look at carefully, and asks them to report afterwards what they see in it. I should hope they have pretty good eyes to report to such a teacher, should n't you?

Last summer a party of school-girls went out to hunt after flowers. At last one of them found a stemless lady's slipper—a pink, delicate-veined cup. Then all the

girls exclaimed, "How lucky you are!" By and by she found another, and then another, although it was not a very common flower in that part of the country, and the girls thought it too bad that all the good luck should come to her! But it was n't luck at all; indeed, there is n't half so much luck in the world about *anything* as people think! It was only that she was keener-eyed than the rest, and on a sharper lookout to see what was before every one of them.

Many years ago, when there were not many books, people read nature more closely, and the most ignorant people were sometimes wiser about birds, and plants, and all common, home-like matters, than even the learned scholar is apt to be now. Generally it is the wisest person who spends a part of his time in studying things about him, instead of depending entirely upon books; who watches the bees at their work; is quick to hear the bird's first song in spring; and who knows just where to find the wild geranium or the gentian.

And nature is such pleasant reading, too! a real wonder-book, with broad, clear page, and full of fairy stories. The leaves of it are always turning over, and each page has something new to say. George Macdonald writes in one of his books that he watched the sunrise and sunset many years, but always found something new and different in each one.

May be you have all heard about Henry Thoreau, who loved nature so well, and studied it so constantly. He knew all the wild creatures of the woods and fields—their haunts and habits. He saw more than almost any one else in the brooks, in the meadows, and in the sky. He said he could always find the flower he was searching for; it was sure to appear to him when nobody else could find it.

If one man can discern so much by careful observation, how full the world must be of things we never see at all! Is n't it true, children, that we are blind, after all?

One pair of eyes sees one thing, and another pair another. Harry, who loves birds,

notes every kind as he rides or walks through the country—robin, blue-bird, jay, oriole, bob-o'-link, black-bird, and the whole singing company of them. Mary cares less for these, but she watches eagerly the colors of the autumn leaves—the gold, scarlet, and flame-color of the maples, the deep crimson of the oaks, the pale yellow of the poplars, the warm or dull-brown of the chestnuts, and the brilliant red of the sumachs. Eddy sees neither of these, perhaps, only in a general way; but his eyes are quick to catch the squirrel, the woodchuck, or the rabbit.

Ella is a little girl-acquaintance of mine

who thinks a great deal about dress; and whenever she goes anywhere, or sees a number of people together, she notices what is worn; what cloth it is; and how it is made. Amy, her sister, sees none of these things; but she observes kinds of faces, and modes of speech, and is sure to remember what is said.

No one of us can see everything, I suppose, and it is far better to see one thing well than to skim over a dozen; but it is certain we can all see a great deal more than we do, wherever we are in this beautiful world, if we will only *use our eyes*.

HIDDEN TREASURE.

BY MARY A. DENISON.

CHAPTER I.—A HAPPY HOME.

"I wish people would let mother Meadows alone!"

So said impetuous Sally Meadows, as she poked the fire vigorously.

"People may be sick and die, if they want to," she continued; "but I see no earthly reason why mother should go trotting over the whole town at everybody's beck and call. It's mother Meadows here, and mother Meadows there; and nobody seems to consider *our* needs. We might just as well be orphans."

The girl concluded with a master poke that sent the burning sparks in all directions. One of them lit on Anne's nose, and Anne was reading Dickens, curled up on the hearth-rug, and did n't want to be burned.

"Sally! I do think!" she cried, rubbing the injured member, as she looked tearfully up from some touching paragraph.

"Well, think! I'm mad, and that's all about it; but I did n't mean to scatter fire that way. Did it hurt? Poor nose—it *knows* I'm sorry," she added with a laugh. "There is n't the ghost of a sign, but—well, fire burns, of course. Isn't it mean? I wanted mother to help me cut out that

basque pattern—and I have n't another minute besides this evening—and she must be sent for, of course. Mrs. Martello is always sick; it's too bad!"

"It does seem as if mamma was at the beck and call of the whole town," said good-natured Anne, still working at the burnt nose; "but, of course, it's a great comfort to have her round when one is sick," and Anne plunged into the story again.

"You'll ruin your eyes, Anne Meadows, reading by that fire, and you know it. Get up; I'm going to light the gas."

"O, please do n't, Sally, this is such a cozy place! And I can see perfectly. It's lovely and warm, too, and I can't curl up anywhere but on this rug. By the time you've put the room in order this chapter will be ended; come, that's a dear."

"O, yes, you can coax! You know you ought not, Miss Willful," responded Sally, as she proceeded to put things in place.

The room was a large one, and filled with homely, substantial furniture. The carpet had done good service for ten years, but the worn and faded places were carefully covered with home-made rugs, and squares of bright carpet. Its crowning glory was

the cheerful, open fire, that cast so fervid a glow upon the pages of the "OLD CURIOSITY SHOP."

Mother Meadows, as Sally called her, was a widow, and Sally was the oldest of five daughters. Beside her, there were Lizzie, Anne, Lily, and Dora, all between the ages of eight and fifteen. There was one boy, Tom, a youth of sixteen, who, the neighbors made no secret of saying, was the black sheep of the flock.

Mrs. Meadows was "counted," in the town where she lived, to be comfortably well off. Her husband had left her the little home, all clear, and an interest in a paying business conducted by his brother, 'Squire Jack Meadows, who was the richest man in the place.

The constant demands of five growing daughters, to say nothing of Tom's expensive habits, sometimes taxed the mother's ingenuity to the utmost, to keep her bills from accumulating beyond her ability to pay. The girls were all willing to help. Aunt Meadows, a little, forlorn single sister, who considered herself a blighted thing, and really found pleasure in melancholy, was a blessed help to the household; and Nancy Philp, the gossip of the place, came regularly on Mondays and Saturdays to "do up" the heavy work, and leave the girls something to think about.

Perhaps you would like to know how my little girls looked, but I can only tell you there was not a beauty or genius among them, and each had her special burden and cross. Sally, with her impetuous temper; Lizzie, with her indolent love of ease; Anne, with her longings for beauty; and even the lovely little twins, Lily and Dora, to whose affectionate hearts Tom's shortcomings were a grievous sorrow. For Tom, with the best features of both father and mother combined in his perfect face, seemed to share neither in his heart. An only son, spoiled by the idolatry of his father, he seemed already beyond control. He had never learned to say that little word, no, when tempted to evil, and his conduct often threatened to destroy the peace of the family.

"Sally," said a little woman, whose hollow cheeks and sunken, glittering bright eyes told of unlimited affliction, to the casual looker-on, "tea's ready."

"Has n't Tom come in?" asked Sally, as Anne rose from her book and the fire, with a sigh.

"No, dear; Tom don't usually come when his tea's ready."

"O, dear! he ought to be thrashed!" exclaimed Sally, hotly, as she followed Anne into the neat, warm dining-room, where stood Lizzie and Dora, inspecting the table which they, in conjunction with aunty, had been setting and embellishing.

"I wish I could have a Dolly Varden suit," said Lizzie, after aunt Meadows had mumbled a very brief blessing. "Tilly Dedham wore such a beauty to school today, and it was only calico, too."

"You can't have a Dolly Varden," retorted Sally. "You know our dresses are all bought for the spring."

"Plain things. I don't like 'em," responded Dora, with something like a frown. "Nothing that mother gets ever suits my style."

"Hear her!" laughed Lily.

"Nothing would suit you, you chameleon," said Anne.

"Something would! I know! Just if mother would let Uncle Jack adopt me; then I'd dress in silks and satins, and have everything I wanted, Dolly Vardens and all, with lovely bunches of flowers in 'em."

"You wicked child!" said Sally, sternly; "is it possible you could leave this pleasant home, your mother and us, for the sake of a few worthless rags?"

"I would for a piano," put in Lily; and Sally was speechless.

"When people despise what they have," said aunt Meadows, solemnly, "they get less, sometimes. I was living very comfortably before brother Josiah got married, but I was always wanting something else, and so—"

"Aunty, did mother say when she should come home?" asked Sally; for she had heard the story of Uncle Josiah's marriage,



and his going from home, and his disposition of aunt Meadows, six times a day on an average, for fourteen years.

"It is n't polite to interrupt," said Dora, her eyes twinkling; "do n't you answer her, aunty."

"Your mother did n't say," replied aunt Meadows, coldly, pouring some tea.

"How nicely you could sing

"Home is not home without thee,"

said Dora, looking at Sally's unhappy face. "I guess it's something you wanted mother to do for you, after all."

Sally turned red.

"I do n't want to exchange her, at any rate, for a Dolly Varden dress," she said, brusquely; and Dora ate her toast in silence, feeling that she had her answer.

"I'll wash the dishes," said Sally, when tea was through. "What are you doing there, Lily?"

"Only saving a piece of toast to keep it warm for Tom," said the little girl, stopping on her passage to the fire.

"That's the way to make him late to-morrow," said Anne; then she ran up and kissed her, calling her a dear little thing, for Lily was very thoughtful for poor Tom; and Tom repaid her by an almost worshipful love.

"Do n't you think mamma would like it?" asked Lily.

"Mamma used to save his toast warm," said Sally, thoughtfully, as she fastened the little white wisp of rags to a handle, and briskly rubbed the cups and saucers, that

were as clear and delicate as egg-shells. Sally was particularly neat about all she did. It was a pleasure to see her clear off the table; put the yellow doughnuts in their nice box; carefully gather up the bread that was left; sift the crumbs into a receptacle, from which they would be taken to re-appear, brown and delicate, on some juicy joint or chop.

Mother Meadows had reduced house-keeping to a science. Nothing was wasted in that house; and the girls were early taught that economy is one of the virtues over which wisdom presides.

The dining-room was soon in order, through their united efforts, and the gas lighted in the cheerful sitting-room, which was the parlor as well; the girls had settled themselves comfortably at their books and sewing, when there came a knock at the door. Sally answered it, Anne following. It proved to be Nancy Philp, pale as death, her eyes open distressingly wide.

"O, my dears!" she cried.

"What is the matter, Nancy? Oh, what *has* happened?"

"Your mother—" she gasped, catching her breath.

Sally staggered back. Anne ran wildly into the little circle, crying at the top of her voice,

"Girls! something has happened to mother!"

"Do let me git my breath, gals," snapped Nancy Philp, quite delighted at the little breeze she had created. "Sally Meadows, what *are* you standing staring for, and this awful March wind tearing at me like a mad thing? Why don't you ask me in?"

"Mother!" whispered Sally, in a faint voice, pressing her hands to her head.

"Tain't her, you great goose! She sent me here, I tell ye!"

"Then she's alive and well!" exclaimed Sally, the color coming back to her poor, scared face. "Come in."

"Thank ye," Nancy responded, grimly, as she stepped over the threshold; "live an' well; I sh'd think so. She ought to keep 'live and well till every single soul

dies out o' Danville. Them's my sentiments."

The girls were all crowded in the hall. Laughter had taken the place of terror and excitement. They formed a circle about tall Miss Philp, and marched as a body-guard till she reached the center of the fireplace.

"Did n't you come to tell us something?" asked Dora, meekly.

"Well, I reckon I did," was the slow response, as the woman rolled the news in store like a sweet morsel under her tongue.

"Fact is, your mother sent me for some things she said 't you'd find in the second drawer of the spare chest. Mis' Martello is dead, and I reckon she's going to lay her out."

A shock went through the little circle that amply repaid Miss Philp, as she gazed around with a serene consciousness of duty well performed.

"Poor little Stella Martello!" cried Anne, with sorrowful emphasis. "What will she do? Her heart was bound up in her mother; and nobody thought she would die."

"Anne, do you want to go up with me?" asked Sally.

Anne said, "Certainly," though with some reluctance.

The "chest" was in the spare room, a place that was seldom tenanted. All the ancient family relics were placed there—high-post bedsteads; old chairs with enormous backs; claw-footed tables, out of date for a century; and the long shadows danced with a slow and solemn motion, as if to the movement of long-gone ancestors.

"Were you afraid to come up alone, Sally?"

"Not exactly afraid, but I had been so frightened that it seemed pleasant to have company. Hold the light, please, Anne; how these old doors stick!"

"Did you see that?" cried Anne, as Sally shook at the knobs again.

"No; what?"

"Why, a door flew open, up here; see, just where I have my hand. I am sure of

it—flew open with a little click, and shut up again."

"How silly!" said Sally, desisting from her efforts, and looking where Anne pointed. "There is n't the sign of a door. It's as solid as it can be."

"I tell you, Sally, it opened. Shake again; you need n't laugh at me; what I saw, I saw."

"There's no use arguing with you, Anne; but please tell me if that top is n't solid now."

"It seems to be," replied Anne, dubiously, as she passed her hand over it.

"It is. You saw the shadow of the light, or something. There, thank fortune! the drawer is open. Did you hear something fall?"

"Behind the chest? Yes, I thought I did. I'll look in a moment," said Anne. "There's the bundle."

"Poor little Stella!" murmured Sally; "what will she do? Her mother's annuity is stopped at her death, and that's why she has wanted to live till Stella grew up."

Anne was feeling gropingly along the floor under the chest.

"I've got it," she said. "It seems like a bag, or a book."

"Both," said Sally; "it's Tom's powder bag; but that's an odd place to put a book."

"An old pocket-book," responded Anne. "How queer it feels."

She opened it. The sisters exchanged looks. Slowly Anne drew forth a circular locket of gold.

"Mother's lost locket!" said Anne.

"And father's picture gone!" repeated Sally.

"No, here it is, in this other pocket. O, Sally!"

For a moment the girls stood there, each face expressing the deepest dejection.

"And poor mother has fretted herself almost sick over the loss," murmured Sally, snapping her eyes hard, for tears were very near them.

"Of course, somebody put it here."

"And somebody took out poor papa's likeness."

"O, Sally! did he—do you think he meant—to—what *shall* I say?"

Sally shook her head.

"I'll see to it," she said, her cheek glowing with anger. "I'll make him ashamed of himself, the bad, bad fellow. Mother must n't know it."

"Nor any of the rest."

"Of course not. This is the second time I've found him out, the—"

"O, Sally, don't say it!" and Anne's beautiful eyes were brimming over with tears.

"Poor mother!"

"We must fix it up, and I can tell her I found it. She'll wonder, though, how it came there. Poor mother!"

Quietly and slowly the two sisters went down stairs.

Miss Philp took the bundle.

"Tom ain't to home, I suppose," she said; and, having given this parting shot, she left the house.

"Is n't she *hateful*?" queried Dora.

"Not particularly," said Anne, thoughtfully.

"There's Tom," cried Lily, lifting her sweet face; "I know his whistle. O, how dry the toast will be!"

"He's got to drink water," said aunt Meadows, firmly; "the fire is out, long ago."

"I'll make a fire," spoke up Dora.

"No; your mother particularly told me not to keep tea for him."

By this time Tom was on the front step, and Anne was at the door to let him in.

"Why did n't you come home to tea?" asked Anne.

"Out with some fellows, my dear; and tea I do n't want," said Tom. "Mother home?"

"No; Mrs. Martello is dead, and mother is over there."

He gave a long, low whistle as he entered the room, and, throwing his cap on a chair, walked to the fire. Lily saluted him with one of her sweetest smiles; Dora told him he was a monkey; Sally and Anne looked grave.

How handsome he was! Lizzie thought so as she looked up at his large, honest eyes, his broad forehead and clustering curls. Often she had said how proud she should be when she was old enough to go round with him; she never wanted any one but her own brother; there was nobody so beautiful!

Only Anne saw the haggardness of his face—the unyouthful compression of his lips. Sally was, as she herself expressed it, “too mad.”

Presently the old kitchen clock struck nine. Lily, as she passed Tom—for nine was the bed-hour of the three younger children—whispered in his ear that there was toast in the dining-room. Anne took up her book and said she guessed she would go, but her eyes implored of Sally, as she left the room, to be merciful.

“When will mother be home?” asked Tom, placing his feet on the fender, and his hands in his pockets, and throwing back his head.

“I’m expecting her every moment,” Sally answered, with a changed voice.

“Wonder if I ought to go after her? It’s a splendid moon, and I’m tired.”

“Have you been working hard?”

“Do n’t chaff a fellow, Sally; you’re always at it,” he replied, impatiently; “I’ve a headache, and guess I’ll go to bed.”

Sally was provoked at Tom’s indifference. To be sure Miss Philp had promised to come home with her mother, but Tom might have offered to go. She trembled, too, at the magnitude of the office she had imposed upon herself.

“I’ve got something to say to you, Tom,” she managed to respond, after a short silence.

“Well, a lecture, I suppose. Out with it; I’m a hardened sinner, I know.”

“No, Tom, I do n’t believe you are a hardened sinner,” said Sally, her voice softening as she looked at his handsome face; “but—this is yours, I believe. It was found under the old chest in the spare room.”

The boy sprang to his feet, his face suddenly crimson, then white again.

“You know mother has been mourning about father’s miniature for weeks. She came to the conclusion at last—that—it had been—stolen.”

“Well!” he turned upon her, defiantly. “Suppose I came across it—put it there, and—forgot it?”

“Then why did you take poor father’s face out?”

“Who found it?”

“Anne and I.”

Something very like an oath escaped his half-shut lips. He stood there fingering the book, not having the courage to open it, irresolute, angry, convicted.

“If I liked, I fancy I could explain it all,” he said, sullenly. “I’m not going to be suspected. I—how do you know I put it there?”

“I think you put it there, Tom. Oh, Tom! and mother trusts you so!”

The boy’s mouth trembled.

“Tell her about it,” he said, after a pause, half savagely; “who cares?”

“I sha’ n’t tell her, Tom.”

“Well, you may; I say who cares?” he added, working himself into a passion. “You’ve no right to go nosing round the house to find proofs against me. It’s mean and unsisterly.”

“But we did n’t go round as you say,” retorted Sally, feeling her well-restrained anger getting the upper hand. “You know it is n’t my way; you know I would save you if I could; you know you are almost breaking mother’s heart by your habits; and you know, too, that she set such store by this picture—and the case is pure gold, and valuable. Do n’t blame me for trying to screen your evil actions.”

“My evil actions!” sneered Tom. “I guess I’ve as good a right to my father’s picture as any one. I’m the oldest, and I’ll have it, too, if I please.”

“O, Tom! then get it in an honorable manner. You know you meant to sell it.”

“You’ve no right even to think I meant to sell it,” cried Tom, in a furious passion.

“Sally, did I leave my crochet needle here?” asked a trembling voice, and Anne

came in, frightened, irresolute. She had lingered in the dining-room, longing, yet dreading, to know the result of the interview."

"O!" she thought, clasping her hands, "Sally is angry, and she will say dreadful things!" so, just at this juncture of affairs, she entered.

Tom walked hastily up to the long window. Anne, expressing great concern, hunted over her zephyr-basket, aimlessly, only praying that Sally might not attack her.

Sally sat composedly by the fire, her chin on her hand, holding teeth and lips together, and by a great effort keeping silent.

"There! I've found it. Going after

mother, Tom?" she added, her voice giving the lie to her trembling lips and her anxious face.

"No! I'm going—"

The sisters did not hear the muttered word; but they saw him seize his hat, and with a savage, set expression marring his beautiful features, he rushed from the house.

"O, Sally!" gasped Anne, standing like one paralyzed, "what *did* you say to him?"

"What he deserved," replied Sally, half crying.

"But where has he gone?"

"I don't know, and I"—her voice faltered—"I do n't care."

(To be continued.)

CHRISTMAS AT GRANDMA'S.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

Long before Santa Claus had any idea of loading up his sleigh with toys and candies for the good children, and fresh whips for the bad ones, the children began to be impatient for his coming.

We had to count up the days on the calendar; and keep them in mind, too, so as to be able to answer the frequent question,

"How many more days, now, 'fore it'll be Kripmer?"

"Wait till Jack Frost comes. He is the messenger of Santa Claus, and has to see that everything is in readiness; finds out where all the good children live, and listens down chimneys, and at key-holes, to find out what everybody wants."

"I want a fellowsifer," says Frankie.

"And I want a doll, and a cradle, and a blue-row," says the little sister.

Such hard work it was, waiting for Jack Frost's arrival, that the children began to think he'd lost his way, and were very much afraid that Santa Claus would never know how good they had been. Then, besides, the long delay so increased the number of their wants that it was very doubtful if the generous old saint would be able to

work his way down the Primrose chimney, with such an immense pack, especially as by this time Frankie had added a horse—a live one!—to his budget of wishes.

One morning Frankie tumbled out of bed in a hurry, and Lulu, who was not quite so nimble, climbed over the side of the crib, and joined her brother at the window.

"Jack Frost came in the *miggle* of the night! I heard him boo-oo-ooing, like everything! It looks as if it might snow, do n't it?" and the little fellow scanned the blue sky eagerly, in hopes of finding a cloud that was burdened with feathery flakes.

Presently Jack Frost began pinching their little bare toes, and back they scrambled into bed, to talk over—for about the ninety-ninth time—what they were going to write to Santa Claus.

Every day, and a dozen times a day, there would be a sudden rush into the third story, where there was an open fire-place, and this was Santa Claus' letter-box. Such wonderful letters as were placed there for Jack Frost to deliver to his master! They

were in some foreign language, more like Hebrew than anything else, probably; or, perhaps, short-hand, which Santa Claus would have no difficulty in deciphering, although none of the grown people in the house could tell exactly what the little streaks and long dashes were intended to represent.

But Santa Claus understood, of course, and the letters disappeared in a way that left no doubt in the children's minds but that they had reached their destination. Christmas at grandma's was unlike Christmas anywhere else.

Everybody was on the watch to find out what gift would be most acceptable, and there were whisperings and consultations innumerable. The day before Christmas was just the longest day that was ever created. It did seem as if it would never come to an end; and it was a difficult matter for anything to come into the house, expecting to escape the scrutiny of four eager eyes.

Frankie recited over and over the poem, "T was the night before Christmas," but that did not hurry the slow hours one bit; they just dragged, and dragged, and dragged, until those two little hearts were almost worn out with waiting.

But there never was a day yet that did not come to an end sometime, and when it was time to hang up the stockings, it really seemed as if Christmas had already dawned. Uncle Jerry fastened a rope to the knobs of the folding doors, which were slid back, and on this the stockings were pinned, Lulu's at one end, Frankie's at the other, and at least half a dozen of assorted sizes hanging their lean lengths between.

How funny they did look! And how imagination stuffed them out to comelier proportions! And what visions danced through the heads of those little folks, who went to bed with cheeks as red as roses, and eyes dancing like diamonds in the sun, only Santa Claus knows, and he never tells.

Early in the morning they hurried down stairs, only to find the parlor doors locked; and, though they took turns peeping

through the key holes, there was nothing to be seen but little black spots dancing up and down.

They could eat no breakfast—were not a bit hungry—and so they hung around until the big folks had satisfied themselves. I think they imagined that grandma meant to sit at the table all day, it was so long before the signal was given.

"Now," said Uncle Jerry, "fall into line! Grandma, you're the oldest, you must go first."

So grandma took the head of the line, followed closely by the rest of the family, Frankie and Lulu bringing up the rear.

It was fun to watch the children when they were admitted into the room. At first they stood bewildered and amazed, with but a faint recollection of the place where each little stocking was hung.

It was all so changed!

Frankie eyed a "fellosofer" in the corner, but there was a boy in it, and he clung closer to Uncle Jerry, with a face that was all tangled up in little snarls. Lulu seized a doll with no misgivings whatever, and squeezed it so hard that it actually cried out.

"Who's this?" said Uncle Jerry, dragging Frankie toward the stupid boy who sat in the velocipede; "Who's this, with your clothes on, Frankie?" and a lifting of the cap disclosed nothing but a rag face.

Thus reassured, out went the effigy, and in went Frankie, and around the room just as fast as his little arms could work the cranks.

Nobody knew the little fellow understood the motions; but he had been studying it out ever since he made up his mind to ask Santa Claus to bring him a "fellosofer." Next to this coveted gift was—what do you suppose? A stuffed "eltover," which you would never know meant elephant, if I did not tell you. He hugged it, and kissed it, hung it in his pocket, and had it for a cherished plaything and companion, until its tusks were worn off, and its legs had become a little shaky from bearing up such heavy weights as sometimes sat on the "eltover's" back.

Lulu, with her dolls, and dishes, and even a "blue-row," where the neat little woman could fold away her clothes, and keep her little trinkets, was so quietly happy that not a sound came from the corner where she had stowed herself and her treasures.

But what were the big folks doing all this time? There were their own stockings bearing heavily on the line, and begging to be released by the hanging committee.

Everybody was the victim of some innocent joke, that made the walls re-echo with laughter, till finally we all sat on the floor, Turkish fashion, and drew forth the surprises that somehow would set us laughing, just because it was such hard work to keep from crying. And all the while the Christmas bells were ringing, "Peace, peace on earth; good will toward men!" and the angels hovered over our heads with outspread wings; and when we looked up it seemed as if we could look right into heaven, and hear the chorus of the song our hearts were singing.

The best joke of all was on Uncle Jerry. I must tell you about that, for it was such grand fun to get off a good joke on him.

Well, he had said once, oh! ever so long before Christmas, that he could have a horse, and ever so many nice things, if he did n't have to pay his board to grandma. It was a little air castle he built, with a stable attached, but it was a very unstable affair. Santa Claus must have overheard this horse-talk, for there, in the very toe of his stocking, was a beautiful candy animal, as spruce and gay as any jockey could wish.

Well, I don't think we laughed any; we screamed, and roared, and held our sides, and acted in a very ridiculous manner. But then it was Christmas, you know! These were the lines that Frankie only needed to hear read over once or twice before he had them perfect, and ready to recite for his uncle every time they happened to meet, for weeks and weeks afterward:

This is the horse the "Don" bestrode,
When up to the Central Park he rode,
That he bought with his earnings, a precious hoard,
He saved when he ceased to pay his board.

This is the horse the wise captain thought
His country friends would surely support;
His cousin Jane the oats might send,
And the hay could come from an Akron friend.

His Uncle Oliver might propose
To send him an elegant saddle; who knows?
His cousin George could furnish the steed
With handsome stabling, and extra feed.

O! think of the animal, spruce and gay,
And the noble "Don," as he rode him away!
And think of the pleasures a man can afford,
When he swindles his landlady out of his board!

Grandma, who is the embodiment of peace and quietness, thought the last line pretty severe on Uncle Jerry, and gave Santa Claus' poet a little bit of a scolding, with a smile in the corner of it; but Jerry said it was the best part of the joke, and so nobody had their feelings hurt.

Now, there is n't a shadow of a moral in this simple record of the way we spend Christmas at grandma's, unless it is this, "Be as happy as you can!"

If Christmas is filled up with happiness, the ringing of glad chimes in the heart; the singing of angelic music in the house; Love and Peace twining their evergreen wreaths around the ceiling, and dropping their fragrant blossoms everywhere, be sure some of the joy will spill over into the New Year. And may a merry Christmas and a happy New Year brighten the pathway of all God's children!

MILKING TIME.

BY M. B. C. SLADE.

Go, Kate, and call the cattle home,
Where, o'er the daisied hills they roam,
Before the stars shall twinkle clear,
Make all the sweet bells tinkle near.

Bring, Katie, quick, from yonder rail,
The milking stool and shining pail;
And soon the gentle cows shall stand,
And yield their milk to Katie's hand.

Then, on the green and fragrant grass,
The, warm, sweet summer night they pass,
Till morning stars steal swift away,
When rosy dawn begins the day.

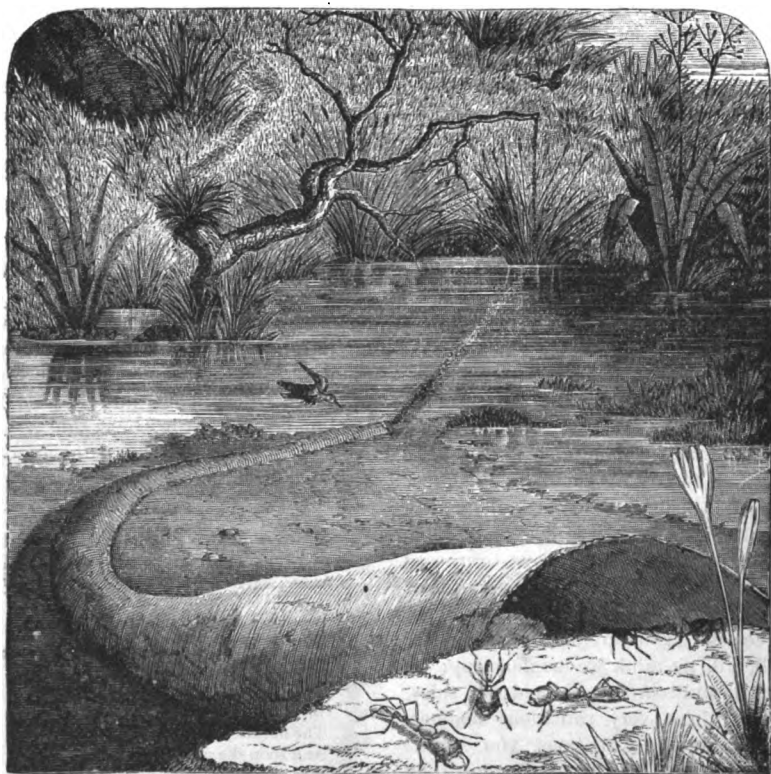
Our Kate the shining pail again
Shall fill with foaming milk, and then
Away the tinkling herds may go,
Where clover sweet and cowslips grow.

TERRIBLE LITTLE CREATURES.

BY OLIVE THORNE.

You don't think ants are very terrible creatures, and the ants you are accustomed to see running about the garden are not very bad, it is true. But these inoffensive insects have cousins living in the tropics, who are savage creatures, and more to be dreaded than many wild animals, strange as that may seem to you.

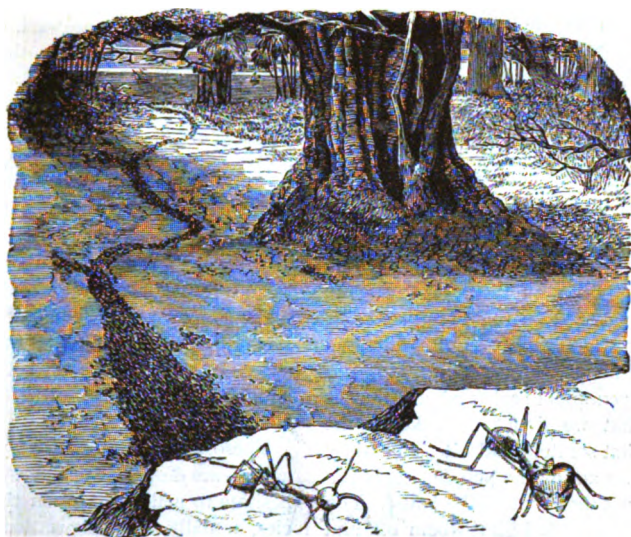
upper corner. Then they go up on that old dead tree, to the end of the branch over the water, and from there across the stream. You see they have a bridge—a very odd one it is, too—made of ants. This is how they make it. One ant clings to the end of the branch, another crawls down on his body, and hangs to his legs, then another goes



THE DRIVER ANT.

Here is a picture of one kind—the driver ant. It is on the march, as you see, and every living creature in that country is careful to get out of the way, I can tell you. In the picture you can see the column away back, coming around the black log in the

down and hangs on to that one, and so on, till the string reaches the water. The first ant that touches water keeps up partly by holding on to his neighbor, and partly by spreading out his legs on the water. The next one does the same, and finally a string



THE FORAGING ANT.

is formed long enough to reach the bank, when the one at the end catches on to the first stick he touches. Then you see there's a perfect bridge. All the ants pass over it, and reach the shore in safety.

These ants usually travel in the night, for they can't endure sunlight; but when they are belated, and the sun comes out, they build over the road a sort of archway of dirt glued together with a fluid from their mouth. You can see one of these odd covered roads in the picture, leading from the end of the bridge to the front, where you also see some of the wonderful little builders, as large as life.

But these feats are nothing to their strength and power over other creatures. They will kill any animal, however large, and however active. The lively monkey, the swift gliding snake, and the tough-skinned hog, are all killed without trouble, in a very short time. They will clear out a whole hen house in one night, killing and eating the fowls. Their strength is perfectly marvelous. An ant of this kind will carry off a stick four or five times as large as himself. When the natives of the country see them coming, they desert their

houses, and even take to the water to avoid them.

The terrible little creatures can't be drowned. Sometimes—in Tropical countries—rains come suddenly, and with violence, overflowing everything. Of course, the ant houses are filled with water; but the cunning insects at once form themselves into balls, the smallest and weakest inside, and these balls float on the water till it goes down. I read once of a gentleman who caught one of these droll looking live balls in a handkerchief, and sent the ants to the British Museum.

There's another odd thing about them; in fact, everything about them is so wonderful it reads like a fairy story. They are hard to kill. You may cut the head off—which would almost instantly kill any other creature—and for a day or two the jaws will bite, and the body live. Yet the rays of the sun will kill them in two minutes. They are so fierce, and so ready to fight, that if a live coal is laid down before them, they will rush at it, seize it in their jaws, and of course burn up in an instant.

But here's another picture of an army of ants on the march, and these are as well-

come to the natives as the driver ants are unwelcome. Not because their disposition is more agreeable; on the contrary, they are equally fierce, and the people run away from them fast enough. They are welcome because they clear the house of every other insect in it.

We, who live in temperate climates, think we are plagued by rats and mice, flies and cockroaches; but I can assure you that our troubles with these creatures are nothing, compared to the annoyances of the people of the Tropics. Centipedes and scorpions, lizards, snakes, spiders, cockroaches (big enough to eat ours), and dozens of kinds that we don't even know the names of, that scratch, and bite, and sting, and otherwise annoy the people. It is impossible to get them out of the house. You might spend a week killing them off, and there would be nearly as many on Saturday night as there were on Monday morning, when you began.

The foraging ants are more successful in their warfare, probably because they are smaller and nearer on a level with their enemies. When the people see the army coming they are rejoiced, and make haste to open every box and drawer (so that the ants can get in everywhere), and leave the house. The foragers rush in, and the search they make is funny enough to see. Not a crack big enough to hold the tiniest bug is overlooked. Every live creature is hunted up, and dragged out of its hiding place. Nothing is too big, and nothing too ugly to be killed and carried off; for the conquerors don't stay to eat them, they carry them off—whole if they can, but in pieces if too large.

In the picture, besides the long line of the army, you see two of them as large as life. See what terrible hooks—or mandibles—the smaller one has. Their bite is very painful, even to men, and it is impossible to make one let go. It will hold on till it is pulled to pieces, and even then the mandibles have to be pulled out by themselves.

While these ants are such a terror to all other insects and animals, they have their own enemy, too, in the shape of a neat little brown and white bird. It is called the ant thrush, and some of them always go with the ant army, picking out here and there one for lunch.

Perhaps it seems strange to you, when large animals are killed by these ferocious ants, and when even men run away from them, that a little bird should be able to make his meals of them. But you must remember that the bird can swoop down, snatch one up, and be off, before one of the ants can get his jaws on to him. So he is n't a bit afraid of them.

These little creatures—as you may imagine—are desperate fighters. They do not hesitate to make war upon their own species, actually attacking settlements of other ants, tearing their houses to pieces, and killing and carrying off the inhabitants in spite of their struggles and resistance, and finally removing to their own home every scrap of the stuff of which the house was made, leaving but a wreck to tell the dreadful tale.

There is no end to the wonderful things to be told about ants. What will you say to an ant family turning farmers—actually clearing the ground and planting a peculiar grass, carefully tending it, cutting down weeds, etc.? And when the tiny grain it bears is ripe, carefully gathering it in, and packing it away in storehouses in their snug underground residence? You can hardly believe it, but it is true for all that. And if the weather is damp, and the ant-rice—as it is called—gets wet in the storehouse, on the first sunny day the industrious little fellows will bring every grain of it out of doors, laying it in the sun till dry. Then they throw away the grains that have sprouted, and pack the rest back in the house.

They are wise little farmers, too; for their crop is always luxuriant and loaded with rice. After it is gathered in, the dry stalks are cut off and carried out of sight

beyond the droll little farm, and the field is left smooth and bare till time to plant again.

One man watched a colony of these ants for twelve years, and they never failed to carry on their farming every year. This

ant is a large brown one, and lives in Texas. What wonders might we see, if we could peep into the snug, dark houses underground, where these strange beings live, eat, and sleep—if they ever find time to sleep—and see just how they live.

CHRISTIE'S CHRISTMAS.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

It was Christmas eve, cold, crisp, sparkling, with snow on the ground, and bright icicles hanging from the eaves; just such weather as Santa Claus loves. In that hidden spot where he hides the good saint himself was preparing for his ride, harnessing his reindeer and packing the sledge with gifts. Papas went hurrying home with mysterious parcels under their arms, which the boys and girls who met them at the door longed to peep into. Mammams were planning where to hang the stockings. Cooks were busy stoning raisins for the Christmas cake, with an eye on the pot where the Christmas pudding was boiling. All the world seemed full of hope, and cheer, and good smells, and a general jollity filled the air.

In Dr. Beach's pleasant house the shades were not yet pulled down, so anybody passing by could look in.

Something small and white appeared behind one of the panes, pressed tightly against the glass. It was Tilly Beach's nose. She was peering out into the dusk as if anxious about something.

"Aunt Alice," she said, turning round as a lady came into the room; "Is n't it a perfect shame of that horrid little Christie? I sent him to the corner at twelve o'clock, to get some more buttons for my dress, and he has n't come back yet! Miss Foote has waited and waited, and now she says she must go. My dress won't be done for Georgie's party."

Tilly's voice was doleful, and a big tear hopped down her nose as she said these last words.

"I am so sorry, dear," said Aunt Alice. "Christie is really becoming a perfect little nuisance. I can't think what ails him; he used to be a good little boy. I shall have to send him back to his mother if he does n't do better."

Just then the gate gave a faint click.

"Ah, there he is at last, the little wretch!" shrieked Tilly, and she flew to the front door and pounced on Christie just as he was slinking past to the side entrance.

"Come here, you naughty boy," she said. "Where have you been all this time, I should like to know? It is six hours and a half since I sent you after those buttons—just up to the corner. What have you done with them?"

"Here they is, Miss Tilly," answered Christie, in a soft, plaintive voice, with a surprised, innocent look on his droll little black face. Christie always looked innocent when most naughty. It was a way he had.

"Here they is, indeed!" went on Tilly, tearing open the parcel. "Now just look here, Aunt Alice! I sent for twelve buttons, and there are only nine, and the bundle was open at one end. Christie, you bad boy, where did you lose them? Make him tell, Aunt Alice."

"Yes, Christie," said Miss Beach, sitting down on one of the hall chairs; "I must know what you have been doing all this afternoon. Look me in the face, and speak the truth. Where have you been since twelve o'clock?"

"Out a walking," sighed Christie, in a tone of gentle explanation.

"Walking! Six hours! Who was with you?"

"Me and another little girl, that's all."

"But where were you walking?"

"In the grave-yard!" And with one bare foot Christie drummed gently on the opposite pantaloon leg.

Miss Alice bit her lips. That was the worst about Christie. He always made you laugh when you ought to be scolding.

"Where are your boots?" she asked, trying to speak severely.

"I dunno, Miss Alice."

"Did n't you have them on when you went out?"

Christie seemed to be trying hard to think.

"Misremember all about it, Miss Alice."

"Well, you are a very naughty child," said Miss Beach. "I do n't think anybody will wish to trust you with an errand again. I am sure I sha' n't. How can a little boy who acts so, expect to have a nice Christmas? Go into the kitchen, now, and tell Rosa to give you your supper. I am much displeased with you, Christie."

Miss Alice was under the impression that she had given Christie a severe lecture, and that he was much solemnized by it. His little face looked very woe-begone as he turned away. I wish she could have seen him ten minutes later, as he hopped round the kitchen on the tips of his toes, with a piece of bread and butter in his hand.

"Laws! Miss Alice, *she* do n't know how to scold," he told Rosa; "ought to hear my ma go on. She'll take the wool off, I tell you."

"You're a saucy young one as I ever see," rejoined Rosa. "What Miss Alice keeps you for I do n't understand."

Christie's real name was Christian Dolliver Pernambuco Sands; but as there are but seven days in a week, and only twenty-four hours to each day, everybody called him Christie for short. Miss Alice had discovered him in an alley, where he lived with his mother, who was very poor, and took in washing. His cunning face and pretty black eyes attracted Miss Beach's

fancy, and he seemed so bright and intelligent that finally she took him home with her, as a little runner of errands and doer of small jobs. At first he was very good, and made himself so useful that everybody said, "How did we ever live without Christie?" and Tilly named him, "Heaven's Last Best Gift," shortened by the family to H. L. B. G. But of late H. L. B. G. had forfeited this flattering title, and was spoken of instead as "That bad little Christie." He did all sorts of naughty things; forgot errands, disobeyed orders, ran away from his work, and was as troublesome as a child could be. Scolding seemed to make no sort of difference to him.

Just one sentence of Miss Alice's lecture lingered in his mind as he went up stairs to bed that night. It was, "How can a little boy who acts so, expect to have a pleasant Christmas?"

"S'pose that means she ain't a-goin' to give me any present," he said to himself.

Miss Alice, however, was much too tender-hearted for such an extreme measure. She had a nice picture book for Christie, put away in her bureau drawer. But that evening she decided not to give it to him in the morning when Jane and Rosa had their presents, but wait till a little later in the day, and accompany it with a very serious conversation.

So when Christie came down to breakfast, there were Rose and Jane, turning over the nice calico dresses and pretty collars and ribbons which Mrs. Beach and the young ladies had given them, and there was no gift for him. This made him feel injured and sulky.

"Christie," said Miss Alice, coming into the kitchen, "here are two letters which I want you to take right up to the post office. Now remember, you must go straight there and straight back again, and not stop to play, for the office shuts up early to-day. Will you be good, and mind me exactly?"

"Yes'm," said Christie, gloomily.

"Put on your shoes and stockings before you go," continued Miss Alice. "I do n't

like to see you going bare-foot. And when you return, come right up to my room. I wish to see you about something else."

Miss Alice spoke pleasantly, but Christie fancied that he saw symptoms of a lecture in store. "She's a-goin' to scold me," he thought; and tied on his comforter with the determination to be as long as he could about the errand.

Very few little boys of seven could carry out an idea of this kind better than Christie. Three hours later, Miss Alice, having waited in vain for his return, went out herself to the apothecary's, and there, at the end of the shop, spied a guilty little figure, hiding behind the counter. It was Christie. The moment he saw her he made a dart at two letters which lay on the floor, and turned to run. But Miss Alice caught him.

"Oh, you naughty fellow!" she said, looking at the letters, which were the very ones she had given him to put in the office; "you bad boy! How could you do so? You promised me you would put them right in. What does make you behave in this way, Christie?"

"Dunno, Miss Alice," Christie replied.

"Go home at once," said Miss Beach, thoroughly provoked. "I shall see your mother this very day, and tell her how you have behaved."

This threat alarmed Christie, who remembered his mother's whippings of old. He whimpered, and went all the way down the street with his knuckles in his eyes. At the corner he met Sammy, a small black friend.

"What's the matter?" asked Sammy.

"I dunno," whined Christie; "Miss Alice scolded me."

"Let's go and take a walk," suggested Sammy.

No sooner said than done. I suppose Christie really started with some idea of going home, as he walked in that direction; but nothing was easier than to turn him from his purpose. He and Sammy started off together, and in the course of five minutes Miss Alice's scolding, the probable whip-

ping, everything else, was forgotten, and Christie was enjoying himself thoroughly.

There were all the shops for one thing, with their windows full of toys, and candies, and beautiful rolls. In the book-seller's windows delightful books with gay pictures lay open. One of these books was the history of Jack the Giant Killer. There was Jack in a blue coat and red cap, climbing the bean stalk. There he was again, supping with the Giant, and shoveling pease porridge into his bag. Christie could read pretty well, and he explained the story to Sammy. How they enjoyed it, and how they wished some kind person would come along inside the window, and turn the leaf over, so that they could know what happened next.

The butcher's shops had green fir trees standing beside their doors, and rows of fat chickens and turkeys hanging overhead. Farmers in wagons were driving about and selling poultry and apples. One good-natured man, with a wagon load of apples, tossed two big red ones to Christie and Sammy as they stood by. It was the only dinner they had that day, but it seemed plenty, because they were so excited by what was going on. By and by it grew dark.

"Do n't let's go home yet," said Sammy; "I know where a girl's going to have a party. You and me will go."

So they went to the party. Not as visitors; by no means; their way of going to the party was quite different. There was a fence quite close to the windows of the house, and upon this fence the two little boys climbed. Perched on top, they could look through a crack in the shutters, and see all the guests come in and make bows, and the people standing round the room. When the dancing began, each scrape of the fiddle reached them as plainly as it did anybody else. It was pretty cold on the fence, but great fun for all that. Only after supper was served, and the hot coffee and oysters were passed round, and boys and girls were exchanging mottoes and snapping crackers with each other, Christie

remembered that he was hungry, and wished he could have some too.

When the clock struck ten Sammy said he must go. They both dropped down from the fence, feeling very stiff and half frozen, and Sammy ran home. But poor guilty little Christie, left to himself in the dark street, did not know which way to turn. All of a sudden he felt frightened to think what he had done. Miss Alice would punish him this time, he was sure, and his mother certainly would. Moreover, he was cold, and sleepy, and hungry, all at once, and he longed for some supper and a warm bed.

Very slowly he trudged down the street. When he reached Dr. Beach's house, he opened the gate without making any noise. All the lights were out; the family were evidently gone to bed. His courage gave way entirely. He dared not ring the bell. So he stole off to a place on one side of the steps where there were some tall evergreen trees, and a mound of leaves and snow underneath them. He would sleep there, he thought; then perhaps in the morning he might be able to steal in at the back door, and nobody would find out that he had been away all night.

So he scooped a sort of burrow for himself underneath the leaves.

"I guess it will be morning soon," he thought; "I ain't very cold."

And he was not, except for a few shivering minutes just at first. After that a dreamy glow crept over him, and he dropped into a nap.

He woke up pretty soon with a violent start. Something tall and dark was leaning over him and talking. What was it?

"What a funny little creature," said a voice which was thick and yet sharp, and had a sort of rustle to it. "It is n't a squirrel; what is it? and how did it come here?"

"It's a small black boy," said another voice, as something taller and darker moved up and stood beside the first figure. "Poor little sinner, he's had no Christmas. *That's* how he came to be here."

Christie stared and rubbed his eyes. The

moon had risen, and he recognized the speakers. It was the tallest evergreen of the group, and the little hemlock which grew by the gate. They were talking about him!

"No Christmas!" said the little hemlock. "How dreadful! Why, everybody has Christmas! He *must* have one. Is it too late? Can't we do something about it?"

"Not too late, exactly," replied the tall evergreen, craning its neck to look at the town clock, which was visible from Dr. Beach's front yard. "A quarter past eleven. We might do something, perhaps. But is it really worth while? He's a very bad little boy, I assure you."

"Oh, no matter if he *is* naughty!" cried the hemlock; "he's little, and a boy, and he must have his Christmas, somehow. Why, it goes through and through me like an axe to think that he should n't." And the hemlock gave a shiver.

"Very well," said the tall evergreen. Then he gave a call. It was more like a rustle than a shout, and more like a creak than either. But the trees seemed to understand it, for at the sound all the evergreens in the yard came crowding together.

"What is it? What is it?" they asked.

"A small human who has had no Christmas," explained the kindly little hemlock. "Join hands, brothers. We must give him as much of one as we can before the clock strikes twelve."

So the evergreens joined hands and began to move about Christie in a circling dance. As they moved, they sang, and bent and bowed to each other gracefully. When they stopped, the tallest evergreen addressed Christie, and said,

"Pull off your stocking."

So Christie pulled off his stocking.

"Hang it up," said the little hemlock.

So Christie hung it up, on one of the projecting boughs of the tall evergreen.

"That's right," said the little hemlock.

"Now, my brothers, put in your presents."

So the trees formed a circle again, with the tall evergreen in the midst, and as they danced round, each in turn dropped some-

thing into the stocking. Christie could n't see what half the things were, but they all seemed to be beautiful. The spruce tree gave a bit of spruce sugar; the arbor vitæ a smelling bottle; the holly a pocket pin-cushion. A sentimental-looking pine from the North River cut off a lock of her hair and tucked it in among the gifts. Last of all the little hemlock held up a great diamond, which glittered in the moon.

"Here you are! This is something splendid!" said the little hemlock.

Then the trees danced on again, all crying in chorus, "Merry Christmas! merry Christmas!"

"Merry Ch—" Christie tried to say in return. But his voice seemed to stick in his throat. He could not speak. And what did it mean that all at once the trees fell upon him and began to shake him violently? Were they angry?

He opened his eyes. It was not the evergreens which were shaking him, but Dr. Beach. Where *had* out-doors gone to? For there he was, lying on the parlor sofa, and Miss Alice was standing by with a candle in her hand.

"Poor little soul; he's coming to himself," she said.

"Yes," said Dr. Beach; "but an hour later and it would n't have been easy to bring him round again. I doubt if we could have done it."

"Really?" cried Miss Alice, turning pale. "How fortunate that we went out to look! I felt uneasy, and as if I could not sleep without at least a search for the poor child. Oh, Christie! how could you stay out so late?"

"I want my stocking! Somebody has taken away my stocking!" whimpered Christie, beginning to cry; but Dr. Beach said "Hush!" and pretty soon Miss Alice held a glass to his lips with something nice and hot in it; after drinking which he went to sleep again, and knew nothing more till he found himself in bed the next morning.

It was no use trying to convince Christie what a narrow escape he had had from

freezing to death, or that all his story about the evergreens was a dream. He knew it was n't, he said. And one thing was certainly queer. When Rosa went out to sweep the steps next day, there was the stocking hanging on the large evergreen! Rosa brought it in to Miss Alice, and Tilly turned it inside out. In the toe was a little drifted heap; a tuft of pine hair, a bit of spruce gum, two or three prickly holly leaves, dry and brown, a sprig of arbor vitæ, a broken icicle.

"Blown in by the wind," said Miss Alice; but Christie shook his head and blubbered,

"Somebody's changed them. They was real pretty last night."

LITTLE TIM AND THE CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

BY MRS. L. M. BLINN.

The bells of old Trinity merrily rung,
Swung and rung in the belfry high;
In the choir below the choristers sung,
"The Christ is come; let your tears be dry."

Outside in the darkness, all alone,
Rubbing his poor little shivering feet,
Making a bed of the pitiless stone,
The beggar-boy, Tim, caught the message sweet.

The clamoring bells, with their noisy joy,
The voice of the singers, clear and loud,
Fell on the ear of the drowsy boy;
He rose, and followed the moving crowd.

He stopped in the door of the beautiful ale, ^{house}
And whispered low, with a frightened air,
His blue eyes wandering wide the while,
"Is Christ, the lover of children, there?"

"If He is, will you tell Him that poor little Tim
Is waiting outside, in the cold and storm.
And would like to come in, if he may, to Him,
It's so lovely in there—so light and warm!"

The sweet bells clanged with melodious din,
And the singers caught up the music wild;
"Open your hearts and take Him in;
The Lord of Glory comes—a child!"

The melody ceased, and the bell's glad sound
Melted and died in the starlight dim;
But the gracious lover of children had found
A home in a heart for poor little Tim.

CHRISTMAS EVE UNDER GROUND.

BY DAVID D. HUDSON.

CHAPTER II.

How long Fritz slept, there was no way to tell, nor what roused him. May be it was the fearful stillness of that mammoth grave, or the chill of the rock he lay on, or the pall of darkness that lay sixteen furlongs thick on his eyelids, or the joy of his dreams. But he did wake. Starting up, he tried to look around him, and put his hands to his eyes in the fear that he had gone blind. Where was he? The touch of the stone, the anvil, and his dinner kettle told him. He had been asleep, he thought, but it had been for a few minutes only, and his father would be along in a very little while. His lamp! He snatched away the stone that hid it in the crevice. The oil was all consumed. There was no light but the end of the wick, burned to a coal, and looking like a great red wart. This went out almost the instant he saw it.

The whole truth came to poor Fritz then. It was too plain, and too overwhelming to bear. Reason reeled under it. If there had been time for so much oil as his lamp had held to burn away, then he was left alone—everybody gone home—steam let off—and he the victim of his innocent fun. Not even a light to guide him to the foot of the shaft, or to shed a ray of comfort on his horror and distress.

The wildest frenzy took hold of the poor boy. He was on the point of dashing his life out on the cruel rocks around him. All his thought was the dreadful horror of being buried alive. He felt it would be almost a relief to die of the anguish that seemed to wring his very soul.

A moment later a manlier reflection came, though it was an almost useless one. He resolved that his lamp should be *made to burn*. Insane as the thought was, he tried to do so. Match after match was taken from his pocket and struck, in the vain attempt. It would have been touching, in-

deed, to witness the brave but fruitless efforts of the frightened boy.

Although the lamp would not, *could not* be made to burn without oil, there was some comfort in the brief light of the matches. How the terror-stricken child watched them burn, one after another, till the very embers went out! Then another idea came to him. He would try to find his way to the shaft; it would be better to be there than where he was. By the light of a match he started. Afterwards the rails of the tramway guided him, and between these he stumbled on in the gloom. But at every step his terror grew upon him, until it seemed that he must run. The whole weight of the mountain, under which the mine was, seemed to press upon him from the rear. His terror still increased with his speed. He almost flew through the darkness, but imperfectly guided by the rails, and smiting his shoulders on the timbers at the sides, as he ran.

In such a race with fear, Fritz could not but fall, soon or late. Before long the poor fellow made a fearful plunge, and was almost stunned by the force of the fall. Still more confused by the shock, he rose facing the wrong way, and unconsciously retraced his steps. Nor did he stop at the familiar "switch-off;" but, knowing nothing but a desire to escape from what seemed to him the grip of the mountain, passed right on along the gangway, until he was suddenly stopped by a solid wall, which rose before him. What could this be? thought the unhappy and puzzled boy. To what unlooked for place had he come? Did he not run towards the foot of the shaft? Blind with the blackness around him, Fritz felt the solid wall with his hands, as far up as he could reach, and all along the base. By this means he found out that it could be but one thing; that was what he had been

taught to call "the face." It was the innermost end of the mine. There the gangway ended against the face of the coal, as it lay in the vein; the rails of the tramway ended there, also, and the smell of turpentine told Fritz of new timbers just put in. Tools lay about the place, as the men had left them, and Fritz caught hold of an axe-helve in his groping.

How he got there, the poor boy could not tell; but all these things, and his reasoning about them, but especially the grasp of the axe-helve, which seemed almost like a human hand to him, tended to sober and steady his mind. Suddenly he felt calm, and started for the foot of the shaft again, rationally feeling his way this time, but making good speed the while. He knew the "switch-off" when he reached it, and had thought enough to stop for his coat and tin kettle where he had left them, and took them with him, just as if he were going right home. For a while he felt as if he were; and it was not long before he got almost to the shaft; but that moment it came to him again that the steam was out of the boiler, the fire dead, and everybody gone, and there was, therefore, no way for him to ascend the shaft, and get out of the mine.

Now his heart grew sick; a faintness came over him; he felt his way a little further, and then sank down, clutching at the ground. Enough of consciousness was left for him to know there was a soft heap beneath him, and that his hands were buried in hay. He had reached the shaft, and had fallen beside the mule stables that were there. He might have dropped into the pit of water, called the "well," which the "cage" sinks into to come to a level with the gangway; but a good fortune saved him; and he lay where he had sunk down, on no worse a bed than a heap of hay, which had been left there but an hour before.

Here Fritz remained for some time, half in a swoon. Then he began to feel better, and rose up, and felt about the mules' stalls with his hands. He thought it would be a comfort to him if the mules were still there.

He would love to put his arms around their necks and stay right with them, for they would be company for him. But the stalls were empty. The mules had been hoisted out before the last group of men ascended. There was not even the companionship of a docile animal left Fritz. Nor the hope of some one coming to feed the mules on the morrow, which, for a moment, had dawned upon the young sufferer's mind. He was exploring the stalls again in despair, feeling the partitions and mangers in a stupid fashion, when his groping served one good purpose, for his hand touched something that sent a thrill of relief through and through him. It was a lamp hung by its hook to one of the boards. He had a match left; so, quick as thought, he seized the lamp and made a light.

The light improved Fritz's feelings for a time, but the relief did not last long. The very thing he had most longed for, seemed, after a little while, only to reveal the most weird and fearful features of the place. The empty stalls were a new horror to the child. He was afraid of the rats that glided in and out of them, lapped the water from little pools, and foraged among the bleached-looking toad-stools growing upon the side timbers, and in all untrodden places, in a most unearthly array. Some of the rats were more bold than Fritz was, and he shrank from them when they came near. Then there was such an awful silence, broken only by the hollow sound of water dripping down the shaft. The long wire-rope reaching up the shaft from his imprisonment to the outer world, seemed to mock his distress as his eye followed it upward; and the little round patch of star-studded sky, which looked like a lid on the mouth of the great tube, seemed to shut him down.

There seemed but one resort left Fritz. He felt sure his father would come sometime and call to him down the shaft. He resolved that, whenever he did come and look down from the top of it, he should see a lamp burning at the bottom. He concluded he had nothing to do now but to

wait. He would try hard to wait patiently. Trying to do so, he sat down to think. Thought after thought came to him, till the three pale stars overhead reminded him of the Star of the East, and the Bethlehem Babe, and the meaning of the Christmas times, and before unthought-of prayer. All his fears and fancies left him then, and he knelt down, like the child of his "Father in Himmel," and prayed with tearful fervor, and simple, solid faith.

Thus the sincere child was greatly relieved. Feeling better, things around him looked more natural immediately. He began to have solid, practical reflections. May be he need not wait any longer. Possibly he could get out himself, after all, and that right soon. There was the "water course." He had not once thought of that before; but what a relief it was to have that hope of escape come now!

This "water course" was, indeed, a passage to the world without. It began near the foot of the shaft, Fritz knew, and reached the open air at a place by the side of a stream at the bottom of the valley. It was meant for nothing but a sewer to drain the mine, and it was not probable any creature had ever passed out that way, but it *was* probable that Fritz's small body could do so. He would try it without delay. A minute after he was on his way, threading that narrow, lowering, wet and slimy pass-way, guarding his lamp with jealous care; bending to pass under loose and hanging rocks; and clambering with rapid breathing over the fallen ones, which often nearly filled the passage, and barely let him squeeze by. Then came the lower, straiter passage of the "covered drain." Here Fritz, with his lamp hung to his cap's front, crept on hands and knees in the water, over, and under, and between the stones, dragging himself through the drain, which was not over eighteen inches square. It took but a few minutes to do it. Suddenly his heart made a great leap that almost choked him, for his ear caught the sound of the stream flowing in the valley, and a moment after he stood in the open air. O! how beauti-

ful were the snow-covered mountains and trees, and the half-frozen stream foaming over the rocks beside him, all lit up by the stars! How sweet it was to be free!

When the miner got home without Fritz, and found he was not there before him, all concluded he had stopped at a neighbor's. But when he did not come in directly, father, mother, and Gretchen grew uneasy, and could eat no supper, though it was ready. Many inquiries were made, and no one remembered to have seen Fritz come out of the mine. The father could bear his fears no longer. He resolved to descend the shaft in search of his child. It was a fearful thing to do, and the miner's wife turned pale when she heard of it. "Mein lieber Gott!" said she, shaking her head, and wringing her hands, as her husband went out. The miner looked like a hero and a father in one. The face he turned back for a moment on his wife and daughter was full of strong determination, lofty courage, and tender love.

A few neighbors went with him, ever willing to render aid, and knowing well what danger means. Some of them hastened to kindle a fire under the boiler, to get up steam, and let Raemsch down by means of the engine. He was too impatient to wait. He bade others descend that way as soon as they could; but he would go down, hand-over-hand, by the rope that hung six hundred feet below. He made a stout rope sling, and gave it several wraps around the rope of wire, to make it chafe hard in slipping, and so slide slowly down, while he held on above it with his hands. He was already seated in the sling, his great hands clinging to the swaying cable, his body swinging over the dark depth of the shaft that yawned beneath him, his little lamp burning at his hat's front, and a "God help me!" on his tongue. The men around held their breath to see him begin to descend. But a shout came up from the valley and stopped him. Surely, thought Raemsch, he knew that voice. It sounded like his own wife's cry of joy. He answer-

ed back. The voice came up on the still night air again. "*Fritz is safe down here!*" it said this time, as plain as words could sound, and it was the voice of Gretchen.

When Fritz emerged from the water course, his lamp-light met her eager eyes, which were waiting just on the other side of the streamlet. She had thought of that opening after her father set out for the shaft, and had started immediately to go to it, half-believing Fritz would come out at it almost by the time she got there. It proved as she almost expected. She had not been there five minutes, looking from the lamps in view upon the mountain to the dark mouth of the drain, and back again, almost every second, when Fritz appeared.

"*Ach! Lieber Fritz!*" she fairly screamed, as she leaped towards him, and Fritz sprang to meet her. That was the cry that was heard at the shaft's top.

In a little while Raensch and his neighbors joined Fritz and Gretchen in the valley, and all hastened gladly to the village, which was farther along. It was not long before the miner and his children burst, radiant with joy, upon the mother and children at home. The poor woman had taken up the little Jacob, and sat hugging him to her in her grief, and the other little ones were huddled around her, sharing her distress. It was a sad picture of mingled fondness, tears, and prayers. But the clouds were dispersed in a moment.

"*Gott ist gude!*" cried the dame, with hands uplifted in thanksgiving.

"*Yah!*" responded her husband, in a voice that was full and deep with satisfaction.

Fritz kissed little Jacob a great many times over, and looked at everything about the room like a person who had been away from home for a long time, and could not begin to tell how glad he was to be out of the coal mine, and safe at home in the midst of the family.

The Christmas preparations went on gaily, now that the interruption was over, and there never was a happier Christmas

season in that family, nor a more brilliant Christmas tree either, for the over-joyed father went out and bought a second supply of toys and gifts to grace it.

DUDE'S CHRISTMAS FUND.

The children were seated around the fire, building castles, which threatened to rival Curtis' "*Western Possession*;" but they were guarded by that impenetrable barrier—*IF*—which, through all time, has kept people from entering and taking forcible possession, and which, when we see "*face to face*," we may recognize to have been formed of silky fabric, and pinioned with angel wings.

I was at the piano, "*building a bridge from dreamland*," and the childish voices chimed in pleasantly with the low chords.

"Well," said Agnes, "*if I had twenty dollars, I'd buy a rocking horse for Harry, a sled for you, Jo, a velvet dress for mamma, and something ever so nice for auntie.*"

"Oh!" exclaimed Jo, "*Christmas does n't come but once a year; and if I had fifty dollars, I'd buy a chair for papa, a watch for auntie, a rocking horse for Harry—*"

"Who wants a span of rocking horses? Agnes is going to get me one—she said it first," interrupted Harry.

"Oh, well! she said *if*—"

"And that's what you said!" proclaimed a chorus.

Harry had never entered very far into the realms of the imagination, and said he had "*only two dollars, and as he could not give what he wanted, did not think he would give anything.*"

This brought an appeal from Agnes to auntie, "*Was n't he selfish?*" Their prattle had recalled another Christmas of the long ago. So, taking my seat among them, with little Agnes nestling in my arms, I told them of a little boy who, with a solitary five cent piece, made himself and a whole family happy one Christmas morning. Are there any other little people who would like to know how he did it? If there are any voices making a response, they are so sleepy that I cannot hear them, and I

will give myself the benefit of the doubt, and tell you, too, how Dude, with just one five cent piece, gave grandma, cousin Kate, Pauline, uncle George, and auntie a pleasant Christmas surprise.

Dude was a little fellow, only six years old, and he was making a long visit to his grandma, who loved him very dearly. His mamma had forgotten to send him his customary allowance, and the week before Christmas found him with but five cents in his purse. Santa Claus had been for some time the chief actor in his waking and sleeping dreams, when one day he begged permission to go down town, "all alone, without nobody with him 'cept Guess." It was evident there was some plan on foot, so no one objected. He was gone but a few moments, and coming back with face all aglow, slid into his room, and deposited a package in his valise in so mysterious a manner that I believe if Rip Van Winkle had slept till that time, and then suddenly awakened, he would have known that it was "most Christmas." Coming out, he crept softly to his auntie, and whispered,

"Oh! but do n't you b'lieve grandma'll be glad when she looks in her stocking?" His little head and heart were so full that he had to let us know he had a secret, only he would never tell it.

The days which creep so slowly for the little ones, and so rapidly for older people, were passed, and Christmas eve had come. It was Dude's bed-time, but before he went, five stockings must be brought out and fastened to door keys, chair backs, and picture frames. We were all banished from the sitting-room, and Dude went from one to another, dropping into each a little bit of something, done up in brown paper.

Then he cried "coup," and we were allowed to come back. After laying a strict injunction on each one not to look in their stocking, Dude was marshaled off to bed. His auntie soon followed him, but not until she had added another stocking to the collection, and filled it so full of odd-shaped parcels that you would never have imagined it could be brought again to fit a human foot.

It was a funny looking room as she left it, and I can almost believe that Guess, lying before the fire, waked several times to look around at the row of stockings, and laugh.

The last thing auntie heard that night, and she was awakened by it in the morning, too, was a chuckle from Dude, with, "Won't they be s'prised when they look in their stockings?"

It was hardly light, but we were all in the sitting-room, the rest probably roused by a strong blast from Dude's trumpet. I wish his picture could have been taken then, for I am sure I cannot give you any idea of how his eyes danced and sparkled, as we each took down our stocking, opened the little brown paper, and found—what do you think? A little steel shawl pin with a round black head! All the pleasure which he derived from drum and trumpet, nuts and candy, did not equal the satisfaction with which he surveyed us, and watched our faces, to see "how glad we were." People do not always feel bad when they cry; for I know his auntie was proud of her thoughtful little boy; and yet there were tears in her eyes. Can you guess why?

LITTLE BARE FEET IN THE SNOW.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

Oh! children with beautiful faces
Untouched by the breath of the storm,
I hear the glad ring of your voices,
At play where the fire-light is warm!
I think, as I sit in the gloaming,
And hear how the chilly winds blow,
Of poor little heads in the tempest,
And little bare feet in the snow!

Oh! children so tenderly sheltered,
So blest in your waking and sleep,
I think of the wan little faces
That sorrowful vigils must keep;
Unfed in their pitiful hunger,
Unsoothed in their terror and woe—
Oh! weak little hearts in the darkness!
And little bare feet in the snow!

Oh! once by the angels celestial
The wonderful story was told,
How Jesus, the Shepherd, came seeking
The lambs that were lost from His fold:
And they who would share in His glory,
Must follow His footsteps below,
To comfort the poor and the needy—
The little bare feet in the snow!

The Little Corporal.

AN ORIGINAL MAGAZINE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS, AND
FOR OLDER PEOPLE WHO HAVE YOUNG HEARTS.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER, EDITOR.

CHICAGO, JANUARY, 1873.

SOMETHING FOR MOTHER.

"Oh dear, what *can* I do?" sighed a restless little fellow, after being told he must n't whittle or cut paper on the floor, he must n't put the chairs out of place, he must n't slide down on the lounge, he must n't squeak his fingers on the window, he must n't swing the curtain tassels—in fact, *must n't* seemed to be the principal word in his mother's vocabulary. Meantime the mother, busy with a bit of fascinating work, hardly gave a thought to the little boy whose fingers fairly ached for something to do, and after being checked in a dozen different directions, he finally took refuge in fretting, and was sent to the kitchen for something to eat. Was he hungry? Not at all, but he wanted *something to do*. We want to beg of the mothers to make some provision for their children's amusement, not in the way of costly toys, but by giving them a place to play. It saves time and trouble, it saves your own and your children's temper. In many families a play-room could be given to the children with very little inconvenience. We know of a family where a little six by ten sewing-room, opening from the dining-room, is vacated every winter when the cold drives the boys from their basement workshop. The carpet is taken up, two barrels with a board across them makes a work bench, a dry goods box is a storing place for lumber, and an old bureau is tool chest and depository for finished and unfinished jobs. A board slid across the bottom of the doorway keeps the shavings from being drag-

ged upon the dining-room carpet, and here on their own premises the boys work and play in perfect content. They whittle, they cut paper, they paste, they paint. There are but two rules for the shop: no tools must be left out of their drawer at night, and every Saturday the shop must be put in perfect order, and all rubbish deposited in the kindling box under the bench.

We have no doubt the mother misses her sewing-room, but the gain compensates for the loss a hundred fold. If you cannot do this, and many mothers cannot, still let them work and play. A deep box in the corner will hold a young mechanic and his work, and paper clippings are easily brushed up from a square of oil cloth which may be quickly spread down or gathered up. A big apron of old calico is quickly run together, and will keep the nicest little suit tidy, while the delighted artist paints to his heart's content.

Let there be a corner somewhere to store the queer nondescript articles so dear to a child's heart, and teach the children to gather them up themselves. If you can spare neither cupboard, closet, nor drawer, a box neatly covered with carpet or drugget will not injure the neatest sitting-room. But do not sacrifice all the comfort and happiness of your children by a too scrupulous neatness. Why should a home be neat save for the comfort and happiness of its inmates?

HEADS UP!

Somebody says—do you know Somebody? Neither do I, though I've heard of him all my life. A very strange person he must be, since all manner of sayings and doings, both wise and foolish, are laid to his account.

But I began to remark that Somebody says almost all my editorials are for *boys*, and why don't I talk to the girls more? Are they of no importance, or are they so good and wise they never need any advice?

Well, that is a serious charge, when fully one-half of THE CORPORAL's grand army are girls. I am willing to acknowledge that I like boys very much; fully as well as girls; not a bit more, though it so happens that the little folks who claim most of my thought and care are boys. But I am not going to slight the girls, and this budget of good advice is solely for their benefit.

Only a few days since, I sat with a friend looking over a room full of young girls who were waiting the opening of a lecture from their teacher. How they chattered, and laughed, and fluttered about, in those delightful moments of freedom from restraint, and how bright and charming they were.

"There's nothing prettier than a room full of school girls," said my friend, with enthusiasm; and, surely, no one need ask for a prettier sight.

But when the bell struck, and they sub-sided into quiet, I began to notice them more closely. Nearly half of the whole number had shoulders unnaturally high, and drawn forward so that the chest was narrow and sunken. Scarcely half a dozen had a fine, erect carriage of the head and shoulders. It was not a new thing to me. I have seen it in many other school-rooms, at home, at church, and everywhere. I wonder if you girls know how to sit and stand straight? I really think not; but when they tell you to "straighten up, you are growing so round shouldered," you try your best. You force your shoulders back, raising them a little, and drawing in your elbows; you keep the position for a minute, and can endure it no longer; your chest aches, every muscle of the shoulders is tired.

Now, my dears, try another way. Look at Flora, your bosom friend. Do you see that little hinge at the base of her neck as she sits studying? It has no business there; it is only one of the long chain of articulations in her spine, but the bones have been forced apart unnaturally by the way she carries her pretty head, constantly inclined forward. The little cushion of cartilage

between the bones, compressed continually on the inner edge, has thickened correspondingly on the outer. It is hard for Flora to hold her head perfectly upright, and it will grow harder every year, unless she sets herself vigorously at work to remedy the evil. And this is the way to do it, for her and for you,

Bring your heads into a right line with the spine.

Never mind your shoulders; only get your heads right, and the shoulders will drop naturally and easily into proper positions. They cannot help themselves; they must do it, and just as long as you keep your heads erect and your necks straight, they must stay there. Now draw a long breath. How good it feels; how it rests you; and how fine, and womanly, and queenly you look! Depend upon it, you'll be handsome, every mother's daughter of you, if you carry yourselves like that.

No more round shoulders nor hollow chests, and hollow chests mean dreadful things; but if you have already done yourselves so serious a mischief as one or two girls I can call to mind, I advise you to try two things. When you sit down at home to read or study for an hour, take a common shawl strap, put the cross piece just under your shoulders, pass the straps under your arms, over your shoulders, and buckle them snugly. Then to the ends of the straps fasten weights—a couple of flat-irons will do nicely—hang them over the back of your chair, and go on with your book. Do you think it will tire you? Not a bit of it; it is a positive relief to strained muscles, besides an admirable arrangement for bringing high shoulders into symmetry. The other thing is walking with a heavy book on the top of the head for a while every day—a practice which soon teaches one to keep the head in a right line with the spine, though it may take you some time to equal the perfect poise of a Dutch peasant girl, who can travel miles to market on her swift skates without jarring the basket of eggs, so nicely balanced on her head.



After all Prudy has a new pocket. The old one was worn past mending, the sewing society could not agree upon a day for their meeting, and so our artists took the matter in hand. You did n't know artists made pockets, but you see they do, and an excellent piece of work it is. What do you think of it, boys and girls? Here are the little folks mailing their letters, and Prudy herself reading them, while on the other side the young writers are anxiously looking to see if they were the lucky ones whose letters got into print. We forgot to ask the artist whether he believed Prudy was Mrs. Sewell, Mrs. Miller, Grace Greenwood, or somebody else, so we are not sure whose portrait he tried to make, but it's a very nice Prudy, isn't it?

Springfield. "My Dear Prudy: This is a letter to put in your pocket for New Year's day. I wrote one once for Fourth of July, and you did n't get it soon enough; so this time I am going to be sure and write three months beforehand. I'm most afraid you'll burn it up, though, or else lose it. Last week we boys went out to my Uncle Harrison's to go chestnutting. He lives on a farm in the country, and has lots of woods. We went after chestnuts before breakfast, only we had some doughnuts in our pockets. We didn't get many chestnuts, but we had great fun, and we ate our doughnuts all up. We found a place under the roots of a tree where a squirrel had laid away as much as two quarts of nuts and acorns. We wanted to get 'em, but Howie said no, it was mean. Do you think so, Prudy? 'cause a squirrel can beat a boy climbing, and he could get some more easy. I hope I shall have lots of Christmas presents, and I know a boy that got a gold watch last year. Mamma does n't think gold watches are suitable for boys; do you? How big must a boy be when it's suitable? If you will send your stocking here, Prudy, we'll fill it chock full. Good-bye. From LARRY EASTER."

Prudy's stocking was nicely filled, thank you—there are some boys out west here who think ever so much of Prudy. She thinks Howie was right about the squirrel's store; and as for the watch, why mamma will be the best authority.

Springville. "Dear Prudy: I thought I would write thee a letter. I am a little Quaker girl twelve years old. We live on a farm, and have a great deal of work to do; and when there is no school I help my mother. My father is away from home a great part of the time attending to his business, so I try to

be company for my mother. My father's right arm is taken off, so he cannot work on the farm now. He is anxious his children shall have a good education, and wants to get us a great many books and papers; but sometimes it seems as if we could not afford all we want. I have a brother ten years old. We have two doves named Pearl and Cloud for the 'Parsonage Doves.' Farewell. From thy friend, "JENNIE FATTEN."

Auburndale. "Dear Prudy: I began to take THE CORPORAL this year for the first time in my life. I like it very much. I like to get out the puzzles in 'Work and Play.' Do you like chestnuts? My brothers and I have gathered eighteen quarts for Christmas, and if you will come here I will give you some. From your friend, WALDO F. LITTLE."

Of course, Prudy loves chestnuts; and better yet, she loves to hunt them in the pleasant, sunshiny woods, when the wind has rattled them down among the yellow leaves.

Johnstown. "Dear Prudy: I go to school with that little flaxen-haired girl, Emma Sheridan, and also to the teacher with four eyes. We cannot cut up any of our pranks unless he sees us. He sees us all over the room at once. Won't you please send me your photograph? The flaxen-haired girl wants one, too. I will be very sorry when 'Dora' ends. What will she do out in the snow? I want an answer from Prudy. You will please excuse my writing, for I am in a hurry—I must study my spelling lesson, or I will have to stay in and study it after school. I like THE CORPORAL very much. I would not know what to do without it. I am very sorry for that little boy that lost his mother. I do not want you to lose this letter out of your pocket, for I want to see it in THE LITTLE CORPORAL. Emma Sheridan and I are going to try and get up a club of subscribers if it is not too late. I want you to answer this letter, and tell us if it is not too late. From your true friend, GERTRUDE CANDLER."

My true friend Gertrude must study that spelling lesson carefully, for her pleasant little letter shows a good many faults in that line.

Enderby. "Dear Prudy: I have a little brother who takes THE CORPORAL, and we read it together. We live beside a river called the Patuxent, and sometimes, when it rains hard, the river rises so high it comes over the lawn and into our basement. It is so high this morning that Tommy and I cannot cross to go to school. We have splendid times going, but Linda, Tommy's pony, has what sister calls the opizootic, or something like that, and may be she will

die, and then I know he will cry. Now that's a rhyme, I declare, so you ought to put this letter in THE CORPORAL. Besides, I wrote you one before, but I reckon likely it did n't sound very well. Good-bye.
ANNIE BRADSHAW."

Vermont. "Dear Prudy: I am twelve years old. I want to tell you about my aunt's cat. His name was Jim, and a great strong masculine fellow he was. My aunt thought there never was so good and wise a cat: she petted and humored him till folks said she was silly with him. My aunt died the 13th of last October. The day she died old Jim would not eat, and never ate anything afterwards. Nothing that cats love would tempt him. He stepped softly and still around the lonesome rooms, till he got so weak he staggered, and his bones stuck out; then he lay down on his cushion by the stove to die. Old Jim is dead. He lived about ten days after my aunt died. No inquest was held. All knew he starved to death, but why did he starve? Can you tell, Aunt Prudy?
WILLIE D. WALKER."

Fort Warren. "Dear Prudy: I wrote to you before, but I never saw my letter in THE LITTLE CORPORAL. I like the story, 'Dora,' very much; but what makes you leave off at the most interesting parts? I am a little boy nine years old. I live at a fort and I have nobody but my little sister to play with, but we have nice times together. I have never been to school, but study at home with my mother. Please put this in your pocket for your friend,
"CHARLEY."

Middleport. "Dear Prudy: The other day a colt kicked me on the right leg, and I had to walk on crutches for three days. I have a little sister, five years old, and a larger one who is fifteen, and a brother who is twelve. I am going to school, and I study the Fourth Reader and White's Intermediate Arithmetic. Do not let this slip out of your pocket. But now I must stop, so good-bye,
FRANK REED."

Chicago. "Dear Prudy: THE LITTLE CORPORAL grows better every month, and I thought I should write and tell you that. I go to school every day, and have to study every evening, so I don't have much time to read; but all the spare time I get I write stories; I like to write stories so much. I wonder if I could have any published after I grow up? It would seem queer to see my stories in print. I like to read stories; but I have to read history, too, sometimes, but I don't like history much. But ma says if I read it now, I will become an intelligent woman. I like 'Dora' very much, and 'Prudy's Pocket.' I like the puzzles, too; they ought to be called puzzles, too. Good-bye. From NELLIE."

Worthington. "Dear Prudy: I am twelve years old. Mamma used to take THE CORPORAL for us, but we did not like to read very well then, so she quit taking it until this year. I think it is so much better than it used to be, and I do not think I can do without it after this. We all act like crazy children when papa comes home with it from the post office. I have got three sisters and one brother. One day my little brother Charley wanted to write, and said he was going down town to buy some foolish paper (meaning foolscap). Of course we all laughed and thought it very funny.
KATIE MINICH."

Marion. "Dear Prudy: I like THE LITTLE CORPORAL. We have often said, 'Who is Prudy?' Ma thinks she is Mrs. Miller. I hope by this time that the sewing circle has met, and made the rubber pocket, so that there will be no danger but that my letter will find its way into THE CORPORAL.
"NELLIE D. HARSBERGER."

Washton. "Dear Prudy: I am nine years old. We have taken your magazine ever since I can re-

member. I live on a farm with ma, two brothers, a dear little sister, and grandma. Grandma is off on a visit now. My papa went to live in heaven four years ago. I am going to him some day. Good-bye, dear Prudy, and hurry and print THE CORPORAL every week.
SALLY D. WRIGHT."

Dryden. "Dear Prudy: Please put this letter in THE LITTLE CORPORAL, for I would like to have the girls see it. I am thirteen years old, and would be very glad if some of the girls would write to me, and I would answer. Please put my directions in the letter, also. I advise you to sew up the hole in your pocket; but if you do n't, please put my letter in the other corner.

"P. S.—I would like to have Clara Witter or Florence Bass write to me, too.
HATTIE DUPEE.
"DRYDEN, Tompkins Co., N. Y."

Kansas City. "Dear Prudy: I do not take THE CORPORAL, but a friend lends me hers every month. I think it is better than it was before the great fire. I like everything in it, but the Sukey stories are the best. Papa used to live at the South, and he says they are true to life. I think 'Aunt Silva's Geography Lesson' is the funniest thing I ever read. I hope you will publish this letter, as it is the first I ever wrote you. I am eleven years old.
"EMMA HOLT."

Chicago. "Dear Prudy: There is a little girl in this house; and sometimes, if you ask her who she votes for, she will say, 'Cora votes for gramma!' She is two years old, and can't talk quite plain yet. Yours affectionately,
TOMMY W. FRY."

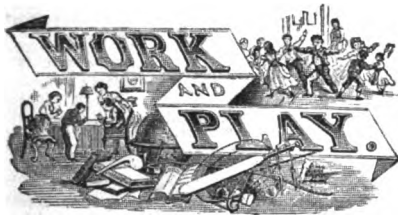
Prudy votes for "gramma," every time!

North Parma, N. Y. "Dear Prudy: I would like to tell Grace Gordon, through THE CORPORAL, that I would like to hold a correspondence with her, if she will open it. I am thirteen years old, and am sick a good deal of the time, but am perfectly well this winter. I have two brothers and one sister. Good-bye.
"FANNIE MARSHALL."

Enfield. "Dear Prudy: I am a boy nearly twelve years old, and came with my brother from India a few months ago. We lived on a pretty little island between the southern part of India and the northern part of Ceylon, called Jaffna. THE LITTLE CORPORAL was sent to us while we were in Jaffna, and I think that it is a splendid magazine. My father and mother are missionaries in Jaffna, under the American Board. I am trying to earn some of the nice premiums offered. We came from Madras (where we went partly by water and partly in the cars) in a steamer to London, and then to Glasgow, through Scotland, where we saw many things that I cannot describe to you now. Please put this letter in your pocket, for I want to see it. Your friend,
"DAVID B. HOWLAND."

Marshalltown. "Dear Prudy: I am a little girl eleven years old. My sister Vernie has taken THE CORPORAL for four years. We think we cannot get along without it. Mamma said if I would raise a club, I might have THE CORPORAL come in my name for 1873. I have — subscribers. Will send those, and try and get more. It will be splendid to have a pair of chromes, a New Year's present, and a present for getting up a club. But my letter is so long I am afraid it will slip through your pocket. Your little friend,
LESLIE I. RICHARDSON.

"P. S.—I will get my sister to copy this off for me for fear you cannot read it. You can let the P. S. slip through your pocket; if you think it is too long you can leave part of it out. If you ever come to Marshalltown, I hope you will come and see us.
"LESLIE."



CONDUCTED BY PRIVATE QUEER.

TO MAKE A TRAIN OF CARS.

It's your turn, boys, and I saw something not long ago, that's just the thing for you to make for a Christmas present for your little brother. It was a train of cars made by a boy, and any one who can use a saw, a hammer, and a jack-knife, can make one like it.

For the cars you want a piece of pine plank about two and a half inches square, sawed into blocks five inches long—as many as you like. With your knife round off the corners of the side which is to represent the roof. For wheels, get large sized button molds, as large as a two cent piece. Fasten them to the lower edge of the car by putting a shingle nail through the hole in the mold and driving it into the car. It will hold them fast, yet allow them to turn nicely.

For coupling, buy at a hardware store, small staples and hooks—the smallest you can get. Into one end of each car, near the bottom, drive a staple, and into the other end of each car drive a hook. If you can't buy hooks small enough, you can cut off part of a staple—with wire nippers—and use that for a hook. Turn the hook down, so it won't uncouple too easily. If you make some of the cars of inch boards, the same length and width of the others, they will be "dirt cars," and carry loads.

Now for the engine. Take a piece of inch board, as wide as the cars, and eight inches long, for the platform. With your knife whittle one end off to a rounded point, something as you would shape the front of a boat; that is for the "cow-catcher." For a boiler, find a round stick—a piece of broom handle will do, though it ought to be larger. Saw it off five inches long, lay it on the platform, even with the square end, so as to let the "cow-catcher" stick out in front. Turn it upside down and nail it on from below. Put on wheels the same as for the cars. For smoke stack, a piece of broom handle four inches long, nailed or glued upright on the front end of the boiler, with a thin piece of wood (or leather), a little larger round, fastened to the top of the pipe, to give it the swelled-out appearance of the real locomotive. Put a hook at the back end, and a staple in front, to fasten a string to. The whole is much improved by painting. Buy at any paint shop a few cents' worth of red or green oil paint, and half the quantity of black. Take off the wheels, and paint all the cars and engine platform red or green—two coats. When dry, put back the wheels, and paint them and the boiler and smoke stack black.

You will be highly pleased with your train, and besides giving you something to do, it will afford your little brother as much amusement as though it came from a toy shop, and cost several dollars.

Otto Thorne.

No. 1—ENIGMA.

I am composed of 54 letters.

20, 29, 28, is used by washerwomen.

24, 50, 45, a small animal frequenting the mill.

28, 21, 26, an article worn on the head.

28, 3, 7, 15, 16, 5, worn on the head by ladies.
27, 8, 48, 38, 53, a dwelling place.
28, 36, 9, a weapon of war used by Indians.
33, 14, 10, means anger.
2, 39, 3, 47, 42, a weapon of war.
40, 24, 10, 52, 3, 15, one of the western States.
28, 25, 12, 36, 51, 32, 40, 37, 52, 34, a capital city in Louisiana.
15, 3, 47, 20, 19, 22, a northern country of Europe.
6, 51, 7, 39, 10, a girl's name.
42, 41, 10, 44, 43, an article worn by ladies.
52, 10, 40, 54, 31, 53, a boy's name.
My whole is a proverb. *Little D. Maxwell.*

No. 2—PUZZLE.

One-fourth of a bear, one-third of an elk, one-fourth of a seal, one-seventh of a leopard, one-fifth of a horse, two-eighths of an antelope, one-fifth of a tiger, equals what animal? *M. M. H.*

No. 3—WORD SQUARE.

My first, when some fair one he'd wed,
Loved, wooed and won Miss Jochebed.

My next was kin to one of fame.
Who priestly served in God's great name.

My third was of a captive born,
Who from his native land was torn.

My fourth is ancient Latin word,
The which, perhaps, you never heard.

My fifth (for so the doctors tell),
Will never make a sick man well.

My whole, you'll find, with sober care,
A very puzzling five word square. *D. O. Uno.*

No. 4—CHARADE.

I am a word of five letters. Science considers me the greatest help yet discovered. Cut off the first letter, and I am seen on the busy farm or the noisy street. Cut off the first and last letters of the whole, and you have an extensive product of China.

Jasper Blines.

No. 5—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A county in Michigan.
A county in New York.
A county in North Carolina.
A river in the State of Maine.
A county in Pennsylvania.
A county in Missouri.

The initials, read downward, form the name of a river, and the initials a city on it, which was burned during the invasion of 1812, but has been rebuilt, and is now the center of a great inland commerce.

L. W. Shipley.

No. 6—CHARADE.

I am composed of three syllables. My first is more than half the center of the solar system; my second is by far the greater portion of the noblest of animals, and half of a great number; and my third is indispensable in forming a track, while my whole is the name of a large oriental island, peopled by a race of fierce savages, but from which are obtained our best black pepper and spices.

F. R. F.

No. 7—ENIGMA.

I am composed of 24 letters.

My 20, 1, 18, and 22, is a story.

My 17, 7, 18, and 12, is a metal.

My 4, 2, 3, 19, 6, 7, 4, and 24, is one of the United States.

My 12, 10, and 17, is an animal.

My 14, 15, and 16, is an important article.

My 24, 21, 22, 11, 2, and 1, is a girl's name.

My 5, 13, 15, and 9, is a wild animal.

My 8, 1, and 23, is a sailor.

My whole is a true saying.

R. Matz.

No. 8—ENIGMA.

My *first* and my *second*, when you understand 'em,
Appear like two donkeys, just harnessed up tandem.

My *third*, if you scan it intently, you 'll see

That only a form of *myself* it will be.

My *fourth* and my *fifth* you will soon understand

Are the race and the people of every land.

My *whole* caused the death of my *fourth* and *fifth's*
chief,

And my *fourth* and *fifth* mourned him with symbols
of grief.

M. B. C. S.

No. 9—BACKWARD AND FORWARD.

Forward we march, my mates and I

By night, to gladden all the sky.

Yet *backward* o'er your heads, by night

We go, and wake you in affright.

Forward we glide, and make no sound;

Backward we squeak and scamper round.

Forward, sublime we are, and grand,

Backward, the plague of house and land.

M. B. C. S.

CORRECT ANSWERS.

Correct answers were sent by the following persons: Chas. J. Burgess, Callie Sprull, Frank S. Price, D. Rochester, Chas. W. Miller, J. P. Bond, Clara E.

Witter, Josie E. Wilcox, Lulu Brown, Luther A. Miller, Maggie Faria, Fannie Lewis, Dora Williamson, Emma C. Kirk, Ella Paulson.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES, ETC., IN DECEMBER NUMBER.

No. 41.—Charade—Autumn leaves.

No. 42.—Enigma—Geography.

No. 43.—Word square—A B A S.

B A L L.

A L O E.

S L E D.

No. 44.—Charade—Hat; fly; cat; yacht; calf; catch; fat; catch-fly.

No. 45.—Charade—Klin; sale; Kinsale.

TRANSLATION TO PICTURE STORY No. 6.

Once there were two boys who had a tame monkey. He followed the boys and watched their ways, and always tried to imitate them. If he had only imitated their good deeds, it would have been well enough. But one day, when the parents were gone, the boys amused themselves by flashing powder, which they obtained from the old powder-horn hanging from a beam. Dick, the monkey, who sat perched up in a corner, saw the fun of the boys, and thought he would imitate them, as usual. Dick watched his opportunity, and when no one was by, he took down the horn, unstopped it, and turned it up over the fire. He was about as foolish as a certain boy I once knew, who did the same thing. Well, I suppose you know the rest. Dick found himself in the air, though not "up in a balloon," and the story says that he didn't forget the lesson very soon.

W. O. C.

PICTURE STORY NO. 1—BRAVE CARLO.

BY W. O. C.

Translation will be given next month.



The Little Corporal.

TERMS—\$1.50 a year. Single Numbers 15 cents.

JOHN E. MILLER,

Publisher and Proprietor,

No. 165 West Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

THE POSTAGE on the LITTLE CORPORAL is three cents a quarter, or 12 cents a year, payable quarterly at the P. O. where the magazine is received.

CHICAGO, JANUARY, 1873.

THE NEW YEAR!

A GLORIOUS CAMPAIGN!

We enter upon the new year with the most encouraging prospects. The number of subscriptions already received for next year is more than double the number at the same time last year. THE CORPORAL is gaining thousands of new recruits in all parts of the country, and old subscribers are renewing with a promptness unsurpassed in former years.

We heartily thank our thousands of friends for the interest they have manifested in THE CORPORAL; for the many good words expressed; and the influence and labor expended in increasing the circulation of their favorite juvenile magazine. We wish you all, old and young, a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

RAISE A CLUB.

The new chromo given to each subscriber makes the work of raising clubs an easy thing. If you have not yet begun a club, do so at once, before everybody has subscribed for something else. We do not want you to work for nothing. We will pay you for your labor, either in beautiful premiums or in cash. Examine the List of Premiums and select what you want, and then go to work in earnest, and you will be surprised how soon you can raise a good club. Agents sometimes ask us if they can raise more than one club. Yes, two, three, just as many as you please, and we will pay you for every one of them. Begin a club now!

EMERSON'S BINDER.—This binder consists of stiff board sides, with flexible back, gilt title, and is in appearance precisely like the cover of a regularly bound book. Every reader of THE CORPORAL should have one of these—the only binder that binds the numbers of the magazine as received, and holds them in a perfect vice; and when the year is completed serves as a permanent binding, as firm, durable, and neat, externally, as a regularly bound book.

The price of the binder is 50c., to be had at this office, or sent, post paid, upon receipt of the price.

NEW CHROMOS!

A Magnificent New Present to be Given to Every Subscriber of

THE LITTLE CORPORAL

FOR 1873.

We have arranged to give to every subscriber, old or new, for next year, a pair of beautiful new chromos, entitled, "MOTHER'S MORNING GLORY," and "LITTLE RUNAWAY."

These pictures will take the place of *Cherries are Ripe*, which has hitherto been given to every subscriber, and are a much more valuable and desirable premium. They are 8x11 inches in size, and at the usual price of chromos at the art stores, they are worth about \$5.00 for the pair.

These pictures are not merely cheap colored prints, but real Oleographs or Oil Chromos, made by the same artist who made our beautiful *Red Ridinghood and the Wolf*, and *Cherries are Ripe*.

It will be hard for a lover of children to decide which of these pictures is most to be admired. "MOTHER'S MORNING GLORY" is a lovely little girl, with her head crowned with flowers; one hand holds up the skirt of her dainty dress, which she is busily filling with buds and blossoms, and altogether she looks as sweet and fresh as her namesake. "LITTLE RUNAWAY" has evidently just crept out of bed to start on his travels, and is as bewitching as possible with the one little garment in which babies look their best. He peeps out through the tall wheat with blue eyes and dimpled cheeks, full of fun and frolic. Taken altogether, the pair are enough to captivate the hardest heart.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

The price of THE LITTLE CORPORAL is \$1.50 per annum, including our pair of oil chromos, "MOTHER'S MORNING GLORY," and "LITTLE RUNAWAY." When the pictures are to be sent by mail, 10 cents extra must be sent, or \$1.60 in all. When 25 cents extra is sent, or \$1.75 in all, the pictures will be sent, post paid, mounted, sized and varnished, ready for framing. This is the most desirable form to have them, as but few persons are able to prepare chromos properly for framing.

CLUB TERMS.—To clubs of five or more names received at one time, and all from the same place, we will send the chromos, mounted ready for framing, for 15 cents extra from each subscriber, instead of 25 cents. In such cases the chromos for the entire club will be sent in one package, pre-paid, to the agent who sends the club, or some other person designated, who will agree to distribute them to the proper subscribers. In this way the chromos will not only cost the subscribers less per pair, but will also be less liable to receive injury in the mails than when sent each pair by itself.

COUNSEL TO BOYS.

We have in press a small volume containing the articles contributed to THE CORPORAL a few years ago by the late Horace Greeley, entitled "Counsel to Boys." The several chapters contain a great deal of good counsel, not only for boys, but also for girls, and older people with young hearts. Will be ready January 1st. Price 75 cents. Sent, post paid, upon receipt of price. Address Publisher "Little Corporal," Chicago.

FRAMES FOR THE CHROMOS.

In order to get the most good of our pictures they should be put into suitable frames and hung on the wall where they can be seen and admired; but as suitable frames cannot be obtained at all places, we have concluded to furnish a few styles, at prices much below what they can be purchased at any where else.

Polished Walnut, two inches wide ($\frac{1}{4}$ inch gilt inside), per pair,\$2.00
 Polished Walnut, carved edges, ($\frac{1}{4}$ inch gilt inside), per pair, 3.00
 Rustic Walnut and Gilt, per pair, 1.50
 Trimmings for Hanging, including two Nails and Cord, per pair,40

The frames will be sent by express, the charges to be paid by those who receive them at the office of delivery. The cheapest way is for a number to club together and have them sent in one lot, as the charges will be less on each pair when a number are sent together.

CHURCH REVENUE.

We have just issued from the press a Financial Schedule for the use of Churches, Sabbath-schools, and other societies raising money by weekly or monthly contributions, by what is termed the *Envelope System*. Churches which have adopted this plan for raising revenue have nearly doubled their income, have greatly increased their membership, and put themselves upon a self-sustaining basis.

The Financial Schedule is prepared for a membership of about 400, and will answer for one year—for churches of less members it will last two or three years. The price of the Schedule alone is \$1.50, sent post paid. Printed envelopes \$2.25 per thousand; and plain \$1.50 per thousand. Address Publisher "Little Corporal."

THE SCHOOL FESTIVAL is published by Alfred L. SEWELL, 159 South LaSalle street, Chicago, and has not been connected with THE CORPORAL since January, 1870. All letters on Festival matters should be addressed to Mr. Sewell as above, and not to us. As no number of the Festival has been issued for some time, we are not able to club it with THE CORPORAL for next year.

THE CHAMPION GYMNAST, advertised in another place, will be sent as a premium for two names, or sent by us, post paid, upon receipt of price, 25c.

IN CLUB WITH OTHER PERIODICALS.

We will receive subscriptions for the following magazines and papers in club with the LITTLE CORPORAL, with our chromos, mounted, sent post paid, upon the receipt of the price annexed to each. Persons wishing to subscribe for any of the publications named here, will find it to their interest to do so in club with the LITTLE CORPORAL, at the reduced rates given for both. Club agents should call attention to this list, as every name for the CORPORAL will count on your list for a premium. No premiums, however, are paid for the names for other magazines and papers:

Harper's Monthly,	\$4.00,	and Little Corporal,	\$5 00
Scribner's "	4.00,	" "	5 00
Atlantic "	4.00,	" "	5 00
Lakeside "	4.00,	" "	5 00
Old and New,	4.00,	" "	5 00
The Galaxy,	4.00,	" "	5 00
Lippencott's,	4.00,	" "	4 25
Phrenological Journal,	3.00	" "	4 00
Godey's Lady's Book,	3.00	" "	4 00
American Agriculturist,	1.50	" "	2 75
The Nursery,	1.50	" "	2 50
The Children's Hour,	1.25	" "	2 50

WEEKLIES.

Hearth and Home,	\$3.00,	and Little Corporal,	\$4 00
Harper's Weekly,	4.00,	" "	5 00
Harper's Bazar,	4.00,	" "	5 00
The Advance,	3.00,	" "	4 00
The Standard,	2.50,	" "	3 75
Rural New Yorker,	2.50,	" "	3 75
Western Rural,	2.50,	" "	3 25
Toledo Blade,	2.00,	" "	3 25
Independent,	2.50,	" "	3 75
Prairie Farmer,	2 00,	" "	3 25

When any person wishes to subscribe for more than one other magazine or paper in club with THE LITTLE CORPORAL, we will receive his subscription for such additional periodical at a reduction of 10 per cent. from the regular publishers' prices. Thus persons can save money by subscribing for all their magazines by sending to us. We do not have sample numbers of any publications to send except our own. The subscriptions are forwarded by us to the publishers, and when the subscribers receive their first number they must write to the publishers for any irregularity thereafter. The subscriptions need not all be ordered to the same person, nor to the same post office. Send money by Draft, Registered Letter, or Money Order, or Express only to JOHN E. MILLER, Publisher "Little Corporal," Chicago.

OUR PRESENTS TO AGENTS.—In accordance with our announcement in the December number, we shall begin to send out our Holiday Gifts on the day following Christmas, to each agent who shall have sent us a club of five or more names by that time, or for clubs that have been mailed on or before that date, and have not yet reached us. There will be time yet to send a club after you receive this number.

PREMIUMS FOR SALE.—We will send any one of the articles named in the Premium List, upon receipt of the price annexed thereto. Many of them would make suitable holiday gifts.

WHAT THEY SAY.—We call attention to the following letters from those who have received the pair of chromos. We have many more, for which we have not space. We shall be pleased to have the opinions of others.

PIQUA, Ohio, Dec. 2, 1872.

MR. MILLER: I received my chromos this evening, and think they are perfectly beautiful. Mamma thought they would just be some pretty little prints, and she was very much surprised to see two such handsome pictures. I like them very much indeed. Your little friend,
LOUIE W. JONES.

ELLCOTTVILLE, N. Y., Nov. 29, 1872.

DEAR SIR: Your magazine and Chromos were duly received. I think your magazine is hard to beat, and the chromos are perfectly charming. They are so good I have succeeded in getting three subscribers in a short time, and shall no doubt get more in a few days. Yours truly,
JAMES VANCAMPEN.

GEORGETOWN, C. T.

MR. MILLER—Dear Sir: I received two numbers of THE CORPORAL, and the beautiful pictures of "Little Runaway," and "Mother's Morning Glory." We are all highly pleased with them, but admire "Little Runaway" the most. Many thanks for them. Yours truly,
ELI S. WILLS.

AUBURN, N. Y., Nov. 26, 1872.

MR. J. E. MILLER: The chromos, "Mother's Morning Glory," and "Little Runaway," were received in good order by my daughter Zada. She was delighted with them. Please accept our hearty thanks for the beautiful gift. In finish, and delicacy of coloring, they will compare favorably with the French chromos. All admire them. None can resist the dainty grace and roguish beauty of the lovely darlings. With many wishes for your continued prosperity, I am yours respectfully,
MRS. S. A. PHILLIPS.

MARYSVILLE, Ohio.

DEAR FRIEND: I received the two pictures which you sent me—one a dear little boy, who looks sweet enough to kiss; and the other a sweet little girl. You can almost hear her singing to the morning glories. I wish every girl and boy had them, as well as me, and I know they would be just like me—wouldn't know how to praise them enough. We take THE LITTLE CORPORAL every year, and we think it grows nicer every time we get it. When we first took it we sent a club of fourteen for the Little Red Ridinghood picture. From your little friend,
BERTHA E. BLISS.

DEAR SIR: Your two exquisite chromos were received last week. I really cannot find words to express my admiration of them. They must, upon first sight, instantly appeal to every mother's heart; and I am sure, having once seen them, every mother must be desirous of possessing them. "Little Runaway" is certainly one of the truest and most lifelike representations of the beautiful innocence of childhood I ever saw; and it reminds me, too, of my own sunny-headed little boy. So, I dare say, can every mother see, in one or the other of your two gems, some resemblance to their own darlings and household treasures. Altogether, they are pictures well calculated to win their way. Yours,
MRS. W. C. BEYERSDORFER.

GENEVA, N. Y., Nov. 23, 1872.

JOHN E. MILLER—Dear Sir: The premium pictures, "Mother's Morning Glory" and "Little Runaway," have arrived. To say that I was very much and very agreeably surprised, would but feebly express my astonishment at receiving such large and beautiful chromos. I did not suppose they would be more

than half the size they are. They are perfect gems. I hope to culist a full company to serve under the banner of our LITTLE CORPORAL for the coming year. Truly yours,
J. G. VAIL.

BACK NUMBERS.—The November and December numbers of 1872, containing the first chapters of Mrs. Miller's story will be sent free to all new subscribers for 1873, until our present supply is exhausted—after which we shall send a supplement containing the parts of the story printed in the above numbers.

PERSONS who have sent only \$1.50 for THE CORPORAL, can have the chromos by sending 10 cents for the pair unmounted, and 25 cents for them mounted.

THREE YEARS IN A MAN TRAP.

This work, by the author of "Ten Nights in a Bar Room," is one of the best temperance stories ever written. It strikes at the root of intemperance in high as well as low places; it shows up the evil tendencies and results of the occasional glass, taken either in private or at the sideboard of a friend. It is a book that every parent should read, and put in the hands of his son to read, that he may early learn to shun the first glass. The book is very popular, and is meeting with a large sale. Persons desiring an agency should apply to the publishers, JOHN E. MILLER & CO., Chicago, Ill.

THE GLOBE MICROSCOPE, advertised in this number, and offered as a premium on our new list, is one of the best low-priced instruments we have ever seen. In a family of children it will afford an endless amount of amusement and instruction. Objects for examination can easily be obtained and prepared in a few minutes. A few prepared objects, however, will be found very interesting and desirable to have on hand for ready examination. We can send one dozen mounted objects by mail, post paid, upon receipt of \$1.50, or we will send the microscope and one dozen mounted objects, prepaid, by mail or express, upon receipt of \$3.75. When you send your order, please state whether you wish the instrument to be sent by mail or express.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

From Robert Carter & Co., New York. For sale by Wm. G. Holmes, Chicago:

The Well in the Desert, by Emily Sarah Holt,	\$1 25
Who Won? By the author of Win and Wear?	1 25
Trading. By the author of Wide, Wide World.	1 25
Robin Tremaine. By Emily Sarah Holt.	1 50
Life of James Henderson, M.D.	75
Kitty and Lulu Books. By Joanna H. Mathews.	1 10
Had You Been in His Place. By Lizzie Bates.	1 25
Only Ned. By Jennie M. Drinkwater.	1 25

From Henry Hoyt, Boston:

Sunshine and Shadows.	1 25
Julia Ried. By Pansy	1 50

From American S. S. Union, Chicago:

Boys of Eagle Wood. By Clara E. Gernsey.	1 25
Woman's Work for Jesus. Annie Wittenmeyer.	1 00

Any of the above books will be sent, post paid, upon receipt of the price, by the Publisher of "The Little Corporal."

THE LITTLE CORPORAL PREMIUM LIST REVISED

For 1872-73.

GENERAL REMARKS.

1.—In every case names must be accompanied with the full subscription price, \$1.50, for the magazine one year and a pair of the chromos.

2.—No credits on account of a club for premium will be allowed unless two or more subscriptions are received at one time.

3.—Tell us with each list of names sent, that it is for a premium, in order that you may secure the proper credit on the club book.

4.—Names of subscribers sent in a club need not all be from the same place.

5.—Old and new subscribers count alike in clubs for premiums.

6.—Write the names plainly, giving the post office, county, and State, and in large towns and cities, give the number of the post office box, or the street and number.

7.—Send names with the money as fast as taken, and when your club is full select your premium from the list and it will be promptly forwarded. We send no premium until you notify us what article you have selected, and that the club is full.

8.—If you are unable to obtain the required number of names to secure the premium desired, you can obtain it by sending the difference in cash, or select one of less value.

9.—Keep a list of the names sent, and when you order a premium, send a copy of the list and name the premium selected.

10.—All premiums are delivered at our office, or sent free by mail, except such as have the amount of postage designated; and those which are sent by express, receivers pay express charges at the office where the goods are delivered.

11.—Our premium articles are securely packed, free of charge, and delivered in good condition, at the post office or express office, and we cannot be responsible for any loss or injury which may occur on the way.

12.—Remit money by draft on Chicago or New York, payable to John E. Miller, or by express, or post office money order, or in registered letter. Money sent in any of the above ways is at our risk—otherwise not.

13.—The receipt of the magazine is sufficient evidence that the subscription has been received; and each number of the magazine should be received previous to the 10th day of the month for which it is issued, and if not received by the 15th, please inform us, and we will send another number.

14.—Should your number of the magazine get soiled or worn out in canvassing, write us, and we will send another one.

LIST OF PREMIUMS.

	Price.	No.
	\$ c.	Sub.
1. The Heavenly Cherubs, steel engrav.	2 00	2
2. The Rustic Wreath, " "	1 50	3
3. The Homestead, " "	2 00	3
4. The Mother's Pet, " "	1 00	2
5. Red Ridinghood and Wolf, chromo.	5 00	8
6. The First Lesson, " "	5 00	6
7. The Barefoot Boy, Prang, " "	5 00	10
8. The Happy Family, " "	3 00	6
9. Cash, " "	2 50	10
10. The Royal Road to Fortune, " "	1 50	5
11. The Porcys (Mrs. E. Prentiss), " "	1 50	5
12. The Young Naturalist, " "	1 75	7
13. Three Successful Girls, " "	1 50	5
14. The Amateur Microscopist, " "	2 00	7
15. Reed's Drawing Lessons, " "	1 50	5
16. Robinson Crusoe, illustrated, " "	1 75	7
17. *Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, " "	12 00	30
*Webster's National Pictorial, " "	6 00	18

	Price.	No.
	\$ c.	Sub.
19. Our Girls (Dio Lewis), " "	1 50	5
20. American Girl Abroad, " "	1 50	5
21. Voyage Round the World by a Boy, " "	1 50	5
22. Cash, " "	4 00	15
23. Self Help, " "	1 25	4
24. How to Educate Yourself, " "	75	3
25. Photograph Album, " "	2 00	6
26. " " " " " "	3 00	10
27. Box of Water Colors, " "	2 00	5
28. Globe Microscope, " "	2 50	6
29. Pocket Magnifier, " "	1 00	2
30. *Elgin Watch, Silver Case, " "	30 00	35
31. *Lady Elgin Watch, Gold Case, " "	80 00	100
32. Lady's Penknife, " "	2 00	5
33. Gent's " " " "	2 00	5
34. Gold Pen and Holder, " "	3 50	10
35. Cash, " "	6 00	20
36. *One doz. Silverplated Teaspoons, " "	5 75	16
37. *Half " " " " " "	2 75	8
38. *One " " " " " " " " " " " "	10 00	25
39. *Half " " " " " " " " " " " "	5 00	15
40. *One " " " " " " " " " " " "	10 00	25
41. *Half " " " " " " " " " " " "	5 00	15
42. *Napkin Rings, " " per pair, " "	3 00	6
43. Fruit Knife, " " " " " " " " " "	2 00	4
44. *Child's Cup, " " " " " " " " " "	3 00	6
45. Pair Gold Sleeve Buttons, " "	5 00	10
46. Set Gold Studs, " "	5 00	10
47. Lady's Gold Pin, " "	6 00	12
48. Napkin Ring, Solid Silver, " "	3 00	6
49. Gold Thimble, " "	5 00	10
50. Butter Knife, " "	1 50	5
51. *Child's Set, Knife, Fork and Spoon, " "	3 00	8
52. *Ice Pitcher, " "	15 00	30
53. *Cake Basket, " "	6 00	15
54. *Cake Basket, " "	12 00	25
55. *Butter Dish, " "	6 00	15
56. Cash, " "	8 00	25
57. *Case of Drawing Instruments, " "	8 00	10
58. *Parr's Tool Chest, " "	7 00	15
59. Novelty Hand Stamp, " "	1 25	5
60. *Violin, " "	5 00	15
61. *Croquet Set (M. Bradley & Co.), " "	6 00	10
62. *Croquet Set (M. Bradley & Co.), " "	9 00	15
63. *Beckwith Sewing Machine, " "	10 00	20
64. *Mason & Hamlin Organ, " "	125 00	250
65. *Smith's American Organ, " "	155 00	270
66. Cash, " "	10 00	30
67. Scribner's Monthly, " "	4 00	12
68. Harper's Monthly, Weekly, or Bazar, " "	4 00	12
69. Little Corporal and Chromos, " "	1 00	6
70. Hearth and Home, " "	3 00	10
71. Emerson's Binder, " "	50	2
72. *Sherman's Clothes-wringer, " "	9 00	15
73. *Colby's, " "	7 50	15
74. *Side-wheel Steamboat, " "	2 00	6
75. Steam Engine, " "	1 00	3
76. *Colby's Little Washer, " "	5 00	10
77. *Clap Skates, " "	5 00	15
78. Cash, " "	25 00	75

BRADLEY'S HOME AMUSEMENTS.

Checked Game of Life, " "	1 00	3
Authors, Improved, " "	1 00	3
Smashed-up Locomotive, " "	75	2
Model Ship Puzzle, " "	1 25	4
Permutation Map of United States, " "	1 00	3
Chinese and Santa Claus Puzzle, " "	50	2
Magic Squares—Mathematical, " "	1 25	4
Game of Who Knows, " "	75	2
The Smashed-up Fire Engine, " "	75	2
Yacht Puzzle, " "	75	2
Popular Characters from Dickens, " "	75	2
Figure—Mathematical, " "	75	3
American Jack Straws, " "	60	2
Puzzle Chromos, " "	1 25	4
*Magic Hoops, " "	4 00	8
*Japanese Backgammon, " "	1 50	5
*Kindergarten and Building Blocks, " "	2 00	5

All articles marked with a * will be sent by express, parties receiving them paying charges upon delivery of the goods.





"PAPA IS COMING!"

THE LITTLE CORPORAL.

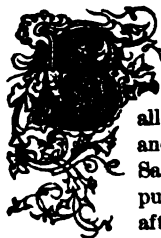
FIGHTING AGAINST WRONG; AND FOR THE GOOD, THE TRUE, AND THE BEAUTIFUL.

VOL. XVI.—FEBRUARY, 1873.—No. 2.

HIDDEN TREASURE.

BY MARY A. DENISON.

CHAPTER II.—MOTHER'S ANGUISH.



UT you do care, dear; you know you do. Where can he have gone? If he stays all night it will nearly kill me, and what will mother do? O, Sally, I've a great mind to put on my water-proof and go after him. Do you believe he would go to Uncle Jack's?"

"No, I don't believe he will go any where to stay. He thinks he can frighten us, I suppose, so that we may hold our tongues, and not expose his wicked actions. Put down your water-proof, Anne; you're crazy to go out."

"I must go, Sally. I'll run as far as the corner, any way; perhaps he is just in the mood by this time to be persuaded to come home."

"Anne, you sha' n't go," said Sally, rising.

"I will. Don't worry about me; I must make some effort—and perhaps I shall meet mother."

She was out of the door and half way down the front walk before Sally could speak again. Sally stood at the window very sorrowful, and saw the dark figure glide away in the moonlight.

"How shameful," she said to herself, half sobbing, "that when we have so many things to make us happy, Tom must go behaving in this scandalous manner. By and by he will break mother's heart, and she will die. Oh, what should we do without her?"

Anne, meantime, glided by the lilac bushes that bordered the front yard, into the road. The March wind blew her cloak open, but it was only blustering, not cold. Far in the distance and winding up the hill went the narrow, white country road, shining in the light. The pretty new meeting house, standing by itself on a raised terrace, to the right, glittered under the pale white radiance; its spire glistened like silver. Along the road cheerful cottage houses sent their happy beams from many an uncurtained window. There was the new school house, a triumph of architectural beauty, its windows holding little oval moons in their dark depths.

But alas! this same sweet winding path led to the tavern—a large, unpainted house, oldest of all its peers; and the bar-room, with its red glass window, sending its baleful light even to the eminence where Anne now stopped, looking helplessly around.

There, standing back from the road, not a stone's throw from the tavern, was the almost palatial residence of 'Squire Jack Meadows. 'Squire Jack had a son near Tom's age—a crafty, silent, low-browed boy, who delighted in nothing so much as in leading others in mischief; but who loved money, and was always willing to enjoy himself at the expense of his friends. His influence over his cousin was a bad one, as all the Meadows family felt. Anne bent her straining eyes in that direction. No form appeared moving along the road; not a footstep could be heard. It would never do to go to Uncle Jack's alone, and shock her aunt's rigid notions of propriety. Aunt Jack, as she was called, had often lectured her husband's sister upon what she considered her laxity of discipline. The "Meadows girls" were quite too independent, and needed a father, poor lambs!

No, Anne could not go there; neither to the tavern, where all the loafers of the town—and sometimes men of the better sort—congregated. What, then, should she do? She turned; back of the meeting house, down a little lane, stood the house of mourning—the humble yet pretty little place where sweet Stella Martello mourned the loss of her lovely mother. Instinctively Anne shrank from going there. She had a dread of death—most girls do have. It is but natural that fresh, young life, feeling its pulses vigorous, its cheeks mantling with roses, its heart strong and happy, should shun that seemingly harsh, hard and unfeeling tyrant, whose dominion is over all the earth. In time, death will appear to them the joy and glory which it really is.

"What shall I do? and where can Tom have gone?" she said, distressfully, as she slowly moved towards home again. "How dreadful if he should leave us and run away! Why can't he be good, with such a mother, and sisters who love him so dearly?"

"You did n't find him, then?" said Sally, who stood outside the door, her apron thrown over her shoulders. "Of course

you did n't. It's my opinion he's hiding somewhere, just to frighten us."

Anne caught at the hope.

"In the barn-loft, may be. There's the old lounge still there, where he used to sleep in summer."

"I'll go and get the lantern," said Sally, glad of an opportunity to work off her nervousness. In a few moments she appeared, and with a caution not to make a noise for fear of disturbing aunty, who slept in a bed-room off the hall, the girls went round the path and down to the barn.

As they entered the fragrant, hay-smelling premises, the roosting fowls looked up in amaze, and flapped their astonished wings; Sweet-briar, the white cow, pet of the household, roused from her slumbers, rustled in her straw as the girls passed her particular nook. Up stairs they went, laughing to hearten themselves. The moon lay all over the small, vacant room above the barn; the old lounge was empty; no Tom there; so Sally and Anne turned ruefully away and retraced their steps.

"How mean of him to put us to all this trouble! Do you know, Anne, sometimes I do n't love Tom one bit—one bit!"

"Do n't say that, Sally; you do love him, and would, if he did worse things. It's so natural to love one's brother! Perhaps Tom has come home—or mother! What will she think?"

The girls hastened to the house. Tom had not come, but mother had. She had laid off her bonnet, and her sweet face, framed in its widow's cap, looked pale and anxious.

"Girls, where have you been?" she asked; "you have given me a fright. I found the front door wide open."

"I'm sure we shut it—did n't we, Anne?" asked Sally, each face inquiring of the other, "shall we tell her?"

"I thought we did," replied more cautiously Anne.

"I supposed you had started to come for me," said Mrs. Meadows. "Well, I have had heart and hands full, for one day."

"Dear mother," said Anne, kissing her,

"here is the big chair; sit down for a few moments, at least, and let me heat the tea; there's plenty, and you know it never tastes anywhere as it does at home."

"That is true;" and Mrs. Meadows allowed herself to be seated, unshawled, the best hassock placed under her feet, and sinking back she sat looking in the fire, while Anne and Sally went into the dining-room.

"What shall we do?" asked Sally, putting the light down, which flared smokingly in its perforated tin case.

"I do n't know, Sally; it seems almost wicked to tell her, wearied out as she is. I know she'd start right off and go to Uncle Jack's, and the tavern. It is wonderful she did n't ask for him; but she has seen such sad things, to-day, that I imagine it drove him out of her mind."

"Suppose we do n't mention it, then."

"Or not till the last minute."

"Not unless she speaks of him. I can't imagine her going to bed without asking if Tom was home to supper, or something."

"And if she do n't? Why, Sally! do you realize what a dreadful thing it would be for Tom to be away from home all night? He never was before in his life."

"I realize that Tom is a wicked boy; and what is going to be done to him? By and by he will be worse, if he do n't stop, and disgrace us all. But hurry and get the tea, dear; we can hang the little copper kettle over the coals; you put the cup and saucer, milk and sugar, and a wafer or two on the little waiter, and pray try to act as if nothing had happened."

"How can I, when I feel like crying all the time?" asked Anne, with a rueful face.

"Surely—but you must; the how is another matter. Poor papa!"

This she said as she met the earnest gaze of two dark eyes looking down from the wall. It was a shocking painting, "executed," indeed, by a traveling artist, whose poverty had pleaded for him; but it was a wonderful likeness, notwithstanding its paucity of coloring.

Poor papa! indeed; for he had laid the foundation for the future of his boy by undue praise and foolish indulgence.

Sally carried in the tea, and Anne followed with the tray. Mrs. Meadows was still sitting in the same position, her thoughtful eyes fixed on the fire.

"You do n't want to tell about it, do you, mamma?" asked Sally, as after a few moments she poured out a cup of refreshing tea.

"About what, dear—Mrs. Martello? Oh, it was a very pleasant, peaceful death; nothing to think of with sorrow, except her parting with dear little Stella. That is the unhappy thing about it."

"Poor little Stella!" echoed the girls.

"Poor, indeed! for there will be nothing left for her to live on. Even the furniture, or most of it, will have to be sold to pay the expenses of her long illness, and for the funeral. The child is left absolutely penniless. I am not sure there will be sufficient to buy her a suit of decent mourning. That will not matter much, though; I hate to see little children muffled in black."

"Did Stella cry much, mamma?"

"Dear little creature! she was more like a woman than a child. I never saw such fortitude. But none the less did she suffer—that I could see by her dry, glittering eyes, and her pale cheeks, and drawn mouth. I never pitied a human creature as I did her."

"How old is she, mamma?" asked Anne, who had installed herself on the rug at her mother's feet.

"Thirteen years, dear."

"Why, I'm only a year older. Is it possible?"

"She is very tall of her age; quite as tall as Sally, I think. But what is to become of the child?"

"Has she no relations?"

"None. Her father came from Italy, and never held any communication with his people. He was quite a gentleman, I remember, and was going to his native country, when the vessel was lost in which he set sail."

"Where is Stella to-night?"

"At home; she would not leave her mother."

"Not alone, surely?"

"No; there are two or three people there. Miss Nancy is going to watch to-night."

"Why didn't you coax her to come here?"

"I did try, but she would not be persuaded: Poor little forlorn creature! it makes my heart ache to think of her, sitting there by the kitchen fire, with her face in her hands. I hope she will go to bed, though she said no when it was suggested. I'm afraid she will sit there till morning. But we must not talk any more. Have the children been good, Sally? and did you get

along nicely with aunty? Did Tom come home early?"

There was no answer. Anne's eyes suddenly fell; Sally turned away confused.

"He—he came home, mother," said Sally, seeing that a reply was expected; "but—he—he—went out again."

"Is he not at home?" asked Mrs. Meadows, her face flushing painfully; "is Tom out at this time of night? Why did n't you speak of it? What does it mean—my boy out at this hour? Sally, where was he going, did he say?"

THE WIND AND RAIN.

BY MARY H. KROUT.

Who is tapping at my window
In the silence of the night?
The stars by clouds are hidden,
Who can come so late, unbidden,
Like a lost child sobbing in affright?
"It is I, your friend, the rain,
Tapping at the window pane—
Let me in!
From beyond the farthest sea,
I have wandered far to thee;
Waited, waited long, until
Sky and breeze should work their will—
Lift me from the rose's heart,
Make me of the clouds a part—
And from frost, from snow, from dew
I was changed, and formed anew,
Till at last, from birth to birth,
I have wandered back to earth.
Of my journeys to and fro
I can tell thee. Wouldst thou know
Secrets that the green leaves keep—
Secrets buried dark and deep
Underneath the restless waves—
In the depths of gem-starred caves?
How the sunset hues are made?
Why the rainbow glories fade?
Listen, ere I flee away
With the coming of the day—
Let me in."

Who comes knocking at my door
In the waning of the night?
Pallid grows the east with dawn,
And the darkness almost gone
Falters in the growing light.

"It is I, your friend, the wind—
Let me in!

I have hastened far and fast,
Over land and water passed,
Over churchyards moaning crept,

Over hut and palace swept.
Perfumes of the fir and pine,
Tropic flowers, and spice, and wine,
These, to thee, as gifts, I bring—
Take the balmy offering!
Voices of all life I bear;
Sounds I bring from everywhere;
Song, and laugh, and wedding bell,
Sigh, and dirge, and funeral knell;
Hum of traffic, words of cheer,
Shouts of triumph, shrieks of fear,
Prayers, from lips in anguish wrung,
Lullabys o'er cradles sung,
Chanting choir, and organ strain,
Martial music, groans of pain;
Rustling leaves that I have stirred,
Voice of insect, beast and bird,
Babbling brook and waterfall;
Shepherd's pipe, and herdsman's call;
Pleasant news have I to tell
Of the one thou lovest well;
I caressed her forehead fair,
Played amid her shining hair;
Stole across her gentle eyes,
Dreaming under foreign skies;
Listening, caught I, as I fled,
Pleasant words her sweet lips said;
Wilt thou listen? Wilt thou hear,
While I loiter, waiting near?—
Let me in!"

I pause to listen, but the sprites have flown—
The wind and rain.
Above the hills a deep'ning splendor breaks—
'T is day again.

And thus forever hurrying on, like spirits vexed,
Their stories never told,
The wind shall still complain, the whispering rain
Sigh at the window pane,
And keep their secrets while the world grows old.

THE JOURNAL OF A MOUSE.

BY LUCIA CHASE BELL.

The little new house stood chill and breathless out there, in the winter night. For a wonder, the wind did not blow. Far away stretched the line of prairie, clear, and pure, and dark, next to the sky—so far away it seemed as though one could see quite to the edge of the world. Down among the deepest shadows a pallid lake looked up to the stars; and beyond it, one tiny steeple and the few clustered roofs of a little town showed starkly against the white moon-rise.

A wolf came leaping lightly over the frosty ploughed ground, near the naked little new house. He glanced up at it once, wondering what strange, huge, dangerous thing that might be, then scampered away through the dusk.

By and by the moon rose, yellow and big like a harvest-moon, with a great cluster of rainbow colors shining in the amber clouds on each side of her, a ring of white light around her, and a column of pale radiance reaching from the middle of the column down to the silent, dark old earth. The lake gleamed, and the frosty windows of the little new house shone gloriously where they faced the moon. Just under the window-casing, where a bit of moon-shine came through a chink in the wall, a mouse was writing in his journal. The paper he used was very rare, and old, and precious, being nothing less than a hundred little shield-shaped, pearl-clear membranes out of dead old turtle's backs, down by the lake. His grandmother lived down there among the great red-veined stones, and she had presented him ever so many rolls of this dainty parchment, because she knew he had wonderful things to record, such as might fill the whole mouse nation with wonder when he was "dead and gone." It was a delightful time for writing, because everything was so quiet. "Rather cold, to be sure," he said to himself; but then the air was "deliciously bracing," and a "real

tonic for the lungs," so he only shivered once under his coat of dainty dove-colored fur, and eagerly scribbled away, looking for all the world like some wee old monk, with his rolls of parchment around him.

It told in the very first of the journal how months and months ago some men came out there on the prairie, and worked in the chilling spring winds building this very house; how they slept one night on the ground, with boards over them, and it rained and rained, but they got up in the morning, hearty and jolly as ever, and kindled a fire, and made coffee, and went to work; how they hammered and hammered away, till by and by this strange, great thing they called a house, had a roof on it, and a floor in it, and a hole for a door; and then one day a whole wagonful of women, and babies and boys came there, and said they had "come to live," and the little mouse crept into it at night, and found it so comfortable that he concluded to live there, too. One evening he was nibbling away down in the floor, because he thought he smelled something good somewhere—it really was apple pie, but he did n't know that—and the grandmother woman spoke up sharply as she sat patching, and said,

"There, now, I hear a mouse down in the floor. Julia Ann, do you hear that? That's a mouse. I did n't think we should be troubled with mice *here!*"

So he knew he was a mouse. The grandmother woman did n't seem to like it at all. But Julia Ann was a little homesick, and she said,

"Let him nibble away. It sounds like home. I'd give a good deal to hear the mice nibbling in our old cup-board once more."

And after that he felt quite free to nibble anywhere he pleased, of course, and did nibble his way into their rude new cup-board, where he got delicious tastes of apple pie, and cheese, and good bread.

"There is a little white-headed boy in the house," said the journal. "He is only five years old, and he has n't outgrown his baby dimples yet; but he is always using sober, grown-up words in the midst of his piping little talk, and he has a great fondness for wearing old hats, and is extremely proud of patched trousers, because his big brother Jerry has to wear patches. He looks for all the world like some religious old deacon, stalking around with his white hair glistening under his old hat, whittling a pine stick with a broken-bladed knife, while he talks about his 'claim.' They call a farm a 'claim,' out here. One morning he came down to the kitchen fire and gravely pulled on his boots, and did n't say anything for a good while, till at last he declared, all of a sudden, and loud and slow, 'I believe I shall make a very sensible old man!' And another time, when he was undressing at night, he asked his mother, anxiously, what she 's'posed he'd do, if he'd happen to wake up in the morning, too big for these clothes? S'pose Uncle Harry could spare any of his old ones for a day or two?' And when poor little fat Paul tumbled down the garret ladder and scratched his nose fearfully, the deacon glanced up from his whittling, and said, consolingly, 'Never mind, Paulie; it did n't hurt you much, 'cause *you're* young yet, and got soft bones.'

"It seems as though Paul is always tumbling down ladders, and rolling out of bed, and cutting his fingers, and stubbing his toes; but, fat and clumsy as he is, in summer time he spends hours just catching frogs out in the grass. He scorns a hat, and he's brown as a little Sioux Indian, and he is n't at all afraid of anything; and once, when they were digging a well, he went down into it after a frog. Nobody knew how he got down, but somebody did see him just coming out, and he had the poor frog tightly clutched in one hot, fat hand, while he shouted triumphantly, 'I got him, *grinma!* Here he is!' and he caught so many one week that his 'grinma' gave him a barrel with water in it to

keep them in, and on Saturday his brother Jerry cooked them for him in a nice little soup with cream. He can't talk plain, but he likes to make dry jokes; and his Uncle Harry calls him the 'old punster,' because once when he was poking sticks into his mamma's tulip box, and she told him 'not to scratch that bulb up,' he piped up quickly, with an odd twinkle in his eyes, and said, 'T is n't a 'bulb up,' it's a *tulup.*'

"Mornings he's the very first one out of bed after the grandfather man gets up, and he always comes down rolling up his night-gown sleeves to show his soft, fat elbows, and says, 'Yook here, *grinpa!* see what a *mush!* I've got!' And then he pounds himself to show what a 'strong breff' he has.

"There's a baby in the house. I have seen a Sioux baby, but it did n't look like this. This is the fattest thing I ever saw in my life, and the most beautiful; and when he is bathed in the morning, the whole family gathers around to glory and gloat over him, and poke finger-ends into his delicious dimples. His father always says proudly, 'Just look at those legs, will you?' But the 'grinma' is sure to answer, with just enough disdain to tease him, 'No wonder; he has the real prairie appetite. He gets up every morning too big for his clothes. I never saw such an inconvenient baby.' It's a wonder that the baby ever takes a day-time nap. Indeed, it's a wonder that he lives at all. Some 'movers' stopped here one day out of the rain, and a big brawny man sat down in his cradle, because there were n't chairs enough; and the baby was just able to gasp one pitiful little gasp, and then the big man jumped up, looking wild, and shouted out that he *thought* he 'felt somethin' squirm. He'd be wolloped if *he* thought there was a baby in that little heap of quilts and things.' Then there's that great behemoth of an uncle Harry, finds his chief delight in lifting that baby up by the back of his apron at the neck, with his head and heels hanging down, just as he would a puppy, to 'see if he has good

pluck.' I think the baby has good pluck, for he does n't cry; he seems to like it."

There was quite a gap here in the journal.

"The fires have come," it said, when next he wrote. "They act like crazy people here in this house. They sit up nights to look—all but the babies—and they say the long lines of fires crossing the prairies everywhere in the dark night, look like chains of jewels. To-day the air grew thick with smoke, and the sun looked through it like a spot of red blood; and when the fires came marching down to the ploughed ground round the house, Julia Ann grew more homesick than ever. It looked like the Last Day, she said to the grandmother woman. I have lost hosts of friends in the fires, but my grandmother is safe, for she lives by the lake.

"The fires have gone by, and frost has come—the real, inch-thick frost, that is frost. The deacon and that ridiculous little Paul can't go to Sunday-school, because it's too far away, and a 'blizzard' might come, so they could n't get home. A 'blizzard' is a great, wild, winter storm, such as freezes people's eyes shut in two minutes—a fierce wind with flying frost, that can beat and whirl people away from their very own doors, and freeze them to death in sight of home. So their mother holds them closely to her on Sabbath-days, as they sit by the fire, and tells them stories about somebody very great, and good, and loving, who toiled and suffered, long years ago, upon earth; one who could still the wild winds, and walk upon the waves, and yet who pitied, and helped, and loved the poor, and the sorrowful, and weary. The deacon holds his breath and listens, with his wonderful gray eyes shining under their long lashes, and laughs a little soft laugh of delight, while she tells of that dear Lord's loving deeds; and when she tells them how he went away from earth, up to His home in the sky, Paul looks up and asks wistfully, 'Can't Him *ever* come down again?'

"These people talk about trees. I never saw a tree. It is something that grows up out of the ground, and it is tall, and broad,

and full of glorious green leaves, that turn and quiver in the sunshine, and make soft shadows where they are thickest, and a shelter for singing birds. Some day, they say, trees shall grow all around the little house, and there shall be a tangle not far away, of trees, and vines, and weeds, for the children to lose themselves in.

"I have heard, also, what mice have to eat in the country these people came from: mince pies, with flaky crust, and rich beef and raisins in them; tarts, and seed cakes, and plum loaves, and Brussels carpets."

The little mouse rolled up the parchment here, because his mouth watered so thinking about such good things, that he could n't enjoy writing just then, but scampered away to taste the apple pie in the cupboard down stairs. Presently the sky in the east grew pink, and the lake gleamed whiter than ever. In the cool blue western sky still burned one faithful star. The hitching-post and one broad board lying on the ground near the little hushed house looked in the frost like solid silver sprinkled with diamonds. The very weeds drooped heavy with gems. The little town far away brightened cheerily in the broadening light, and an hour later, when Paul trotted out to watch the oxen eating their breakfast, the cluster of houses looked so wonderfully near in the clear air, that he shouted eagerly, "*Grinma! Worfigten is comin' out here!*"

"NOT ACQUAINTED WITH GOD."

BY MRS. L. M. BLINN.

Little Lenny lay toeling in feverish pain,
Telling in innocent, wandering words,
The sweet child-fancies that filled his brain,
Of his play, his flowers, and the singing birds.

When feeling my tears on his burning cheek,
He asked, with a little tremulous sigh,
"What makes you cry when you try to speak?
Are you 'fraid your dear little boy will die?"

"Perhaps so, my son, if God thinks best;
You would n't be sorry, would you, to go
Where dear little Georgie has found such rest?
The angels would love my boy, I know!"

His quivering lips made me swift reply,
While his brown eyes flashed with a frightened glow
"I've known you so long, ma, I'd rather not die;
I ain't acquainted with God, you know!"

"ALL FOR THE WANT OF A HORSE-SHOE NAIL."

BY GERALD NORTH.

"You 'll not forget to stop at the village, Master Phil, and have Bessie's shoes tightened a bit," said old Allan, as he passed up the whip, and opened the gate for the restless pony and her eager young rider.

"Oh, bother!" said Phil, impatiently; "Harris will never stop, if he gets hold of Bess, until he's reset all her shoes, and I can't wait for him this morning; she'll do one day more, I guess," and Phil looked anxiously back at Allan, in the hope the old man would agree with him. But Allan shook his head.

"I told you last week that off-shoe was loose, and you've a rare bit of rocky road betwixt here and Needham's. If Bess loses a shoe she'll go dead lame; her feet is tender as a baby's."

"Well," said Phil, reluctantly, "I'll see;" but when he came trotting down the village street, past the dingy little shop, he was hardly sorry to see the brawny blacksmith busy at work shoeing a pair of farm horses, and singing merrily, in a voice like a boat whistle,

"Jolly come, jolly go—

Fire burn, bellows blow;

But for the blacksmith's hammer and soot,

Lord and lady must travel a-foot;

The king and his army all might fail,

Just for the lack of a horse-shoe nail."

Phil had heard the song ever since he was a little shaver, and stood with the village children at the door of the shop, to watch the sparks fly, and wince in a kind of delightful terror at the great blows that fell like hail upon the red-hot iron. So now he nodded to the blacksmith, and joined merrily in the chorus,

"So it's whack! whack! whack! till the shoe is made;
And blacksmith! blacksmith! stick to your trade!"

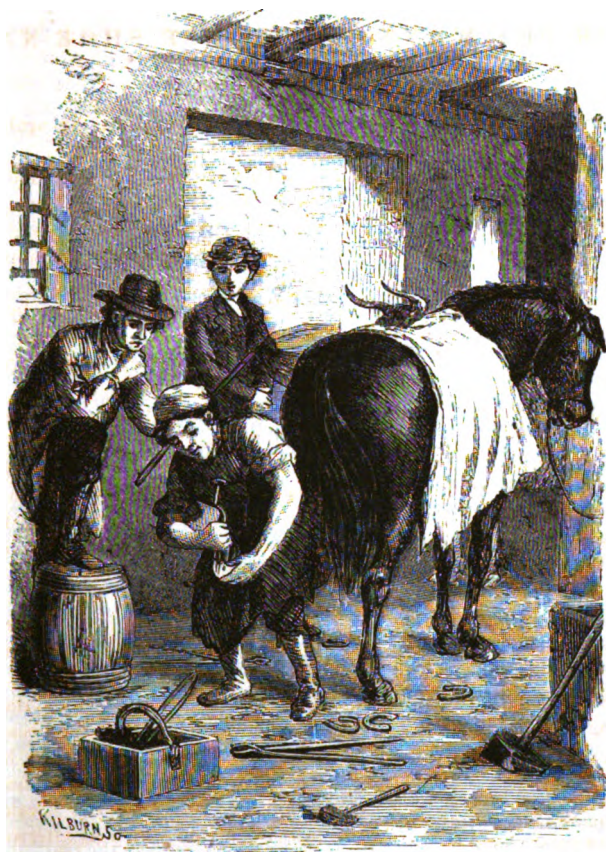
"Got a job on hand?" he said, as Harris stopped a moment from his work.

"Aye!" said Harris; "half an hour or so. Whoa! ye restless beast; ye'r as ticklish with yer huffs as if ye was a fine lady, and never worked for a livin'."

When Harris looked up again Phil was cantering down the street.

"That settles it," he said to himself; "of course I can't wait half an hour; I've done my best, anyhow;" but he could not help remembering that the shoes might have been attended to days before.

Six miles away, shut in by hills and woods, was Needham's Pond, which, almost anywhere else, would have been called "Shadow Lake," or some equally romantic name; but here it was only a pond, and a famous place for fishing. A number of Phil's friends had arranged a fishing party for this special day, and engaged Captain Needham to take them out in his boat, and cook them one of his famous dinners on the little island at the lower end of the pond. Phil was on his way to join the party, and as he cantered easily along, his thoughts were full of delightful anticipations for the day. In spite of a few drawbacks, he had a prosperous start. To be sure he was delayed a little, because he had neglected to pack in its box his elegant fishing tackle, of which he had been so proud for two weeks after it came into his possession, and which he afterwards found a great deal of trouble to unjoint. Phil did n't like trouble. Then he forgot to speak to Mary, the cook, about his lunch, as his mother had advised him to do the night before; and though Mary put up delicious lunches, she liked to take her time about it. Mary did n't mind trouble, but she hated hurry. Then he forgot his whip, and old Allan hunted it up for him at the last moment. But all this did not matter much, and he felt in very good humor with himself, smelling the sweet breath from the blossoming orchards every now and then, and thinking how easily Bess could make the six miles before the hour of starting. He pulled out his watch at this thought, for one of captain Needham's most provoking traits was his exact punctuality. Who-



ever made an engagement with him must come to time, or that was the end of it. He had been known to lock up his boat and go to work in his garden when a party of boys were half an hour late, and not all their scolding and begging could move him an inch.

"Young gentlemen," he would say, "I never met with but one misfortune in my life, and that was from being half an hour late, and I made up my mind that what could n't be done in season was n't worth doing at all."

A good many of the boys knew what the "misfortune" was, for Captain Needham had entertained many a fishing party by the story of his adventures when he was a wild

young fellow, and got leave, on a long voyage, to take a little run through the country while the ship lay off an island for a supply of fresh water. He failed to get back to the boats in time, and such a storm was coming on the captain dare not lay by, and he was left for six months, without money or clothes, among low, degraded blacks, who compelled him to do the hardest drudgery for his food. He finally worked his way back as a common sailor; but he lost by the means the promotion he had expected, and altogether he was quite right in considering it a serious misfortune.

All this flashed through Phil's mind as he put up his watch, and hurried Bess a little, for there was not much time to lose, and

the road would be harder now that it left the green meadow-land along the river, and wound up the rocky hills.

As soon as the pony's feet struck the stony road, Phil heard the warning click of the loose shoe. He listened uneasily, and at the top of the first hill he dismounted and examined it, thinking to tighten it with a stone; but he saw in a moment that it was quite useless, as one nail was gone. On they went again, the shoe growing looser at every rod, until Bess stumbled more than once.

"Provoking thing!" said Phil, springing down again, and wrenching off the loose shoe, he put it in his pocket.

"There," he said; "we're more than half way, and I guess she'll stand it."

But Bess had already hurt her foot by the stones which had worked under her shoe, and in half a mile more she limped dreadfully. Phil tried to harden his heart and urge her on, but it was no use; he could n't really see Bess suffer; and when the petted creature looked around at him with an almost human appeal in her beautiful eyes, he stopped and taking her by the bridle, led her carefully along to the shop at Deerfield Four Corners.

"My pony has cast a shoe," he said to the clumsy fellow who was working away at a patient ox; "can you re-set it?"

"Wal, I reckon," said the man, slowly; "I ain't up to them new-fangled shoes, but I kin make a dicker at it, when I finish on this critter."

"Could n't you do it now?" said Phil, impatiently; "I'm in an awful hurry."

"Wal," said the blacksmith; "that's jest as you an' Sol'mon Duff can 'gree; 'fust come, fust served,' is my rule."

"Sol'mon," a lank, lazy, hopeless-looking individual, readily agreed to give up his turn, as he was in no manner of hurry, and amiably whisked the flies away from Bess while the blacksmith worked away at her foot. Through it all he kept on with some interminable story of village gossip; and the blacksmith often suspended his work to listen, or put down the foot altogether

to make some sage remark, while Phil stood in the door fairly groaning over the delay, while the talk went on.

Whisk, whisk—"Staples he 'lowed Joe'd ought to get boot"—whisk, whisk—"but I telled him, 'Joe,' says I 'that there mare seen her best days a good spell back'"—whisk, whisk.

"Tell ye what," said the blacksmith, laying down his hammer: "do ye mind the time Hy Davis druv the Deerfield stage? Well, sir, the off-leader goin' on two year was that very mare—"

Phil could bear it no longer. He looked once more at his watch; saw that if he had his pony that instant there was no hope of getting to Needham's in time, so he turned away with a groan, and threw himself under a tree by the road-side. Just at first he was angry, he hardly knew with what; with the blacksmith, perhaps, and the horse-shoe, and captain Needham, and himself. Phil came upon the right person pretty soon, for he was an honest boy, and knew well enough just where his trouble lay. He heard the stream of fitful talk from the shop, and the occasional click, click of the hammer, and through it and over it he seemed to hear Harris singing his merry song,

"The king and his army all might fail,
Just for the lack of a horse-shoe nail."

When at last the work was done, and Solomon Duff came slowly to the door of the shop, he saw a boy half asleep under the elm tree, and he drawled out,

"Got over yer hurry, hain't ye? Wish't I'd got time to lay 'round under the trees;" and then went back to his gossip.

Phil did n't go home. He rode Bess slowly back, down the river road and into the pine woods. He spent two pleasant hours in collecting cones and fir twigs, which his sister had been begging for all the spring; then he ate his lunch, and rode Bess on to the blacksmith's shop.

"Harris," said he, "I wish you would see to the pony's shoes; I've just had one set, but I'm afraid it's done in a clumsy fashion."

"Some of Badger's work," said Harris, looking contemptuously at the shoe; "that feller ain't fit to shoe a wooden elephant; I sh'd thought you'd knocked him down, Bess," he added, patting the pony affectionately.

Phil walked home; but before he was out of hearing, the hammer was clinking upon the anvil, and the blacksmith's tremendous voice roaring out,

"So it's click, click, click, till the shoe is made; And blacksmith! blacksmith! stick to your trade!"

Somebody had a lesson that day; but then he has had a good many lessons, and I can't say how long it will take him to learn them.

We are slow to learn, the very best of us; but the good God is very patient with us, and so we ought to be patient with each other.

HAY'S "EXPERIENCE."

BY SUSAN O. CURTIS.

Now, "Hay" was n't her name, at all, I hasten to say, but Mahala.

There had been so many boys in the family, the parents had got quite accustomed to naming them, and had bestowed upon each some convenient title, without much ceremony. But when this first little girl came, "baby's name" became a matter of serious discussion. Mamma decided at last that it must be Mahala—the name of her own dear mother, who was so wise and good that even her odd, old-fashioned name had a pleasant sound.

But somehow "Mahala" sounded too old and long for a pet name. "May" was too common. One of the little brothers proposed "Haly," but papa vetoed that as too suggestive of a disagreeable storm. But when Uncle Fred came up from the city, he lighted upon the "golden mean" at once, and called her "Hay."

"She's just as sweet as the new-mown hay up on the side-hill," declared this poetical lover of babies.

So "Hay" she was all over the house, all over the farm, at school and everywhere; though mamma resisted a little at first, and always would call her "Mahala," whenever the beautiful Quaker grandma came on a visit.

Hay was now twelve years old. She was bright and pretty; tolerably patient with the boys' teasing; very fond of the little sisters who succeeded her; and would have been a very good child if she had not had

one sad fault. She was untidy and disorderly.

In a large family like this, a pair of neat, careful little hands would have been very useful; but that was not the kind of hands Hay owned. They frequently proved rather a hindrance than help to the hard-working mother. Hay was n't indolent, by any means. As the boys expressed it, she would "fly round like a parched pea," yet doing as little practical good, oftentimes. But she was impatient of restraint, and in so great a hurry to do everything in her own furious way, that her neglect of the duties assigned her led to disagreeable results, and sometimes to disobedience, as one fault is so apt to lead to another.

One Saturday, after dinner, as Hay had finished washing the dishes with her usual clatter, and set them up in a heap with an extra bang, her mother came into the kitchen. She had been quite unwell for a few days, and not able to oversee Hay's work, as usual. She comprehended the situation, directing Hay's attention to it.

"Hay, you know the goblets belong on this shelf with the rest of the glass; and these dinner plates here below; and these cooking dishes, dear, should never be placed with the best teacups; and," opening the knife drawer, "these knives and forks—why, where are they, child? Not thrust away in this corner, without rubbing? Do it at once!"

Hay got the polish quite ungraciously,

and as the knives under her really skillful treatment grew brighter and brighter, her cheeks and her wrath waxed hotter and hotter. Finally she broke out,

"Mother, I don't see what makes you so awful particular! I'm sure I think one place in the cupboard is as good as another for the dishes. And then my sweeping do n't never suit you, neither!"

You see she was losing her grammar as well as her temper.

"And you always find fault with my room, too. I do n't believe but what my chamber looks just as well as other girls' rooms."

Hay's mother made no reply, though she was surprised at this style of talk from her usually respectful little daughter. Hay glanced at her, and her heart smote her a little as she noticed how pale she looked sitting there by the window; yet she went on,

"Father's just as particular as you are. I must be ready just such a minute for breakfast; and I didn't like the way he looked at me this morning, because I did n't come down till prayer-time. The way it happened, I was sleepy at first, and I heard Ned singing under the window, 'Wake, Hay, while the sun shines,' and it vexed me; and then I could n't find my boots, nor my apron, nor my hair brush, and—"

She stopped there, as it occurred to her that this sounded more like an enumeration of her own faults than those of anybody else.

Then, too, she suddenly remembered how only the other day she resolved to begin loving God very much, and please him by being always prompt and faithful; but she did n't like to dwell upon that just then.

By this time Hay's forehead was so full of frowns that it looked as puckered and wrinkled as a last year's potato, which is stating the case very strongly, to be sure, but very truly. She put the last knife in the drawer, and began again.

"Mother, may n't I go down to Aunt Mills' and stay a month? She invited me. Her girls have real nice times, and she's

just as easy with them; and I'm tired of fussing and dusting, and being so terrible neat, so there!"

She saw a queer little smile on her mother's face at mention of Aunt Mills; but it soon looked serious again. After a few minutes of silence, Hay began to get over her anger, and feel somewhat ashamed of her conduct; so she drew a chair near her mother, and began to coax.

"Say, won't you please let me go down to Aunt Mills'? Why do n't you speak?"

"I'm thinking, my dear," she replied.

"Oh!" cried Hay, delightedly, "I most know you'll let me go; for I most always do as I want to when you say you'll think about it."

By and by her mother said, gravely stroking Hay's curls,

"I've long been thinking how I should convince my daughter of the disadvantages of being so careless and disorderly; and now I'll let her learn some lessons by experience. Yes, you may go down to Aunt Mills' next week, and stay a month."

Hay jumped up, and the "parched pea" comparison would not have been very inappropriate at that time.

"Such *splendid* times as I shall have! Perfectly jolly! I sha'n't want to come home for a year!"

By the way, you won't wonder at Hay's extravagant expressions, when you remember two things—she had big brothers, and she went to school. She went to sleep that night thinking her troubles were over for the present; yet wondering, with a little misgiving, "What did mother mean by what she said about *experience*?"

The next week Hay's father took her down to Aunt Mills' himself. She had a charming ride, and her pleasure was only a little dampened at the end, when, as her father lifted her down, he said,

"I suppose you'll have a great experience to tell when you get home."

There was a mischievous look in his eyes, but Hay did n't have time to say anything before he said good-bye, and drove off.

"Aunt Mills" was aunt to everybody in

general, and not to Hay in particular. She used to live not very far from Hay's home, and on two or three occasions Hay had gone home with the Mills girls, and stopped to tea. She had decided very positively, on this short acquaintance, that Aunt Mills was a woman after her own heart, in not being so "awful particular," to use her own elegant phrase. She had not yet been behind the scenes in that peculiar household.

They had lately moved nine miles away, and Hay found them in a large, dismal, weather-colored house, with an air as if a small whirlwind had just been on a tour of inspection about the premises. Aunt Mills was called by an eccentric acquaintance, "a very *bisnabe* woman." She had *so much* to do; was always doing it; and never got it done.

"Why, bless you!" she said to Hay, the first day, slightly apologetically, "I can't stop to fix up. This is a workin' world; and what would be become of us if I should make everything so spick-span nice *every* day? I'm going to clear up before long."

Hay wondered what would "be become" of them if she did n't "clear up" pretty soon. She half believed that if dirt and disorder should rise just a little higher, the fated family would sink from sight, like the dwellers in ancient Herculaneum. Still, Mrs. Mills was lively and chatty, the girls were good-natured, and Hay tried *girlfully* to believe she was going to enjoy it all. It was in the early autumn, when the harvests were coming in, and they overflowed house and barn both in a confusion specially delightful to Uncle Mills. He had abundance of room in his outbuildings, if he had economized space in storing and packing; but he preferred to plump things down in promiscuous heaps, saying, he "always liked to have things 'round handy." He was only a secondary planet in the light of his wife's presence, though he shone like a star of equal magnitude in the realm of disorder. Only he was nasty because he *loved* to be. His clothes were never quite comfortable till they were well spotted with grease

and mud, and white shirt sleeves were really painful to him.

Hay watched him curiously in the cool evening as he prepared to "take real comfort," he told her. He garnished one corner of the brick hearth with a pile of wood; the other with a heap of chips; scattered shavings about freely, as he kindled a straggling blaze in the open fire-place; sprinkled ashes plentifully far out in front, and finally settled his chair and feet in the midst of it all, in a profound peace, incomprehensible even to Hay.

When Hay, the first night, entered the room she was to share with one of the girls, she was dismayed at the variety of its contents—quite different from ordinary chamber furniture. Two corners of the room were parted off by rough boards in a manner to form triangular bins, which were filled with cider apples. A third corner was piled with winter squashes. On one side of the room were husks drying for a bed. The children's clothes were hanging on chairs, the bed-posts, and everywhere they should *not* be. On a kind of rack arranged over-head were bundles of drying herbs, the odor of which, combined with that of cheese issuing from the high closet, was so intolerably sickening to poor little Hay that she did not sleep much that night.

The second night of her stay, she was so worn out she slept soundly and long, and awoke late next morning to find Mary Mills gone; and, descending, she found the breakfast-room empty. Following the strange, heated scent which prevailed, she came upon Mrs. Mills in a distant room soap-making.

"Well, child," said she, "I did n't care how long you slept; but, land! we could n't keep things hot for you—I was in such a hurry about the soap. I did n't get to it last spring. Run right into the buttery; you'll find plenty there."

Hay did find "plenty" of soiled dishes, broken biscuit, fragments of meat, and cold coffee; and just as she concluded she "could n't taste anything there; no, not if she starved," Uncle Mills came in with his

pails, having at that late hour just finished milking. He beamed blandly upon Hay.

"Good mornin', little girl; huntin' up some breakfast? Here's some nice nut-cakes; now take hold and eat real hearty," thrusting one toward her in his huge, horny, unwashed hand, from which Hay fled in horror.

Uncle Mills looked after her in mild astonishment, ejaculating,

"The little creeter's homesick, I do believe. Strange, now!"

Hay *was* homesick; and day by day the malady grew. The Mills' all tried, in their way, to make her visit pleasant; but it proved a very poor way. Mary, the one nearest Hay's age, tried to get time to play with her guest; but her mother could seldom spare her.

Hay wished to make herself useful; but she could n't learn where things belonged; and, indeed, they did n't belong anywhere, so she gave up her fruitless attempt.

She got away alone as much as she could, usually as far from the buildings as possible, so as to rest her eyes on the sky, and trees, and grass; "because," she said to herself, "the blue sky looks so clean, and God is so neat and orderly in his world-keeping." She was going to say "*house-keeping*," but she thought, "God has n't any house, but the great world."

Then she remembered the verse in her little Testament, where Jesus tells about His "*Father's house*," and she knew that meant heaven.

"Oh!" groaned poor Hay, "I'd be glad to go there away from this dreadful place; but I never shall. I remember all about it now; how my teacher at Sabbath-school explained our lesson about being '*faithful in that which is least*.' She said we must be sure to do all our little work at home just as well, and nicely, and nearly perfect as we could; and be willing and glad to do it, too; for God was watching us all the time, and some day He would say, '*Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord*.' And now He'll

never say that to me, because I'm the very *unfaithful* girl he knows;" and she sobbed aloud.

If Hay's tender father and mother could have seen the pale little figure wandering about the Mills' establishment, I think they would have been a little anxious lest she might be getting her "*experience*" almost too hardly. She longed so for her tidy, comfortable home; and, for apparent reasons, she could eat so little of the Mills' cookery; but more than all, she was so conscience-burdened for her past neglect of home-duty, that the child was really growing ill.

One day, when she had been there nearly a fortnight, she went out to a large maple tree which seemed more like home now than any other place, and threw herself wearily down, saying,

"Oh, if I could only go home! I would walk all the way, only I do n't believe I feel strong enough, and I should never dare to ask Aunt Mills to carry me, she is so busy with all that weaving, and she could n't spare Uncle Mills, either. I do n't much think I shall live till the month is out; but if I do, I'll tell my darling mother first thing how sorry I am I talked so hatefully that day, and then I'll do everything just as she wants me to. I'm dreadful glad she's so particular—she makes things look so beautifully; and how gentlemanly father behaves, too. I do like real gentlemen."

She paused to meditate a little on this last assertion, and then thought on,

"Mother never'll find my closet, and table, and boxes looking badly again; nor my sewing, and knitting, and snarly spools all pitched into my basket together. And next time grandma comes, she won't ask when she looks about my room, '*Mahala, has thee swept under thy bed this mornin*?'"

Hay looked quite radiant at all these pleasant prospects, till the thought suddenly occurred:

"But if I'm ever so good now, I shall never get to the '*Father's house*,' I've been bad so long;" and the tears, which came

very readily in those days, fell fast. Just then came to her a line of the little hymn she had long known,

"I know I'm weak and sinful, but Jesus will forgive;"

and a new, glad hope sprung up in her sad little heart.

She knelt down then and there, and prayed to be forgiven; and I know the angels were glad; and I think Jesus whispered, "Let not your heart be troubled;" and I believe she will sometime get to the "Father's house."

As Hay was returning to the house, a bright thought struck her.

"Why, I can write home for father to send after me. I know he will. Strange I did n't think of it before!"

She almost flew to Mary Mills' room,

managed to find some writing materials; and it was a very penitent little letter which she wrote to the dear parents. She found a way to get it into the evening mail, and the very next afternoon brother Ned drove up for the little sister. Hay was soon home again, and as she met her parents at the door, she threw herself, half laughing, half crying, into their arms, saying,

"Oh! I've had a *dreadful* experience."

They thought so when they heard it.

Hay is a young lady now. Her rooms are lovely to live in. Her closets, drawers, and all their contents are so sweet and clean that they are fragrant as her name. Her deft, dainty fingers beautify everything; and she is so faithful always "in that which is *least*," as well as "in that which is much," that we are glad she had that "experience."

WE NAMED HIM VALENTINE.

BY MARY E. C. WYETH.

Was it a fancy or freak of mine.

Naming the baby Valentine?

May be 't was, for it happened thus:

Aunt, and uncle, and cousin Gus

All came in from the farm that day.

To sell their butter, and eggs, and hay;

Uncle and Gus drove the ox teams slow;

Aunt rode in with Keziah Blow.

When they 'd sold out to deacon Stile,

Each of 'em dickered and shopped awhile;

Aunt bought shoes, and a hat for Jane;

Uncle chose aunt that stripe delaine;

And Kizzy spent money like one possessed;

My! but the way that girl was dressed!

Where *was* I? Oh, about four o'clock,

What should I hear but aunt Hitty's knock.

Well, they all of 'em staid to tea;

Father was pleased as pleased could be;

He and uncle had lots to say

About the weather, and crops, and hay,

And the price o' wheat, and that land court suit,

And whether 'r not the 'Squire got boot;

When all of a sudden, down by the spring,

A couple o' blue-birds began to sing

"Bless my heart!" said Keziah Blow,

"What day o' the month is this, d'ye know?"

"Why, what 's happened?" said uncle Jack:

Father looked in the almanac:

"February fourteenth," said he.

Kizzy's face was a sight to see;

"Wild birds mate on this day, they say—

Had any valentines, Kizzy, hey?"

After supper—I mind it well—

Gus and Kizzy they sang a spell;

Kizzy sang like a bird in June;

Father always relished a tune;

Uncle and aunt they sat and smiled,

And I was pleased as any child.

All of a sudden we heard a sound—

Sakes alive! how my heart did bound!

Father rushed to the kitchen door;

Lo! 't was open, and on the floor

Lay this bundle—this pet of mine—

Labeled "Somebody's Valentine."

Gus and Kizzy and uncle Jack

Laughed till their faces were nearly black;

Aunt Hilt groaned out, "I want to know

Who could abandon a baby so!"

Well, to make a long story short—

Spinning yarns wa' n't ever my forte—

We've adopted him, out and out;

Is n't he pretty, and strong, and stout?

See what dimples in cheek and chin;

Are n't we glad we took him in?

Now, was it fancy or freak of mine,

Naming the baby Valentine?

THE STORY OF A PRISON.

BY HELEN C. WEEKS.

Hardly like a prison, you would think, if floating through the Grand Canal at Venice, you should look up to the ducal palace, rising white and fair from the sea, under the blue Italian sky. Yet, not two hundred years ago, while the magnificent public life of Venice went on, and the palace-rooms were thronged with senators and statesmen, kings and princes, there was wailing above and wailing below them. Under the leads, in strong wooden boxes, whose doors opened on the immense garret, state prisoners burned through the scorching, stifling heat of summer, or shivered in the chill sea-wind of winter.

This was the terrible "*Piombi*," but not so dreaded as the "*Poggi*," or wells, deep in the foundations of the palace, to which no ray of sunshine ever came, and where men literally mouldered away.

To-day, though, we have only to do with the *Piombi*, and with one prisoner, Giacomo Casanova—not in any way distinguished, save for his misfortunes, and whose crime, if he ever committed any, is to this day unknown. Without hint of any error which could possibly bring him under the notice of the Inquisition, he was awakened at midnight, by a visit from the "*Fante*" of this body, known in Venice as the "*Messer Grande*," and hurried away to one of the boxes of the *Piombi*. Here, in a room hardly five feet and a half high and twelve square, he at first gave himself up to despair, and very shortly became ill with a violent fever.

One good result followed. The physician called in by the jailor obtained permission for Casanova to walk a few minutes a day in the open garret, while his room was swept and the bed made. Here in this open space, years had brought together a curious variety of objects; and the prisoner one day, when the jailor's back was turned, spied a small piece of polished black marble, which, without any defined motive, he

picked up and hid in his breast. A few days later, in a heap of waste paper, he found a large iron bolt, over a foot long, and thick as his thumb. Hiding this, also, in his dressing-gown, he concealed it in the stuffed seat of an arm-chair he had been allowed to send for.

Now the idea of a possible escape first came to him, but how or when he could not tell. Only with a blind faith he worked day after day, till his hands were torn and bleeding, rubbing the bolt against his bit of marble, till at last he had a sharp, strong, pointed instrument.

What could be done with it? For days he thought steadily, determining at last to make a hole with it in the floor of his cell. His knowledge of the palace taught him that it must be directly over the room of the secretary of the Inquisition. If a hole could be made in the floor, through which his body could pass, it might be possible to let himself down in the night by the sheets of his bed, hide under the great table in the middle of the room, and when in the early morning the doors were opened, escape amid the crowd frequenting the passages of the building.

Yet how impossible it seemed! How could such a hole be hidden from the vigilant eyes of the jailor who each day swept the cell? This sweeping must end; and yet what excuse could be made for giving up a thing he had specially requested? It must be tried in any case, and he ordered the jailor's servants not to do it any longer. Glad to be spared the trouble, they said nothing about it for a week, till one morning the jailor himself appeared with a candle, ordered the bed to be moved out, and carefully examined every plank of the cell. Casanova declared the dust made by sweeping tortured his lungs, and that he had rather endure the fleas which swarmed there, than to cough his life away. The jailor offered to sprinkle the floor instead;



but the prisoner said the dampness would be equally harmful. Full of suspicion, yet unable to find ground for it, the jailor waited a week, then suddenly appeared, and again swept and searched.

Casanova was wise. No signs of work appeared, for none had been begun; and the next morning, apparently racked with coughing, he showed his keeper a handkerchief steeped in blood, carefully drawn from his finger, and declared that this persistent sweeping had brought on a frightful hemorrhage of the lungs, and that he should die if it were continued. Alarmed at the condition of the prisoner, for whom he was responsible, the jailor called in a physician, who, entirely deceived, told a story of a young man who had burst a blood vessel from swallowing dust, and ordered that no more sweeping should take place. The astonished jailor vowed he had never known a prisoner with such weak lungs, but came no more with his brooms; and now Casanova began his long labor of digging through the flooring under the bed. The arrival of a new prisoner, who shared his cell till after Easter, was a dreadful interruption, and soon as once more alone, he worked with doubled energy, getting through six inches of planking in three

weeks, when he suddenly struck a filling-in of broken marble and cement, much used in Venetian buildings, and for a little while despaired of success.

Still he worked, and in four days reached the panel forming the ceiling of the lower room. At this crisis a new prisoner and old friend of Casanova's was brought in; and soon, tormented as the latter had been by the fleas, insisted upon having the room swept and sprinkled. Confided in, he promised to aid the escape in every way, but refused to attempt it himself.

At last, after more than a year in the Piombi, the twenty-third of August came, when only a thin skin of panel remained unbroken. The night of the 27th was fixed upon for the attempt; but the 25th brought a sad ending to this weary labor. On that morning, the jailor, rubbing his hands, and sure he was bringing excellent news, entered the cell and told Casanova he was to be removed to a much larger and better one. The prisoner's heart sank. The lost labor seemed as nothing when the fact was considered that this attempt at escape must of course be known in a few days at most. One comfort alone remained: that the arm chain, in which was hidden the sharpened bolt, went with him

into the new cell. But hardly was he settled there when the storm burst. With the taking away of the bed, appeared this mysterious hole in the floor; and the jailor, foaming with rage, appeared, and demanded the tools which had made it, and the name of him who had furnished them. Enraged still more at Casanova's silence, he threatened to find means to make him speak. To this there was but one answer.

"I shall, if put to the torture, tell the truth," said Casanova. "I shall confess that you alone supplied me with the tools."

The turnkeys grinned; the jailor swore; and after a fruitless search rushed out, wild with rage and confusion. But as an appeal to the authorities would have been his own death-warrant, he had the hole mended, and revenged himself on the prisoner by giving him, for eight days, almost uneatable food. On the ninth, at Casanova's request, he brought in an account of the fifty sous per day allowed by the tribunal for food, and with it a basket of lemons, and a roasted fowl, sent in by a friend. From this time, finding that he could get no information from the prisoner, he became more amiable, and began a series of unusual indulgences.

Casanova begged for books, and the jailor told him there was a prisoner in the next cell who had some which he might lend. This prisoner proved to be a monk, and by the exchange of books a correspondence was opened between them, and he soon found the monk equally anxious with himself to escape. But each morning the jailor and turnkeys sounded floor and walls. To make another hole in either of these was impossible; but Casanova, not to be daunted, decided that the ceiling was the point at which his new attempt must begin, and an idea occurred, to carry out which the monk's help was essential.

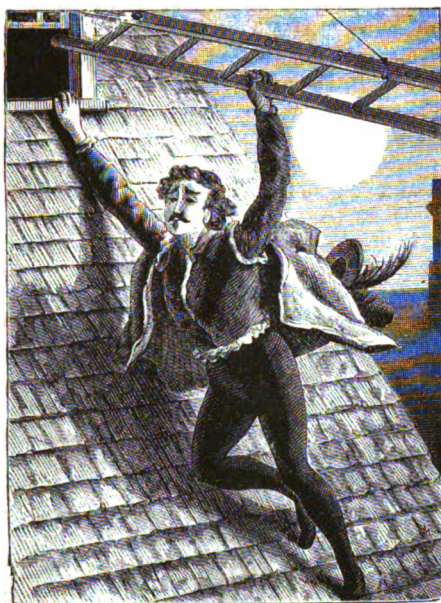
First, then, the jailor was petitioned for a number of prints of the virgin and saints, which the monk stuck up on the walls of his cell, as if for devotional purposes. Behind one of these, always put back so as to hide the work, a hole was to be made; but

with what? How was their only tool to reach the monk?

A chance came at last; full of danger, but still the only way; and Casanova at once used it. One of the books lent him had been a large folio, the binding loose at the back, as it often is in old books. Casanova tried to hide the bolt in this binding, but it was too long, sticking out over an inch at each end; and he was ready to despair, when the recurrence of a certain saint's day gave him fresh hope. On this day macaroni floating in oil is eaten; and Casanova, telling the jailor that he wished to make some return for the kindness of his neighbor, begged for materials with which to prepare a pudding, and the largest dish to be had, in order to do honor to the occasion. Everything was provided. The dish—a large, flat, copper one—received the macaroni; was filled almost to overflowing with oil, then set upon the book, which served as waiter, and into the binding of which the precious bolt was slipped. The jailor, with a thousand charges to bear it steadily, received and carried to the plotters the means of escape; and in a few days the monk had made behind one of his saints a hole large enough to crawl through, and thus reach the separate cage in which Casanova was confined, on the roof of which he at once began operations.

In any ordinary prison, with a guard constantly on hand, such labor would have been impossible; but here they were visited only once a day, and that quite early in the morning, so that a good twenty-four hours always came between. By noon the next day, therefore, the monk had broken through the thin wood left untouched the day before, and dropped into Casanova's cell.

Terrified at his own success, the monk at this point lost heart, and it required all Casanova's eloquence to give him courage. Their next step must be to rip open enough of the leaden roofing to give them passage, and this was soon accomplished by means of the friendly bolt. They had waited for this until midnight, fearing that the bright



moonlight would show their figures to the people walking on the Square of St. Mark. A thick fog arose, giving them the benefit of darkness, but making the roof so slippery it was nearly impossible to reach the ridge.

Dragging the monk after him, Casanova at last gained it, and here they seated themselves astride, and made ready to use the rope, twisted from strips of their bed clothing, torn as they waited. There was enough to reach from roof to ground; but the most careful search showed not one point to which it might be fastened. Two hundred and fifty feet below flowed the sluggish canal. Return was impossible, for condemnation for life to the Poggi would surely follow; and for a moment Casanova was tempted to throw himself down to the dark water, and end labor and fears together. Courage came back, and as a small window in the slope of roof looking toward the canal was seen, he slid down toward it, at the risk of not being able to stop there; and once there, lying on his stomach, with legs against the main roof, and peer-

ing over the edge, he saw an iron grating, and behind it small panes set in lead. Working with torn and bleeding hands, aided by his bolt, he at last wrenched away the bars, and helping the unwilling monk to descend, by frightful exertions lowered him by their cord through the window, which was found to be fully fifty feet from the floor.

So far all well; but now alone, how should he join his ungrateful companion? In some corner of the roof he had seen a ladder, left there by workmen, and after untold difficulties and danger, he succeeded in dragging it nearer, and by means of his cord, lowering it till one end struck the inside roof of the window. Now, you will see it was out of the question to get it farther in, save by raising the outer end, projecting much beyond the palace roof. Yet this must be done; and, slipping down on his stomach, his toes resting against the shallow marble gutter, he worked desperately, till rising on his knees to exert more strength, he slipped and felt that he was falling.

"A horrible moment," he wrote, long years after; "a moment at which I still shudder, and which it is, perhaps, impossible to imagine in all its horror. The natural instinct of preservation caused me, almost without knowing what I was doing, to exert my utmost strength to cling on, and—I am almost tempted to say miraculously—I succeeded."

But the ladder, almost at the price of his life, had moved in some feet, and it was now easy, comparatively, to join the monk, break open with the trusty bolt the few remaining doors, and find themselves soon at the head of the great staircase, known to all travelers. Thence to the "giant stairs," at the foot of which is the main door of the palace. This is unlocked at an early hour in the morning; but Casanova judged it best not to wait for the regular opening, and at once showed himself at one of the windows looking on the court.

Tattered, torn, and blood-stained, holding his bundle of clothing, he looked like some brawling masquerader, fresh from a

night of dissipation. A passer-by saw him, and told the porter a guest had been locked in the palace. The stupid porter simply stared as he unlocked the door, and Casanova and the monk in another minute were in a gondola, on the way to Mestre.

Do you think they were safe, and all danger over? I wish I could tell you how far from true this was, and what escapes by field and flood were theirs, before they passed beyond the power of the Inquisition.

And yet, years later, while still abusing the tribunal whose power when exerted against himself he had called barbarous and wicked, he became a servant of that very power, and for years was spy and informer, "confidant," he calls it. No memory of his own wretchedness prevented his bringing like sorrow to the hearts of others; and despite his courage and endurance, one almost fancies as he closes the record of his life, that it would have ended far more honorably had the slip been a fatal one, and his body rested at the bottom of the Grand Canal.

UNCLE DICK'S LEGACY.

BY MRS. EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

CHAPTER VI.

When the boys wakened, stiff, cold, and decidedly uncomfortable, they found Steve raking together the embers of the fire, and making preparations for breakfast, but the Irishman was nowhere to be seen.

"Where's Dinis, rist his sowl?" asked Raymond, crawling from his nest.

"Gone," said Steve; "and good riddance to him."

"Did he steal anything?" asked Archie, looking quickly around him, yet feeling half ashamed of the question.

"Not as I kin find," said Steve, with a suspicious scowl; "Things was n't whar he could grab 'em handy."

"I do n't believe he'd steal," said Archie, heartily; "he is just a lazy fellow, who likes strolling about better than working.

I would n't grudge him a breakfast in return for another story as funny as he told last night."

"Do n't see no fun in sech a pack o' lies," said Steve, stirring vigorously at his hoe-cake; "but Lor' sakes!" he added, disdainfully, "mebbey he don' know no better; he's jes' a por' heathen critter."

Steve smoothed off his hoe-cake and set it up to bake, rinsed out the useful saucepan in which he had mixed it, and started for fresh water, singing loudly,

"March along to glory!
Marchin' trew de golden gates,
Whar de blessed city waits;
Dar my Lord He promise me
Shore His smilin' face I 'll see,
Oh, march along to glory!

"March along to glory!
 Neber min' de stormy day,
 Neber min' de fearsome way;
 Dar de shinin' neber end,
 Dar de—"

"Turn dat ar hoeecake, Raymon'; you uns is as bad as de guvner yer pa telled about, lettin' a pore woman's cake burn up under his nose, while he was studyin' 'bout de end of de yearth."

"That was King Alfred the Great, and he lost his supper by the job, as we are likely to."

"Tain't burnt to hurt," said Steve, looking at it critically; "hoecakes is like folks. Tain't allus them that's whitest outside that's sweetest inside;" and he picked up the broken thread of his tune, and sang "March along to glory," as he settled the sauce-pan on the coals.

After breakfast the march was resumed, and when the sun scattered the gray fog, and warmed the air a little, the boys found it less wearisome than on the previous day. They had quite an exciting rabbit chase, and finally succeeded in securing one for dinner, which they ate in another old logging camp. Everywhere, as they went on, the signs of civilization increased, and after they were encamped for the night, they heard a gun in the woods, not very far off.

"May be Dinnis is coming around again," suggested Archie.

"Might be," said Steve; "but thar's plenty more sich trash, I reckon, and de furdur dey keeps de better dey 'll be welcome."

A great gray owl, disturbed by the glare of the fire, flew uneasily from a tree near by, and sat taking observations on a tall whitened dead wood.

"Would n't he be splendid for the top of papa's library?" said Raymond. "I believe I can get him;" and, taking their guns, the boys crept cautiously toward the bird.

"Don' go out of sight of de fire, and don' go fer to shoot yerselves," said Steve, warningly.

"All right," said Raymond; "we 'll be careful."

The bird waited until they were nearly

in range, and then slowly flitted away, sending out his dismal hoot from the edge of the woods. This was repeated several times, the boys every moment growing more excited over their chase.

"Look at the fire, Archie," called Raymond, dodging through the bushes.

"All right; it's in plain sight," and on they went, until the owl suddenly wheeled in a circle, and flew deep into the woods.

"Too bad!" said Archie; "I did want that fellow desperately. It 'll be a shame to go back without a thing to show for our trap; not even an adventure."

At that very instant something moved in a clump of bushes so near Archie as to cause that young hero to give a decided jump, of *surprise* probably. It was some large, dark animal, that seemed to be crouching down.

"What was that?" he asked, his heart beating like a trip-hammer.

"How should I know?" said Raymond, clutching his rifle, and peering through the darkness for the gleam of eyes, that he might at least tell which way the creature was likely to jump.

"It's big enough for a bear," whispered Archie. "Do n't you think—had n't we better go back? Steve will be frightened."

"It 'll spring at us the moment we turn our backs," said Raymond. "I've a good mind to fire."

"Oh, do n't," begged Archie; wild animals are so dangerous when they are wounded; let's run."

"I tell you I won't do it," said Raymond, starting a little as the animal moved again, with a strange, groaning sound. "I believe it's wounded; do n't you remember the shot we heard a while ago?"

Another groan; and at the same moment the boys were inexpressibly relieved to see Steve coming towards them. Emboldened by the sight, Raymond suddenly thrust his rifle into the bushes, when with a loud snort of astonishment, out sprang an enormous hog, and rushed away through the bushes, knocking Steve down in its terrified flight.

"Dat gemman 's in a awful hurry," said Steve, picking himself up; "reckon he 's gwyne fer de doctor."

Raymond and Archie, fairly screaming with laughter at the unexpected ending of their adventure, followed Steve to the camp, where they sat by the fire joking each other good-naturedly about the bear.

"I 'd heap sooner seed a b'ar," said Steve, discontentedly; "shows dis yer lan' is settlin' up."

"Then our farm will be all the more valuable," said Raymond. "Who knows but we shall turn out rich after all? Just think, Archie, if we could buy back grandfather Peyton's old estate. I heard Aunt Rachel tell Chloe one day that she 'd be willing to wear sack-cloth, and eat crusts all her days, if she could only hope to go back when she was an old woman, and die in the room where her mother died."

"Poor auntie," said Archie, hastily brushing his eyes; "she tries not to let any of us know, but I 'm sure she 'll never be quite happy unless she has the old home back. I 'll buy it when I 'm a man;" and Archie's brown eyes flashed with a brave purpose.

"Don' ye be deludin' yerself wid no sech crazy notion, honey," said Steve, solemnly; "ef you uns gits any money, jes' you hole on to it; 'pears like ye 'd better trow it in de bottom of de sea dan 'vest in yer gran'-ther Peyton's ole plantation."

"I 'd like to know why?" said Raymond. "It ought to be ours—"

"Neber will be, Raymon'; de bery las' Peyton gone trew dem doors."

"How do you know?" said Archie, half laughing, but secretly vexed at Steve's positive assertions. "I mean to go there, anyhow."

Raymond felt sure from Steve's manner that there was some mystery about the matter, and determined to find it out.

"It 's fer no use to tell you," said Steve, at last. "Peyton's is an awful onbelievein' race. Yer gran'ther Peyton, now I 've heard my ole mammy say, neber believed in nuffin he could n't tech wid his hand.

Dar 's things, dough, nobody can't tech, an' dey 's de truest tings in dis yer world."

"Ghosts," suggested Archie. "Oh, Steve, tell us a ghost story; a regular old shaker."

"I 'd tell ye 'bout de land owner, now, ef ye was n't so onbelievein'," said Steve, poking the fire doubtfully.

"Oh! tell us," said Raymond; "I 'll agree to believe every word, if you say it 's so."

"Dare 's more 'n me says it 's so; ebbery cullud pusson knows 'bout de land owner; but it 's bad luck to talk 'bout him down in Virginny. Neber know when he 's roun' list'nin'."

"Who 's he, anyhow?" said impatient Archie.

"De land owner? Nobody can't tell; he 's jes' a sperit wid a bodily 'pearance, I reckon."

"But what does he look like?"

"Neber look twice de same, no more 'n dem clouds up yender; he 's allus 'round, but folks do n't often git sight of him, and it 's awful bad luck if they do; shore to be a death comin'," and Steve glanced apprehensively over his shoulder, in a way that made Archie move close to Raymond, and set his back against a big tree.

"But about grandfather Peyton?" said Raymond.

"Yes; I was gwyne to tell ye. It all happened 'fore I was bawn; but my ole mammy telled me. She was a gal, then, jest big enough to be allus hangin' 'round and hearin' things. Gran'mammy was a-settin' by the fire one night, an' all of a sudden she riz up and went out do'. Mammy kinder kep' watch, and seen her go down to the smoke house, an' she was jest 'bout to foller, when gran'mammy come runnin' back and pushed a-past her into de cabin, and jes' sat shakin' by de fire. Mammy was kinder started, but she was full o' gal's nonsense, and she jest laughed.

"Law sakes, mammy," says she, 'is you skeered of bugarboos?'

"'Chile,' says gran'mammy, 'I seed de land owner. He riz right up behind de smoke house an' went down to de riber.'

"How did he look?" says mammy, creepin' up close.

"Big an' awful, chile," says gran'mammy. "Git along to bed wid ye an' hole yer tongue." But mammy she harked at de do' and heard 'em talkin' it over—Phillis, an' Mau'm Judy, an' old Jup'ter—and they all 'lowed dar' be a def 'fore long. Shore nuff, de mistiss tuck to her bed bery nex' day, an' neber leff it tell dey kerried her out in her coffin."

"She had the consumption," said Raymond.

"Dey called it 'sumption," said Steve.

"One name's good's nudder to die by."

"Well, was that all?" asked Archie.

"Might a' been; but as I was tellin' yer, yer gran'ther Peyton was so disbelievin', an' he oberheard de talk 'mongst de niggas, and made ole Jup'ter tell him all 'bout it.

"'Trumpery,' says he, fotchin' his big cane down wid a thump; 'do n't tell me 'bout yer land owners; I'm de land owner here myself.'

"Ole Jup'ter 'seached of him not to say so; but he run on awful, an' said he'd shoot de land owner ef he 'peared to him. Berry nex' month he was out huntin' wid some gemmen, and comin' back trew de fields, 'bout half dark, dey heard a crunchin' an' a trampin' in de cawn, an' seen somefin' big, an' black, an' onsartin goin' trew it. Cunnel Frink's Jerry he was 'long, an' his boss begin to tremble so he called right out,

"'It's de land owner, fer shore!'

"Yer gran'ther Peyton laughed, and drew up his rifle; says he,

"'I'll show him, who's owner here.'

"And 'fore Jerry could speak he fired. When de smoke clared dare was n't nuffin to be seed, an' Cunnel Frink's Jerry he 'clared to my gran'mammy dat dere was n't a track, no' sign of nuffin in dat cawn field."

"Did n't hit him," said Archie.

"Dere was n't nuffin to hit, honey, nuffin mawtal; but yer gran'ther shot away de Peyton 'state foreber. De prop'ty jes' melted off after dat; folks said yer gran'ther moggied it to pay ole debts; but laws!

honey, when de land owner is 'sulted, don't make no matter what comes of de money; shore to go one way or udder, clare out o' de family, an' neber come back."

"What a pity," said Raymond, soberly, for he would not hurt Steve by doubting his absurd superstition; "we might have been rich just as well as not."

"Riches ain't de bes' ting," said Steve.

"Money comes mighty handy most times, but dose folks as kin git along widout it is de marsters after all."

"Did you ever hear such nonsense?" said Archie, as he snuggled close to Raymond under his blanket; "seems as if Steve had too much sense to believe it."

"All the negroes believe in the land owner," said Raymond. "I've heard Chloe speak of it, but never could find out just what she really thought it was."

"May be that was the old fellow that you stirred out of the bushes to-night," suggested Archie, laughing.

"May be," said Raymond. "I hope he has n't a tax title to our farm, at any rate"

The boys were soon asleep; and Steve, still brooding over the fire, looked back at them with pride and admiration, and commended them and their fortunes as fervently to the care of a faithful God as if he had not kept in his heart the old half-heathen superstitions of his race.

PAPA IS COMING.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

(See *Frontispiece*.)

If I were the lady of all the broad land,
With horsemen and footmen to do my command,
The bells in the steeple should ring with their might,
For papa, dear papa is coming to-night!

If I were a soldier, the drums should all beat,
The banners wave gladly, the bugles sound sweet,
And all my gay comrades come marching to see,
How papa, dear papa was coming to me.

In the coziest corner I've wheeled up his chair,
His gown and his pretty new slippers are there,
And I'm sure he will say, when I sit on his knee,
He'd the dearest of welcomes from mamma and me.

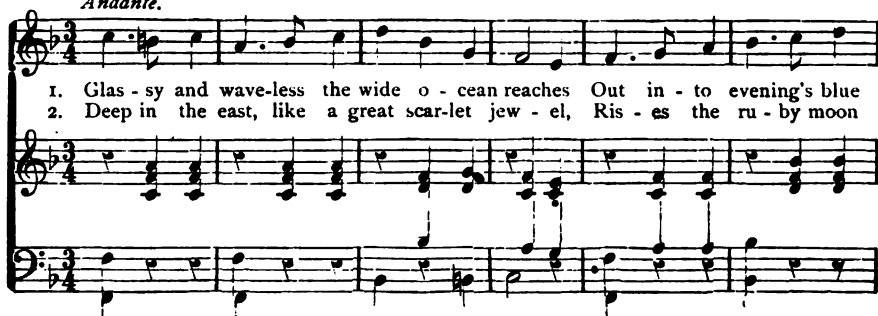
How slow the old clock ticks the minutes away,
The longest of minutes in all the long day;
Hark! that is his footstep. Oh, quick let me go!
For papa, dear papa is coming I know!

For the Little Corporal.

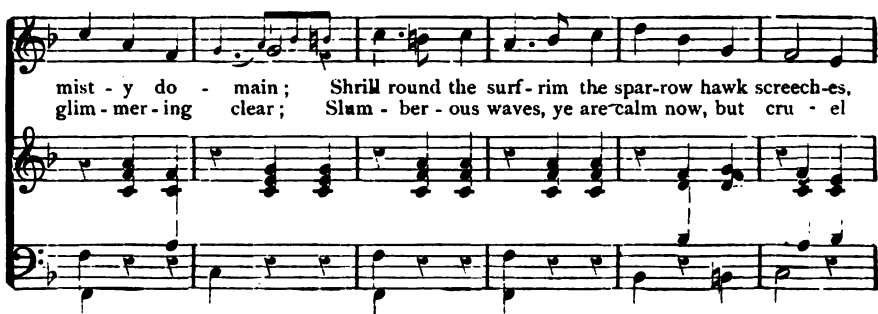
A CRADLE MELODY.

Words by EDGAR FAWCETT.

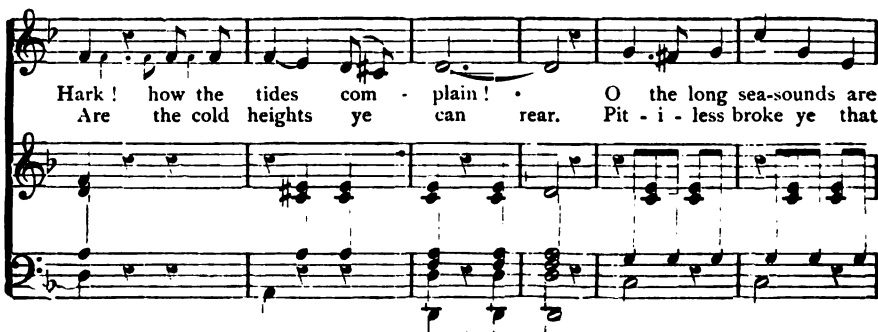
Music by T. C. O'KANE.

Andante.


1. Glas - sy and wave-less the wide o - cean reaches Out in - to evening's blue
2. Deep in the east, like a great scar-let jew - el, Ris - es the ru - by moon



mist - y do - main; Shril round the surf-rim the spar-row hawk screech-es,
glim - mer - ing clear; Slum - ber - ous waves, ye are calm now, but cru - el



Hark! how the tides com - plain! O the long sea-sounds are
Are the cold heights ye can rear. Pit - i - less broke ye that

A CRADLE MELODY.—*Concluded.*

sad in the gloam-ing, Whilst my lost sail - or's grave gleams on the hill ;
bleak win-ter morn-ing, Af - ter the clam - or and ter - ror of storm ;

All with pale dai-sies its grass-es are foaming, Bowed at the wild wind's will.
Pit - i - less heard ye, with laughter and scorning, Moans by a si - lent form.

REFRAIN.

pp

Lul-la-by sweet - ly, Lul-la-by soft - ly Lul-la-by low let it be.
Lullaby sweetly. Lullaby softly, Lul-la-by low let it be.

Cres.

Lent.

Lul-la-by ten - der - ly, ten - der - ly, ten - der - ly, Lit-tle fair babe at my knee.

A MORNING WITH A TRAPPER.

BY AGATE.

Harry and George each invested a dollar in muskrat traps, and one Saturday afternoon, after the November frosts had turned the cat-tail rushes whitish-brown, they went over to the swamp to set them. In the evening Harry studied his Latin lesson.

"I shall have no more time mornings," he said; "now that I have gone into the trapping business." When that was learned, "Mother," said he, "would it be right for George and me to go to our traps to-morrow morning?"

"What do you think, Harry?"

"Why, mother, we should get up very early, you know—"

"Before it is fairly Sunday!" I interrupted. "What time does the day begin?"

"At midnight, I suppose," replied Harry. "But I thought perhaps we ought to go, because if we catch any to-night, they will get tired of waiting all day to-morrow, and they will gnaw their legs off and run away."

"Why did n't you set your traps in the morning," I asked, "and go this evening and look at them?"

Harry cast a pitying glance at me, as if to say, "Are you the school teacher, and know so little?" but he answered,

"Why, they don't go into the traps in the day time."

"What do they do?"

"Oh, they just go round and play, I suppose, out doors."

The captain came in just then, and Harry propounded his question to him.

"Father, shall I go to look at the traps to-morrow?"

"No, my son, not on the Sabbath day."

So that was settled, and after Sunday evening meeting, George ran home, changed his clothes, and came to sleep with Harry, and make an early start. They found two muskrats, and, alas! five little legs in five other traps.

It kept the boys pretty busy to learn their lessons in the evening, go trapping in the morning, and skin the poor little "chucks" at noon. But some days there were none to skin; the mornings grew colder and darker; one day they arrived at the swamp when it was too dark to find the muskrat houses, and they had to wait half an hour in the shelter of a barn; and so at last, the novelty being gone, George's enthusiasm for trapping was gone, also. Harry was more persevering; but he thought it a very forlorn thing to go alone, so his sister Mary and I offered to accompany him the next morning. He could hardly believe we were in earnest—Mary, his busy sister, sixteen years old, and I, the school teacher! But we were; we wanted to see the houses which those curious little creatures—which seem to be cousins of the beavers—build for themselves; and anything promising adventure is attractive, even at my age.

So at five o'clock the next morning I woke Mary, who promptly tumbled out of bed, shook back her long curls, and began sleepily to put on her shoes and stockings. Then I went to the dear boy's door, but before I had time to speak, his bright eyes opened with their sunshiny smile, and his pleasant voice cried,

"Good morning!"

"Bright moonlight," I said, "and time to start."

"All right!" he replied, and I vanished.

In a few minutes we three, well wrapped up, pocketing the cookies laid out over night for us, sallied out across the quiet fields to the railroad track, which we followed about a mile, munching our unseasonable breakfast. Then we turned off at the crossing and went on for another mile, looking at and calling by name such constellations as we knew; for, notwithstanding the moonlight, the stars were very bright, also. Then we climbed some bars,

and went across pasture lots, and broad fields, half a mile more, listening to the roar of the surf on the beach just beyond the low sandy hills. Then we came to the marsh and a deep wide creek, in whose dark water the stars were clearly reflected. Here was the boat in which we were to embark. Shade of Columbus! what an enterprise! The vessel was an old wagon-body, with the ends boarded across! It lay half full of water, on the muddy edge of the swamp. We hauled it up (an arduous task, for water is heavy) and emptied it out, and launched it again, and then we stepped in. I must say that I remembered that I had not made my will, and I wondered who would hear my classes if I were to spend the day under that black water.

But I had come to see the muskrat houses, and they lay the other side of the dark stream. So in we stepped. I sat on the only seat; Mary and Harry took the oar and a half which were to propel our craft, and pushed off. I was at the end next the shore we left, and I sat watching the splendor of the eastern sky, where dawn was laying the foundations for a new day, after the pattern of those of the New Jerusalem—jasper and sapphire, emerald and amethyst and gold! And unconsciously I repeated to myself, with the dash of distant waves for accompaniment, George Elliott's little song,

"Push off the boat
 Quit, quit the shore!
 The stars will guide us back;
 O! gathering cloud!
 O! wide, wide sea!
 O! waves that keep no track!"

Meanwhile our frail craft was drifting and taking in water, but making little progress across the creek.

"It will take us all day at this rate," said Harry. "This boat will hold three boys, easily; but girls are different."

"Well," said Mary, "let's go back, and I will get out."

After some exertion we touched the marshy shore again, and Mary jumped out.

An old raft lay on the marsh; she cuddled down upon that, with a muff and a cloak to keep her warm, to wait for morning and for us.

Harry and I pushed off again, and soon lost sight of her in the uncertain light. Harry paddled with the whole oar, and I made ineffectual attempts to steer with the broken one. I wonder now how we *did* get across that wide, black creek. I only remember how beautiful the sky was, with its conflicting glories of day and night, and how cold my feet were, ankle-deep in ice water! We landed upon a low point of mud, threw out oars and what few boards we had, stood upon them, hauled up the heavy boat, and turned it upon its side for some of the water to run out, got in again, recovered the oars and boards, fast sinking in the oozy mud, washed them, and made another start up the narrow creek. On each side were the withered flags, and we poled the boat along by pushing against them. So we came to the first nest. The flags had been cut off close to the ground by the busy little creatures for three or four square yards, and used, together with mud, for the construction of their hemispherical dwellings.

Harry removed part of the roofing, that I might look in and see their "parlor." It was a dry, warm, cozy little apartment, lined with grass. In the passage leading to this the trap had been placed, but it was empty. As soon as it was set again, we proceeded up the crooked creek to the next nest, and examined that with the same result. I applied myself to the practice of navigation, and became somewhat dexterous in giving the boat a propitious shove by a vigorous push against the banks. When we came out to the wide creek again, we did not cross it, but went up to the head of it, that Harry might visit a number of traps along its shore. It was light now, and we could see Mary, ensconced upon her raft. We shouted to her to come round and meet us, and she did so. While Harry went to his traps, she and I amused our-

selves by stripping the cat-tails of their furry seed, and sending it flying broadcast on the morning breeze. Playing thus, I stepped carelessly into a little ditch. It was only ten or twelve inches wide, and the water but two or three inches deep; but alas! the mud under the water was—well, say forty feet deep, probably. I did not try it so far down, but the first foot or two of it was very black!

While we were laughing over this misadventure, and looking for clearer water, Harry at a distance held up a musquash by its long tail, with a shout of triumph. It was the only victim, and we soon were on our way home.

"Some naturalists have called them musk-beavers," I said, "and I think that is a better name for them than muskrats. I won-

der where the name musquash came from?"

"I think it is half English and half Indian," said Harry; "for the Indians called them by a long name which meant 'the little round bunch on the ice,' and the beginning of it was 'peesquash.'"

Two miles and a half back again, in the broad daylight, and we reached home, hungry as bears, having been gone just three hours, and having just one hour for dressing, and breakfast, and getting to school.

Ah, well! I think likely I shall forget the number of volcanoes in the Pacific islands, and the peculiarities of imaginary quantities, and all the rest I heard recited that day, before I forget my morning with my little friend the muskrat trapper!

BOOTS IN THE SNOW.

BY A. H. POE.

Morn, like an angel,
Smiles in the east;
Up comes the jolly sun,
Dressed like a priest;
Still is the meadow,
Dreaming in white—
O, what a miracle—
The gift of the night!

Not a single partridge
Has traced its white breast;
Not a single chipmunk
Has stirred from his nest;
When out, with a shout,
In the young morning's glow—
"Hurrah! there! Hurrah!"
Comes boots in the snow.

Buttoned up tightly,
From short knees to chin;
Pocket outside
To tuck his mittens in;

Comfort half hiding
A face bright as day,
And ruddy as the garment
The sun casts away.

Puff! puff! puff!
Flies the feathery pearl,
And powders his cap,
And one little curl.
"Hurrah! there! Hurrah!"
Forward and back;
Boots are just *splendid*
For clearing the track!

Puff! puff! puff!
What a laugh! what a shout!
You 'd fancy old Kriss
Had his regiment out;
While away to the south
The merry geese go,
And scream their "hurra-a-h!"
To boots in the snow.

The Little Corporal.

AN ORIGINAL MAGAZINE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS, AND
FOR OLDER PEOPLE WHO HAVE YOUNG HEARTS.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER, EDITOR.

CHICAGO, FEBRUARY, 1873.

DORRY AND THE REST OF US.

In a charming little story called "What Katy Did," a queer little boy tries keeping a journal. His courage held out until he had made ten entries, of which these are the last:

"March 24.—This is Sunday. Corn befe for dinnir. Studded my Bibel lesson. Aunt Issy said I was gredy. Have resollved not to think so much about things to etc. Wish I was a beter boy. Nothing pertickler for tea.

"March 25.—Forgit what did.

"March 27.—Forgit what did.

"March 29.—Played.

"March 31.—Forgit what did.

"April 1.—Have dissided not to kepe a jurnal enny more."

This is New Year's Day—I mean the day on which I write, not the one on which you will read—and though so far as we can see, the old earth lumbers along just the same as before, without any jars to signify the switching on to a new track, yet we all of us have a very strong feeling that something old comes to an end, and something new begins. And nearly all of us, I suppose, feel like hoping the new will be better than the old; and in some shape or other most of us resolve to make it better. Dorry's Sunday entry in his journal, "Wish I was a better boy," was a good one so far as it went, even if he did follow it for several days with nothing but "Forgit what did," and at the end of the week wrote, "Dissided not to kepe a jurnal."

I hope we have all of us resolved to be better boys; and lest we forget it by the

first of February, suppose we stir up each other's minds a little. For one great trouble with us when we resolve to be good, is that we only enlist as soldiers, and then go home and take our ease, instead of saying, "Now I am a soldier, I must begin at once to fight." Or as if the farmer, who finds himself in possession of a poor, rocky farm, should be contented with simply talking of what he meant to do to improve it, without really beginning the work. The farmer, if he is a sensible man, looks over his land carefully, and says, "The greatest trouble with my farm is the stones; I'll give my attention principally to getting rid of them." And so he does; he does not forget to cut down the thistles and pull out the weeds, and keep up his fences; but he gives his main force to the most important work. So do n't let us be satisfied with talking about being good, or even trying it in a general sort of way. Let us look fairly over and through these characters of ours, and see what are the worst faults in them, and then turn our trying in that direction. I have known a girl who had, from unfortunate circumstances, been almost constantly found fault with, and never really helped to do better. She had to make her fight when she finally begun it, all by herself.

"Oh, dear!" she said in despair, "I don't know where to begin; seems to me everything is wrong, from the time I get up in the morning until I go to bed at night, and the getting up is as bad as the rest, for I hate it so, I'm always late."

"Very well," said a wise friend, "then I would begin right there, and correct that one fault; you'll be surprised to see how many weeds grow from one seed."

The girl tried it, for she was really in earnest, and, to make sure of waking in season, she put away an interesting book and went to bed in season. Not being cross and sleepy, she found time to pray in good earnest, and I think this helped her to wake, sunny and refreshed in the morning. It was a little hard to obey the rising bell directly, and to go straight through

her toilet without delay; but she did it, and had time for her morning prayer, and the little golden text to carry in her heart all day.

"Most everything went right," she said to her friend at night; "it seemed as if just getting up in the morning gave me time to get hold of the right end of everything."

And I could tell you of a boy, an honest little Christian, who came to the conclusion, all by himself, that he made other people more trouble by leaving doors open than in any other way; so he set himself at work to overcome that fault. And lo! the little fellow discovered that the thoughtlessness which occasioned his fault came of selfishness; and thinking of the comfort and wishes of others in this one small thing made him so thoughtful, so generous, and unselfish in many others, that every one in the household saw how he grew in grace.

So let us make a beginning somewhere; at the great things if we can, but by all means let us begin.

THINGS I WANT TO KNOW.

A boy borrowed his mother's scissors, and left them on the floor when he had done with them, although charged to put them back in their place. He did n't mean to disobey; he merely *forgot*. He went out to spin his top, and when he tired of the sport he put the top in his pocket and ran off. He remembered to pick up the top—I wonder why?

This boy was charged to call at the grocery on his way to school, and leave an order; but the family waited in vain for their dinner, because the order was not left. The boy was very sorry, but he *forgot*. He remembered, however, to stop on his way home and see about the new skates that were expected at the hardware store. I wonder why that errand was more easily remembered than the other?

I want to know why it is so hard to remember some things, and so easy to re-

member others? I've noticed that the things we remember are the ones we enjoy most, and I wonder if the liking has not something to do with the remembering? And if this is so, are we not to blame for the forgetting? because if we wanted to do right, and meet all our duties, just as much as we want to have a good time, we should not be apt to forget.

Your memory is a sentinel that should be always on duty, and it is a poor excuse for a sentinel to say, "Oh, I was asleep!" He has no business to be asleep, and you should teach him better

DO N'T!

Don't write on both sides of your paper; we would n't thank old Socrates himself for a communication in such shape.

Don't use pale writing ink, that makes your writing almost illegible by daylight, and quite so by gas-light.

Don't send us any "hasty sketches," with the assurance that they were written under great disadvantages, and you could do better if you only were encouraged. The editor's time is of quite as much value as your own. Do your best, or do nothing.

Don't write poetry unless you are a poet, and do n't take it for granted that a little jingling ditty is worth putting into print because it amuses some little child upon your knee.

Don't write at all, unless you are sure you have something to say, and know how to say it in an acceptable manner.

Don't roll your manuscripts. The very sight of a rolled manuscript gives an editor the horrors.

Don't make us pay your postage. We lately paid twenty-four cents postage on a manuscript which was not worth the paper it was written on, and which contained a demand that it be immediately returned if not available, but not so much as a single stamp for reply.

Remember—manuscripts are now subject to letter postage.



Attention, little folks! There is one thing the publisher says Prudy must make you all understand and remember. It is not to mix your letters to Prudy and your business letters up together. It does bother the publisher sadly to have to hunt all through a letter to Prudy to find what the money in it was sent for. Prudy has n't an earthly thing to do with publishing *THE CORPORAL*, or with sending it to subscribers; she can't count very well, and figures put her all in a muddle. So say your nice things to Prudy all by herself, and have your business talk with the publisher all by himself, and if you've anything for Private Queer, put that by itself; he never wants his things meddled with; and then we shall all be suited.

Hyde Park, Pa. I am growing a big boy now, but *THE CORPORAL* grows so much faster than I do, that I am not likely to get ahead of him very soon, and if I do n't have his company the boys who do will get ahead of me. He is a good fellow, and I was lonesome enough last year, when I was without him; but did n't I enjoy him, though, when he did come. Mrs. Weeks said that if we wanted to hear more about 'Dora' she would write the rest of her life. Now, *CORPORAL* boys and girls, do n't we all vote for Dora? I do. If Prudy's new pocket is big enough, just drop this in, and if she flings it out I shall know she has not forgiven me yet. But, Prudy, you have improved in your appearance so much lately that I hate to be left out of your list of friends. Can't we shake hands and make up, Miss Prudy? Say yes.

"FRANK E. HUTCHINS."

Yes, to be sure; but what did we quarrel about?

Warrensburg. "Dear Prudy: I know your true name now, but I am not going to tell you how I found out. I love to read your letters. I am getting up a club for *THE CORPORAL*. I have taken it for three years. I received two pictures last year for a club. Won't you please put this in your pocket, and not let it slip out? From a friend who knows what your name is."

North Solon. "Dear Prudy: I would like to tell *THE CORPORAL* children how we spend the long winter evenings. My brother Bartie and I have to study an hour every evening, to prepare our lessons for the next day; and then mother helps us, and we are making a paper. We call it 'The Home Circle.' We each write a story, conundrums, enigmas, or something. Mother is the editor. It is not as good as *THE CORPORAL*, but we have nice times making

it. We have taken *THE CORPORAL* six years. Your little friend,
FRANKIE B. PATRICK."

Chicago. "Dear Prudy: I have a little sister named Prudy, so I thought I would write to you and tell you so. Her right name is Prudence. She is named after Prudy Parlin. Is your name Prudence? My sister Hattie is eleven years old. She wrote this about Prudy,

"I have a little sister,
She's only four years old,
With cheeks of pink and teeth of pearl,
And curls of shining gold."

"Isn't it pretty? I'm eight years old. I go to school and study reading, spelling, writing, and arithmetic. I'm at the head of my class in spelling. I have four brothers and two sisters. Isn't that a large family? My brothers are named Charley, Frank, Russel, and Raymond. They don't tease me at all. Ray made me a doll's cradle. He calls me a jewel. Any way, my name is Ruby, and a ruby is a jewel. Good-bye, Prudy.
RUBY."

Certainly, a ruby is a jewel, and this particular Ruby is no exception. And as for those brothers, if they live to be a hundred years old, they'll never have a compliment better worth winning than their little sister's assurance—"they don't tease me at all." Prudy feels like stopping to write a little sermon about teasing boys. She's seen people who really seemed to think it was natural for boys to tease their little sisters; and she's seen boys who thought it was a brave and manly way of amusing themselves. Don't believe it, boys. It is just as contemptible as it would be for a grown-up man to amuse himself by tormenting and worrying a poor helpless woman. But there, Prudy must n't preach with all these letters waiting, so good-bye, little Ruby. I forgot to say my name isn't Prudence; only Prudy.

Corvallis. "Dear Prudy: What will you think of getting a letter from me, a little girl out in Oregon? I want to know is Prudy Mrs. Miller, or Mr. Miller himself? Now tell me, won't you, please? Whoever she is, I wish you would send me her picture. I have one of the sweetest canary birds you ever heard. I have a brother and sister older than I am. I do wish that you would write some more about Tommy Bancroft. I think 'Uncle Dick's Legacy' is a splendid story, and 'Dora,' too, and all the rest of the stories in: *THE LITTLE CORPORAL*. Prudy, have

you ever been to Oregon? If you ever come to Corvallis, please come and see me. JENNIE CLARK."

Colebrook. "My Dear Mr. Miller: I am a little boy nearly eleven years old. I have been lame nine years, so I cannot always play like other boys; but I love to read very much. My sister, who lives in Wisconsin, sends me THE LITTLE CORPORAL. I never thought of having any pictures, and was very much pleased when those nice little chromos came. I think they are beautiful, and so does my little brother Bertie, who is seven. I have given him 'Mother's Morning Glory.' LYMAN R. FARR."

Macomb. "Dear Prudy: I want you to put my letter in your pocket. I have a cousin staying with us. His name is Harry. He calls me Tommy, because I like to play with the boys. I call him Fatty, because he is so fat. I had a big cat; he ate up my bird, and tried to eat my goldfish, and the boys had to take him away. ANNIE BAILEY."

Montana. "Dear Prudy: As I see no letters from this valley, I thought I would write to you. I am a girl thirteen years old. I can do most every kind of work, and I can ride on horseback, and I like to ride very much. We have lived out here in Montana eight years, and we like this country very well. We see lots of Indians out here. From your friend, R. J. V. C."

Marietta. "Dear Prudy: I am thirteen years old to-day, and I have never written to you before. I have two sisters and two brothers. I have been taking THE LITTLE CORPORAL for two years, and I think it is the best magazine I ever saw. Papa says I may take it next year. I hope you won't let this letter slip out of your pocket; for, although it is not very interesting, I never saw a letter from Marietta. My little sister Annie has been looking at the picture of Prudy's Pocket, and she says she wishes she could see you. Don't forget to put this in your pocket. MARY STRONG."

Chappell Hill. "Dear Prudy: I think you will be surprised to get a letter from so far south. Though we live so far out of the world, we have two fine colleges—Soule University and Female College. I go to Soule University. I love to get THE CORPORAL, and read all the nice stories. I hope you will have my letter published in THE CORPORAL. "W. B. LOCKHART."

Brockway. "Dear Prudy: I am a little girl ten years old. I have not seen any letters from here, and so I thought I would write one. I have no little brothers or sisters. I wish I had. I like the story of 'Dora,' and 'Aunt Silva,' and I admire her 'pre-creation of de stervation.' Now all the girls and boys are grumbling about that hole in your pocket, but I guess there would not very many letters go in your pocket if there was no hole in it. Good-bye. From your little friend, GEORGIA MARSH."

Webster Corners. "Dear Prudy: Your pocket looks very nice. I guess you have got a new dress, too. If all those children are yours, you have got more than my ma has. I wish you a happy New Year. EYA JANE BRADSHAW."

Greensburg. "Dear Prudy: I am nine years old. I never had any brother (I wish I had). I have three sisters. We play with paper dolls. Did you ever have any? My papa is dead. Prudy, was you ever in Greensburg? I wish you would come and see us. Don't come now, for the horses are all sick. My great-grandmother is ninety-three years old, and real smart. Oh! but I wish this would go in your pocket. If Santa Claus brings me a doll, I am going to call it Prudy. LUCILLA MAY."

"Dear Prudy: I picked whortleberries and sold them to pay for my CORPORAL. I have no parents, and I live with my grandmother. She says she thinks you are too nice a woman to go around with a hole in your pocket. H."

Doesn't grandma have a hole at the top of her pocket? That is where Prudy told you the hole in hers was.

Battle Creek. "Dear Prudy: Perhaps you will think it strange that I send you no club; but if you knew how hard I have worked to get one, you would think I ought to have a pretty large one. I have raised two small clubs before, but this year I have not been so successful. I am almost discouraged, but I am going to try again next year. Try, try again, shall be my motto. I am going to school now, but I have a pretty hard time. My mother is sick, and I have all the work to do in the morning, and then walk to school, nearly a mile and a half; but I am going to go to school, any way, and know something when I am grown up, which won't be long, for I am fourteen now. ALLIE M. PHELPS."

Rockbridge. "Dear Prudy: I thought I would tell THE CORPORAL band what a natural curiosity we have up here in the back woods. Our place was named from a real rock bridge. There is a ledge of rocks, a quarter of a mile long, forty feet high, and about four rods wide, with a level country on each side. Through this rock the west branch of Pine river runs, and empties into the main stream a few rods from where it comes through the rock. But perhaps if I make this too long you will not put it in your pocket; anyway, so I will close. Your friend, "WINFRED A. HASELTINE."

Virden. "Dear Prudy: I went to see my grandma last summer, and she gave me the numbers of THE LITTLE CORPORAL for 1871, except the April number—that the boys lost. I brought them home with me, and my mamma was so pleased with them that she said she would send for them for 1873, for my Christmas gift. I will be eight years old next May, and I can read all the stories in THE LITTLE CORPORAL, and can guess some of the riddles. I think some of the letters to Prudy are mighty funny. I read one about a cat. I am going to write you a letter some of these days about our cat. He is an awful smart cat. I hope you will put my letter in your pocket, and I send you my best love. "SAM HOUSTON CARR."

Prairie Farm. "Dear Prudy: I think you must have an army of ten-year-olds, from the letters saying so. That's my age, and I want to still belong to that army, and we cannot do without our CORPORAL. I was just asking ma to send for THE CORPORAL for me, and I would get two beautiful chromos, when my little sister said, 'What is beautiful crowsbars?' Here is the money to pay your postage; we want you to come right along, Mr. CORPORAL, and if we ever get too old to take you, we will turn you over to this same little sister, who by that time will know the difference between a chromo and a crowsbar. Now, dear Prudy, if you have not minded the request of all the other little folks, and fixed that pocket, it's of no use for me to say anything about it; but I shall love Prudy and THE LITTLE CORPORAL, holes or no holes. EMMA B. H."

Red Key. "Mr. Miller: I earned my money for THE CORPORAL by cutting and husking corn to winter our cattle. My father has been dead five years. I like THE CORPORAL mighty well. I wish it would come every week. I go to school in the winter. I have a good teacher, and he likes to read THE CORPORAL pretty well. He says, 'Well, Johnny, it is nearly time for THE LITTLE CORPORAL to come again.' I take them to school for him to read. "JOHN C. BELL."



CONDUCTED BY PRIVATE QUEER.

A FASHIONABLE MILLINER.

The players are seated in a circle with the exception of the milliner, who is chosen to lead the game, by the vote of the players, and takes his or her station in the centre of the circle, and commences the game by naming the players from the various articles used by a milliner, such as the cap, bonnet, hat, ribbon, feathers, lace, flowers, velvet, silk, satin, fringe, wire, jets, etc., etc.; also customer, money, handbox, or anything indirectly relating to a milliner's shop. Whenever the milliner mentions one of these names, the person thus called must *instantly* make a reply, in which occurs the appellation borne by one of his or her comrades. When the milliner says, "A customer is here," all the players should rise from their seats and turn around facing their chairs or pay a forfeit. The player named "Customer" should, when named, step forward and ask the milliner for any article which is the name assumed by a player. Whenever the customer mentions one of these names, the person bearing it must *instantly* make a reply in which occurs the name borne by one of his comrades. Then face about and take a seat. The players mentioned must proceed in the same manner as the last speaker. If the milliner is mentioned, he or she must call upon the customer; or, if the game has been played sufficiently long, he or she must exclaim, "The customer is gone, and work is done." Then the game is ended, and the fortunes are judged. Every player who fails to answer before the leader or milliner counts ten, pays a forfeit. We will give a short example:

Milliner—Please attend to business, and hand me my prettiest cap.

Cap—I will bring you some lace with it.

Lace—Oh, dear! I am weary of trimming both bonnet and cap.

Bonnet—I consider myself of far greater importance than a flimsy cap.

Cap—What are you without your ribbons?

Ribbon—What are we all without our milliner?

Milliner—Hush! here comes a customer. (All the players must *instantly* rise and face their seats, except the one named "customer;" he or she must rise and stand by the milliner.)

Customer—Have you any feathers in your shop?

Feathers—Here I am, at your service; and here is some velvet. (Feathers turns and takes his or her seat, and the other players resume their seats in the order they are named.) Thus the game is played.

Aunt Carrie.

No. 10—HIDDEN COUNTRIES.

They will march in a straight line.

This villager many a time saw them.

His bones pain him.

Arupad and Seguin each suffered poverty.

He calls a cub a young bear.

Is it a lyre that sounds so sweet?

It was marked in diamond-shaped figures.

Neither road nor way appeared.

When he comes I am going.

When they pinch I like them least.

Alas! Kate, we are lost.

The heat was so great the raja panted for breath.

Put the paper under the box.

He lost the can a day or two ago.

I saw ale spilled from the glass.

Beatrice landed in safety.

Gossamer, I call it, do you?

All around the den, marks of fire were seen.

A small ship or tug always goes through that channel.

E. A.

No. 11—ENIGMA.

My first is in take, and also in touch.

My second is in English, but not in Dutch.

My third is in cat, but not in dog.

My fourth is in stump, but not in log.

My fifth is in sand, but not in mud.

My sixth is in vine, but not in bud.

My seventh is in ink, but not in pen.

My eighth is in lark, but not in wren.

My ninth is in ball, but not in bat.

My tenth is in mouse, but not in rat.

My whole is a city in Pennsylvania.

May S. Allen.

No. 12—CHARADE.

First.

I hold my court in the frigid north,

And rule my realm with a rigid hand;

I lead my pitiless army forth

To strip the bloom from the foe's fair land;

I feel no dread of the puny kings

Whose squadrons rush to the battle shock.

But brush their cheeks with my frosty wings—

And drive their troops like a frightened flock.

Second.

We move unseen in the azure field

Where cloudy isles in the sunshine swim,

And blend the incense the flowers yield

With fragrant dews of the twilight dim.

We fringe our robes with the thistle-down,

And plume our wings with the autumn leaves,

And wind the hills in the emaline gown

The fairy queen of the snow drifts weaves.

Whole.

When legions march from the land of cold,

We blow their bugle, and beat their drum,

And lead them forth to the onset bold,

For siege or conquest, where'er we come.

Our breath is sharp as a point of steel,

Our beard is bristled with frost and snow:

Beneath our feet do the larch trees reel,

And prisoned streamlets forget to flow.

When children sit by the bright fire-side,

And housewives offer their dainty stores,

We send our shout down the chimneys wide.

And whistle threats 'neath the outer doors.

We whoop and howl through the dismal night,

We sigh and sob in the leafless trees,

We pelt and batter the houseless wight

Till heart is hushed, and the flesh shall freeze.

D. D. H.

No. 13—CHARADE.

Without my 1, 2, 3, 5, I am an ornament.

Without my 1, 5, 6, 7, 8, I am an animal.

Without my 5, 6, 7, 8, I am a luminous body.

Without my 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, I am a kind of liquor.

Without my 1, 4, 5, 6, I am a small insect.

Without my 2, 4, 7, 8, I am part of a ship.

Without my 1, 3, 5, 6, 7, I am a shred of cloth.

Without my 2, 6, 8, I signify to entangle.

Without my 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, I am a small horse.

Without my 1, 4, 5, 6, 7, I am a game.

My whole is the name of a bird.

M. M. H.

No. 14—GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

My 10, 1, 7, 10, is the name of a river in the United States.

My 9, 2, 7, 11, 2, is the name of a river in France.

My 11, 7, 8, 2, is the name of a river in Africa.

My 4, 1, 7, 8, 2, is the name of a river in Germany.

My 5, 2, 8, 8, 10, 6, is the name of a sea in Asia.

My whole is the name of a distinguished statesman.

John E. Engle.

No. 15—REGIONS UNDER A FOG.

A boot and a mantle were brought from Edinburg. The one, so dainty, Roland drew upon her foot; the other, like a cloud, enveloped her form.

He threw an Afghan over all.

I saw from the cab as I approached, an arch in a rock harder than American Adamant.

Ye men of Belden, mark my words; my Siamese sister contemplates a voyage round the world.

Labor is sacred.

The vital yolk contains the chicken's germ, anybody knows.

With sharp voice, landlords, dealing out bad, enslaving liquors, indulge in diatribes against temperance men.

Some say liquor is good for farmer, working-man, or wayfarer.

This we deny. We know ales and gin do stand opposed to good.

The fireman halted to see Major Carson's servant.

This dear menial was tipsy, and by means of rum Elias was ruined.

Down below the beacon, golden bur-grass amazed the spectator in all directions.

35 regions in 14 sentences. *Edward S. Burgess.*

No. 16—CHARADE.

My first is cold, and hard, and bright.

And glistens in the morning light:

My last is cold, and hard, and keen,

And in an old man's hand is seen;

My first is clear, and sharp my last,

And, when the use for it is past,

My whole appears on every hand,

And decks with diamonds all the land.

Minnie B. Slade.

CORRECT ANSWERS.

Correct answers were sent by the following persons: Harry McMaster, Tinnie Clapp, Arthur C. Beardsley, Silas C. Ellis, Julia Loomis, Fannie Adams, John W. Stubblefield, Chas. P. Lockhart, Noah Adams, John A. Fox, Manley B. Cutter, Wm. R. Penny, Mary A. McGavran, Arthur D. Osborne, Nellie M. Raymond, Arthur S. Barnes, Ora Thompson, Gertrude V. Kendall, Florence Paul.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES, ETC., IN JANUARY NUMBER.

No. 1.—Enigma—"A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger."

No. 2.—Puzzle—Elephant.

No. 3.—Word Square—A M R A M.

M A H L I.

R H E S A.

A L S U S.

M I A S M.

No. 4.—Charade—Steam: team; tea.

No. 5.—Double acrostic.

No. 6.—Charade—Su-ma-tra.

No. 7.—Enigma—"All is not gold that glitters."

No. 8.—Enigma—Ass-ass-lination.

No. 9.—Rats: star.

TRANSLATION TO PICTURE STORY
No. 1.

Jack was sent to the grocery with a basket of eggs. But before he had reached the store something happened. A runaway horse came dashing furiously down the street, to the great danger of life and limb to all passers-by. Jack saw the danger, and knew he had a duty to do. So, without stopping to take a second thought, he let go the eggs and sprang after the horse. He seized the reins and pulled like a good fellow, but the runaway did not stop. Then he sprang to the bits, and there he held on until the horse yielded and stood still. Noble fellow! he deserved praise and got it. And the by-standers, grateful for his noble deed, threw dimes and quarters into his empty basket. *W. O. C.*

PICTURE STORY NO. 2—THE NEW SKATES.

BY PRIVATE QUEER.

Translation will be given next month.



The Little Corporal.

TERMS—\$1.50 a year. Single Numbers 15 cents.

JOHN E. MILLER,

Publisher and Proprietor,

No. 165 West Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

THE POSTAGE on the LITTLE CORPORAL is three cents a quarter, or 12 cents a year, payable quarterly at the P. O. where the magazine is received.

CHICAGO, FEBRUARY, 1873.

PUSH ON YOUR CLUBS.

The month of February is a good time to raise new clubs, and complete old ones. Our agents are busily at work, and subscriptions are coming in more rapidly than in December.

Our Premiums for clubs are beautiful and useful, and we have already sent out thousands of them. Begin a club at once, for you still have plenty of time to raise a large club. Agents may have until the first of April to complete their clubs, only send the names and the money as fast as you get them.

RAISE A CLUB.

The new chromos given to each subscriber make the work of raising clubs an easy thing. If you have not yet begun a club, do so at once, before everybody has subscribed for something else. We do not want you to work for nothing. We will pay you for your labor, either in beautiful premiums or in cash. Examine the List of Premiums and select what you want, and then go to work in earnest, and you will be surprised how soon you can raise a good club. Agents sometimes ask us if they can raise more than one club. Yes, two, three, just as many as you please, and we will pay you for every one of them. Begin a club now!

EMERSON'S BINDER.—This binder consists of stiff board sides, with flexible back, gilt title, and is in appearance precisely like the cover of a regularly bound book. Every reader of THE CORPORAL should have one of these—the only binder that binds the numbers of the magazine as received, and holds them in a perfect vice; and when the year is completed serves as a *permanent binding*, as firm, durable, and neat, externally, as a regularly bound book.

The price of the binder is 50c., to be had at this office, or sent, post paid, upon receipt of the price.

PERSONS who have sent only \$1.50 for THE CORPORAL, can have the chromos by sending 10 cents for the pair unmounted, and 25 cents for them mounted.

NEW CHROMOS!

A Magnificent New Present to be Given to Every Subscriber of

THE LITTLE CORPORAL

FOR 1873.

We have arranged to give to every subscriber, old or new, for this year, a pair of beautiful new chromos, entitled, "MOTHER'S MORNING GLORY," and "LITTLE RUNAWAY."

The pictures are 8x11 inches in size, and at the usual price of chromos at the art stores, they are worth about \$5.00 for the pair.

They are not merely cheap colored prints, but real Oleographs or Oil Chromos, made by the same artist who made our beautiful *Red Ridinghood and the Wolf*, and *Cherries are Ripe*.

It will be hard for a lover of children to decide which of these pictures is most to be admired. "MOTHER'S MORNING GLORY" is a lovely little girl, with her head crowned with flowers; one hand holds up the skirt of her dainty dress, which she is busily filling with buds and blossoms, and altogether she looks as sweet and fresh as her namesake. "LITTLE RUNAWAY" has evidently just crept out of bed to start on his travels, and is as bewitching as possible with the one little garment in which babies look their best. He peeps out through the tall wheat with blue eyes and dimpled cheeks, full of fun and frolic. Taken altogether, the pair are enough to captivate the hardest heart.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

The price of THE LITTLE CORPORAL is \$1.50 per annum, including our pair of oil chromos, "MOTHER'S MORNING GLORY," and "LITTLE RUNAWAY." When the pictures are to be sent by mail, 10 cents extra must be sent, or \$1.60 in all. When 25 cents extra is sent, or \$1.75 in all, the pictures will be sent, post paid, mounted, sized and varnished, ready for framing. This is the most desirable form to have them, as but few persons are able to prepare chromos properly for framing.

CLUB TERMS.—To clubs of five or more names received at one time, and all from the same place, we will send the chromos, mounted ready for framing, for 15 cents extra from each subscriber, instead of 25 cents. In such cases the chromos for the entire club will be sent in one package, pre-paid, to the agent who sends the club, or some other person designated, who will agree to distribute them to the proper subscribers. In this way the chromos will not only cost the subscribers less per pair, but will also be less liable to receive injury in the mails than when sent each pair by itself.

IN CLUB WITH OTHER PERIODICALS.

We will receive subscriptions for the following magazines and papers in club with the *LITTLE CORPORAL*, with our chromos, mounted, sent post paid, upon the receipt of the price annexed to each. Persons wishing to subscribe for any of the publications named here, will find it to their interest to do so in club with the *LITTLE CORPORAL*, at the reduced rates given for both. Club agents should call attention to this list, as every name for the *CORPORAL* will count on your list for a premium. No premiums, however, are paid for the names for other magazines and papers:

Harper's Monthly,	\$4.00.	and Little Corporal,	\$5 00
Scribner's	4.00.	"	5 00
Atlantic	4.00.	"	5 00
Lakeside	4.00.	"	5 00
Old and New	4.00.	"	5 00
The Galaxy	4.00.	"	5 00
Lippincott's	4.00.	"	4 25
Phrenological Journal	3.00	"	4 00
Godey's Lady's Book	3.00	"	4 00
American Agriculturist	1.50	"	2 75
The Nursery	1.50	"	2 50
The Children's Hour	1.25	"	2 50

WEEKLIES.

Hearth and Home,	\$3.00.	and Little Corporal,	\$4 00
Harper's Weekly	4.00.	"	5 00
Harper's Bazar	4.00.	"	5 00
The Advance	3.00.	"	4 00
The Standard	2.50.	"	3 75
Rural New Yorker	2.50.	"	3 75
Western Rural	2.50.	"	3 25
Toledo Blade	2.00.	"	3 25
Independent	2.50.	"	3 75
Prairie Farmer	2.00.	"	3 25

When any person wishes to subscribe for more than one other magazine or paper in club with *THE LITTLE CORPORAL*, we will receive his subscription for such additional periodical at a reduction of 10 per cent. from the regular publishers' prices. Thus persons can save money by subscribing for all their magazines by sending to us. We do not have sample numbers of any publications to send except our own. The subscriptions are forwarded by us to the publishers, and when the subscribers receive their first number they must write to the publishers for any irregularity thereafter. The subscriptions need not all be ordered to the same person, nor to the same post office. Send money by Draft, Registered Letter, or Money Order, or Express only to JOHN E. MILLER, Publisher "Little Corporal," Chicago.

UNCLE DICK'S LEGACY, by Mrs. Miller, was begun in the November number of last year. All new subscribers will receive, a supplement containing the first chapters of the story.

THE SCHOOL FESTIVAL is published by Alfred L. NEWELL, 159 South LaSalle street, Chicago, and has not been connected with *THE CORPORAL* since January, 1870. All letters on Festival matters should be addressed to Mr. Sewell as above, and not to us. As no number of the Festival has been issued for some time, we are not able to club it with *THE CORPORAL* for this year.

THE NURSERY is the best periodical for the youngest readers, who are not yet quite old enough to take *THE CORPORAL*. The two will be sent in club, including the chromos for *THE CORPORAL*, for \$2.50.

WHAT THEY SAY OF THE CHROMOS.

ANNAWAN, Dec. 14, 1872.

JOHN E. MILLER—Dear Sir: The pictures were promptly received, and please me very much. I admire them for the delicacy and beauty of the coloring, as well as for the child-like naturalness of the subjects. Every one who has seen them, calls them charming and pretty. Yours, &c.,

MRS. ALICE PARKER.

PLAINWELL, Dec. 9, 1872.

JOHN E. MILLER—Sir: Your premium chromos—"Mother's Morning Glory" and "Little Runaway"—are received. Please accept my thanks for them. They are beautiful, and more than meet my expectations. I am trying to raise a club for *THE LITTLE CORPORAL*. Yours truly,

ELLA GRIFFIN.

We received our pictures safe and sound, and were delighted beyond expectation with them. They are what they were represented to be. They are much admired by our friends. JOHNIE C. HAWK.

BEAR CREEK, Wis., Dec. 9, 1872.

MR. MILLER—Dear Sir: I have received the chromos, and am delighted with them. I hardly know which is the prettiest. I am sorry "Little Runaway" stopped to put on his stockings and shoes. I wish every boy and girl in the land could have *THE CORPORAL* and chromos. Yours gratefully,

HARRY B. WILLIAMS.

BARABOO, Wis., Dec. 1872.

DEAR MR. EDITOR: I received the chromos, "Mother's Morning Glory" and "Little Runaway," this evening, and I am pleased to say that they are the most beautiful chromos given with a magazine I have ever seen, and that every mother should possess a pair of them to place in her parlor; and I think that every family can afford to give a dollar and a half for the magazine and pictures. Yours very truly,

FRANK MALLOY.

GUILFORD, Ohio.

EDITOR OF THE *LITTLE CORPORAL*—Dear Sir: The magazines and chromos came in good order, and many thanks for mine. While I write the dainty lady bird and "Little Runaway" are by me, and I think them charming, and worth all that I paid for them and *THE CORPORAL*, and I consider *THE LITTLE CORPORAL* a clear gain.

TERESA STILES.

EDINBURG.

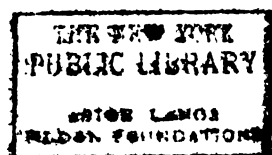
The chromos you sent are more beautiful than I dared to expect. Every one admires them and wants to buy mine, but they are not for sale. Yours respectfully,

JAMES C. DEXING.

REEDSBURG, Wis., Nov. 27, 1872.

MR. MILLER—Dear Sir: The chromos came to hand all right. I was much pleased with them. I think they are worth the price of *THE CORPORAL* alone, and I would not take double that if I could not get them replaced.

SIRLEY S. NYE.





"They walked up the tiny garden-path and went in at the open door."

—HIDDEN TREASURE, page 77.

THE LITTLE CORPORAL.

FIGHTING AGAINST WRONG; AND FOR THE GOOD, THE TRUE, AND THE BEAUTIFUL.

VOL. XVI.—MARCH, 1873.—No. 3.

HIDDEN TREASURE.

BY MARY A. DENTON.

CHAPTER III.—THE CROQUET PARTY DISCUSSED.



MOTHER, do n't worry," pleaded Anne, frightened at her mother's vehemence; "we tried to keep him; that is—he—I went down the road almost to the tavern; I did n't dare to go there."

"Did you quarrel with him, Sally?"

"Mother!" cried Sally, aghast. How should she keep her more painful secret?

"Well, child, you know you are a little hasty sometimes, and Tom is quick, too. O, my boy! my boy! will he go to ruin in spite of me? But what shall I do?" She caught up her bonnet and shawl. "Not a wink of sleep shall I get this night, if Tom is away. I must go—must go somewhere."

"Suppose we wait awhile?" pleaded Anne.

"The clock is striking eleven this minute," said her mother, distractedly; "eleven, and Tom not in the house. Why, before this the tavern is closed, and I can't think he could go there—I can't. If he should have run away from home, as he has threatened!"

"O, mother!" sobbed Anne.

"Stop! I will go up in his room; may

be he has left something there; strange why he should go!" and Mrs. Meadows went out, leaving Sally and Anne trembling and in tears.

"He makes us all suffer!" cried Sally, passionately. "I've a great mind to tell just why he went."

"O, Sally, you know how it would increase mother's anguish! Do n't think of it! I had almost rather die; she has borne enough to-day!"

The door was opened softly. Mrs. Meadows stood there without her bonnet and shawl. Her face was changed—almost smiling.

"Girls, you were unnecessarily frightened. Tom is a-bed, sleeping sweetly," she said. "When you were out he must have come in."

Anne dried her eyes; Sally pouted. This was the most unkind cut of all, to cause tears and misery, after being convicted of almost a crime, and then frighten them so needlessly.

"I do n't believe he ever came in the house," she said to Anne, as the two girls retired to their own room. "He just meant to frighten us, and very likely climbed up the spout. I do hate such meanness!"

"O, but I'm so relieved! and so thankful!" said Anne, drawing a long breath. "Just think how much better than having him off, no one knows where—I'm so glad! particularly that you did n't tell mother about the locket. We'll wait awhile before we do."

"I know *one* thing—I should like to pay Tom back in his own coin!" said Sally, spitefully.

"You revengeful little thing!" laughed Anne; "can't you think of some way to torment him?"

"I dare say I could," said Sally, sharply.

"Well, you know you would n't, dear, so go to sleep."

In the morning the little ones were usually very active. Sally and Anne were not allowed to sleep, however much the drowsy influence weighed down their eyelids. The bath-room led out of their apartment, and vigorous knockings at their door gave token that the business of the day had commenced.

"It can't be time to get up," said Sally, sleepily. "What little torments!" and in another moment Dora and Lily were skimming through to the wash-room.

"Sally, get my blue ribbons, please; they're in the right hand corner;" or, "Anne, please put in the two last eyelets, my back does ache so, stooping," were the calls that issued from the little room, where the sound of splashing water had been merrily going on.

"Sally, *you* fry the pudding this morning; you get it just the right brown," called Dora, plaintively; "aunty never cares."

"Lizzie-dolly! ain't you ashamed to keep the soap so long? Does n't soap spoil the complexion?" called Lily; but Sally and Anne had made their way down stairs, with creditable haste, and the smaller girls had the field to themselves.

It was a lovely day, and the wind had gone down. The rose-bushes outside the window laughed with resinous green buds just opening into leaves. The sun came in at the roomy, old-fashioned windows, and lay redly upon the snowy table-cover which aunty had laid, and upon which Sally was putting the dishes.

Mrs. Meadows had not come down. The girls always made it a point to get breakfast all ready, when they would send for their home-queen, who generally spent the early morning hours in reading.

Every one of them had a hand in the preparation of the breakfast. Anne poached eggs with unrivaled success, and Lizzie toasted bread if toast was wanted. Aunty attended to the biscuits; little Dora polished the spoons and glassware, and Sally had the key to the store-closet. Lily did the ornamental, as Tom said. If there were green leaves to be found, or a single spear of color indoors or out, there was Lily's bouquet, fresh and fragrant. This morning she had discovered, with great joy, a clump of striped grass. These, with a few fresh geranium sprigs, and a small stalk of its blossoms, made a charming picture. As for Sally, she browned the cold mush quite as conscientiously as she finished a picture in water colors.

Tom came down in the midst of the general business. He caught Sally's eye and made a droll face. Anne laughed outright, but Sally tossed a well-browned slice of mush into the plate by her side, with a vim that seemed to say, "You can't pacify me quite as easily as you imagine."

"O, Tom, do be quick and grow a man!" said Lily, as she arranged the last leaf to her satisfaction; "you do n't know how I long for that piano. Do you really think you will ever buy me one?"

"Have n't a doubt of it," Tom replied, helping himself to a lump of sugar. "It will be a stunning one, I tell you!"

"As nice as cousin Lucy's?"

"As nice! Cousin Lucy's won't hold a candle to it! It shall be a real royal-grand, with I do n't know how many octaves, and no end of carving."

"O!" sighed Lily, looking up to her brother as if he were a king.

"Let's work a tidy, right off, for the stool," said Dora.

"And two for lamp-stands," said Lizzie, who, through with her task, had caught up the black cat that purred and lay in blissful content on her knee.

Presently mother Meadows was called, and came down so serene and beautiful that it was no wonder the children gathered round her as if she had been absent a month.

After breakfast, Sally, whose uncut basque was uppermost in her busy mind, waited for orders. Tom had gone to the academy on the hill; the children went to the new school house; only Sally and Anne were left at home.

"Which of you will go with me over to Mrs. Martello's?" asked Mrs. Meadows, with a smile.

"O, mother! to-day again?" asked Sally.

"Yes, dear, and to-morrow again, perhaps. What would you say if mother was dead, and your friends could not find time to comfort you?"

"O, mother!" cried Sally, ashamed of her selfish spirit; "O, what a dreadful thought!"

"Nevertheless, we should think just such thoughts, dreadful as they may seem, or we should never obey the blessed injunction to mourn with those who mourn. I think Anne had better go, perhaps, as there are some things to be done at home that need your attention."

Anne went up stairs to put on her bonnet and shawl. She dreaded to go with her mother, and yet did not wish to refuse. Her heart ached for Stella; how could she bear to look upon her anguish? She had always been a favorite companion—the sweet, sad-eyed girl, with her sensitive temperament, and wonderful genius.

The walk would have been a delightful one on any other occasion. Anne shrank more and more as they took their way over the rising ground, through the environs of the church, down to the pleasant little lane towards the tiny cottage, so picturesque in the summer time, and even now pretty with its wealth of autumn vines. The front door was open—the snow-white curtains covered all the windows—an air of peace and purity reigned about this desolated home.

They walked up the tiny garden-path,

and went in at the open door. Millie was away nary poured a flood of music from her unconscious little throat as they entered.

Stella was up stairs. Anne hardly knew her, so wan and white she was; and her eyes, usually so lustrous, were dim and dark. She had shed a few tears that morning, Nancy Philp said.

"'T was when I led the poor child in to see her mother. I snipped off my two best callas, and some white orange blossoms, and some g'raniums, and laid 'em all about poor Mis' Martello. Well, when she see that, she bust out into tears for the fust time. I'm not so concerned about her now, except when I can't help wonderin' what 's goin' to become of her; she surely can't arn her own livin', can she?"

Anne was speechless before this great sorrow. She had often seen Mrs. Martello, who was a reticent, gentle woman, living only for her child—a woman of uncommon mental culture, and very beautiful, though bearing the impress of some past trouble in her countenance. She gazed upon her now, more than beautiful in her death-sleep, and the hot tears rushed to her eyes as she thought how different this was from her own condition. There was Stella, an orphan, bereft in her tender years of her best friend—and she had a happy circle, mother, sisters, brother, home—everything that a reasonable being could ask.

"I'll never be ungrateful again," she said, dashing the tears from her brown eyes; "God is so good to me!"

After some few preliminaries were arranged, Anne accompanied her mother home. Sally was hard at work over the basque pattern; the girls had not returned from school; and auntie was busy in the kitchen.

"Aunt Jack has been here," said Sally, as soon as her mother entered.

"And what did Aunt Jack have to say?" asked Mrs. Meadows. "By the way, did n't I promise to help a certain young lady with her dress?"

"Yes; but I rather think I can do it myself. I find there's nothing like trying.

she was going to give a party on the first of April, if it is pleasant, and wants us all to come."

"How delighted the children will be!" said Anne.

"Yes; and how they will show off at Uncle Jack's! I hate to go there!" said Sally, with a bitter face.

"Not more than I hate to see my daughter so unkind and unhappy," said her mother, softly.

Sally blushed crimson.

"Well, mother, they live better, and dress better than we do; and they show that they notice our inferiority. You can tell the minute cousin Lu fastens her eye

upon you, just what she thinks. Of course we must dress much plainer than they."

"Of course you must," said her mother, quietly; "and of course you are just as much a lady in your calico as she is in her silk. I wonder if you will ever try to conquer that unfortunate tendency of speaking evil of others, dear?"

Sally opened her eyes.

"I did n't speak evil," she said; "I spoke truth."

Mrs. Meadows was just on the point of replying, when Dora burst into the house, crying as if her heart would break. Lizzie and Lily looked as if they were quite ready to join her.

MILLIE'S BIRTHDAY COUSIN.

BY SARA CONANT.

"Mamma, dear mamma!" and Millie pulled her mother's arm.

She had just run in from her play, and her bright hair was blown about over her coat, and her cheeks were rosy and cold.

"Mamma, do stop and speak to me!"

"What is it, Millie? You are in a great hurry, I am sure, that you interrupt mamma so, and do not stop to notice that she is busy."

"I'm sorry," replied Millie, quickly penitent, kissing her mother; "but I wanted to ask you if I was not going to have a birthday party?"

Mrs. Reade laid aside her pen, and drew Millie down to the stool at her feet.

"That is something I want to talk to you about, Millie; and I expect my little girl to think hard over it."

"O, you kind mamma! then I'm to have one! I do n't need to think about it; I'll invite every one I know!"

"Do n't be so wild, Millie," replied her mother, restraining her; "I want to know whether you will have a party—"

"O, yes!"

"My dear, do n't interrupt me; I have something to say that may make a differ-

ence. Have you ever heard papa or me speak about cousin Grace?"

"I do n't remember, mamma."

"She's just about your age, and has been very sick. We want to have her come and stay awhile with us, that she may have a better doctor than where she is, and a change of scene, which will probably do her good."

"Where is she now? Why don't her mamma take care of her?" asked Millie, her eager face full of interest.

"She has no mamma, and is living with an aunt."

"No mamma at all!" cried Millie, in dismay. "I'm so sorry!"

"Her aunt is very kind; but she has no little girls, and do n't know exactly how they feel."

"As you do, mamma. You know just how I feel, always. I could not live at all if I had only an aunt!"

"Grace ought to come here as soon as possible; and it will cost a great deal of money to do all we want to for her. Will Millie be willing to help us make happy a lonely, sick little girl?"

"Yes, mamma; but how can I?"

"Suppose you have no party, and that we use that money, which will be a good deal, for Grace?"

Millie's radiant face sobered, and she sat very quietly thinking. Mrs. Reade watched her without speaking, and at last Millie said,

"I'm too little to decide such a thing, mamma. You and papa do as you think best."

"No; I wish you to choose. Will you have the party, and if papa and I can manage about Grace, let us do it all; or will you give up the party, and let Grace have the use of the money, and come at once?"

Millie twisted the ring on her mother's finger, and thought again.

"Grace will be a pleasant playmate for you, though you will have to be very gentle with her; and she will be much happier with you than alone with her aunt," said Mrs. Reade, and resumed her writing, while Millie was making a decision.

"It must be dreadful not to have any mamma," said Millie, half to herself; "and if she came here she could have part of mine. But Rhoda Burnton gave a party, and I wanted to have one, too;" and again she was silent.

"If you were sick and alone, you would be very thankful to any one who would make you happy," suggested her mother in a low voice.

After another pause, Millie jumped up, and said,

"I'll do it, mamma! When can she come?"

"Keep on your hat, and I'll let you mail the letter telling her," replied her mother.

The letter was sent, and in a day or two Mr. Reade went to Fairfield to get Grace. Millie arranged her room and toys twenty times, determined that everything should look the best, for the next day was her birthday, and Mr. Reade and Grace were expected in the afternoon.

"Millie, will you run down to the grocer's and get some vanilla? cook wants some, and you can be back before papa comes."

"Yes, mamma," and Millie was away as bright as a sunbeam.

But she had hardly gone when her father came, being earlier than he expected, so that when she returned, a trunk was standing in the hall; and she flew, rather than ran, up to his room to see him.

"Where's Grace?"

"She is down in the sitting-room with mamma; go softly, dear."

Millie ran down on tip-toe, and crept in. Her mother was standing looking at a little figure which lay on a sofa, so quietly that Millie was startled. Mrs. Reade held out her hand, and said softly,

"Poor Grace is quite tired out by the journey, and has gone to sleep. You stay quietly with her while I see to tea."

Millie stood with folded hands for a long time, and looked at her new cousin. She was so different from her plump, rosy, busy self. Grace's face was white and thin, and her black hair quite short. The long, dark lashes lay motionless on her cheeks, and her small hands, with so many blue veins, were very quiet. Millie looked at her own, but the veins seemed hidden in the dimples. She was different from anything that Millie had thought of; and, after looking at her for some time, she drew a long breath and sat down.

It was not in her nature to be quiet long; and as Grace's face became more familiar, she seized Flossy, the cat, and having dressed her in a gown and cap she had for the purpose, set her up in a chair. When she had got so far, her mother came in with a plate of bread and a toasting fork.

"We will have tea up here to-night," she whispered; "do n't you want to make the toast?"

Millie was eager for the task, and after Mrs. Reade had put a saucepan of milk on the fire, she left her again. All went well at first, the toast browning beautifully; but soon the sight of Flossy, sitting there so primly in her cap, and the milk just skimming over in the pan, filled Millie with a new idea. Balancing her fork on the fen-

der, she got one of her teacups and a spoon, and dipped some milk into it.

"Now, Flossy," she whispered, "you're sick, and you must take some gruel."

Holding the cat back in her arms, she fed her spoonfuls of milk. Flossy remonstrated feebly, and spilt most of it on her whiskers; but when Millie, tired of that slow process, wished her to drink from the cup, she violently refused. Her hind and fore legs flew wildly, which resulted in the contents of the cup being spilled over her pink nose, followed by a prolonged "m-e-a-w!"

"It was too hot," said a quiet little voice; "and your toast is burning."

Millie flew to the rescue of the latter, regardless that Flossy was frantically tearing her cap, and trampling her gown in desperation. Then she turned to see the dark eyes wide open, and Grace sitting up.

"Did Flossy wake you?" asked Millie.

"No; I saw you feed her. Are you Millie?"

"Why, yes!" was the surprised response.

"You look so glad," said Grace, earnestly.

"I am; and you are to have part of my mamma; and this is my birthday, and you are my birthday cousin, because you came to-day; and because—I'm real glad you woke up!"

As Grace made no reply, but only smiled faintly, Millie went back to her toast.

"Would you not like to hold Flossy?" she asked, pretty soon.

But Mrs. Reade came in at that moment, and they had tea; and afterwards Millie and Grace became very well acquainted over some picture books.

Millie never once regretted having given up her party for her cousin. Grace was wonderful to her. She could cut curious figures out of paper; make strange card-boxes; and was constantly inventing new games. She could not run and play, and was often in pain; but if no one was by to amuse her, she would lie quietly, or find something for herself. In cutting or making anything, if it went wrong, she did not gash it and throw it away, but worked un-

til it was right. She succeeded better than Millie on that account, and soon the latter saw it.

"Do you think, Grace, I could make pretty dolls, too, if I did not get cross about it?"

"Yes; now take this piece of paper and try."

Millie went to work, but the head was certainly one-sided. She pared it with no better success.

"Oh, dear!" and she made a reckless slash.

"No, no; see here, just cut it so," and Grace guided the impatient fingers.

Millie was delighted with the result; and determining that she would not stand in her own way, Mrs. Reade soon had the pleasure of seeing a patient as well as cheerful little girl.

Millie was always like a sunbeam in the house, her little fits of temper being slight passing clouds, that seemed to make her merry spirit brighter by contrast. Every one was glad to see her smiling face—to hear her cheery voice. But Grace was very sober. It rather pained one to look at her, though she was never cross. Her little face looked as if it had known no happiness, and the family had to make an effort not to let it sadden them. Grace noticed how every one's face lighted when they saw Millie, and were sad when they looked at her, and one day asked Mrs. Reade the reason.

"Because Millie is cheerful and you are sad. One is like looking at the sunlight and the other into a cloud, my dear child. You and every one else would be happier if you could smile oftener."

"I wish uncle would look glad when he sees me, as he does when he sees Millie. He is always kind, but I don't seem to make him happy."

"We cannot help feeling a little as others feel, Gracie, and you will help to make, uncle happy by being so yourself."

"Millie, what makes you sing so?" asked Grace, a few days after, when they were painting together.

"Because everything is so nice."

"That is n't nice," said Grace, as Flossy jumped on the table and upset the glass of water which they were using.

"Never mind," replied Millie; "there are ever so many other things which are; and if one is bad, I'm sure to find good in the next, if I look far enough. Mamma told me that."

"Then I'll try, too," said Grace.

And so the girls helped each other, and grew very fond. Grace did not get as much better as Mrs. Reade wished, but seemed weaker, though in no pain. The winter and spring passed, and when a parting was spoken of, impulsive Millie would throw her arms about Grace's neck, and cry,

"I can't spare my birthday cousin! Can't she stay another week?"

So she stayed on until the autumn came again, and though Grace's face was much brighter, her little body was thinner and weaker. She lay most of the day on a sofa by the window, and there she and Millie had merry times over their dainty and painstaking work.

At last the day before Millie's birthday came again. She and Grace had been trying to make some artificial flowers, and had really shaped something like natural blossoms. Now they sat looking out at the sunset, watching the clouds change, when Millie said, leaning her cheek against Grace's hand,

"It will be a whole year to-morrow since you came; and I've been glad of it every day."

"So have I," replied Grace; "and, Millie, we'll always love each other, even when we die, won't we?"

"O, yes!" cried Millie; "even so long as that."

The children did not sleep in the same room, and when Millie awoke she always ran to see Grace before she dressed. On her birthday morning she arose very early, but already her mother was standing by her bed.

"Many happy returns, darling," she said, kissing her; but to Millie's surprise, tears fell on her face.

"Are you sorry I'm so big, mamma? I'm going in to see Grace."

"She has gone home in the night, darling, and only left a beautiful garment behind. We will look at that together."

Millie went with wide-open eyes into Grace's room. There lay a little figure like the one she had seen on the sofa a year ago, only there was a beautiful smile on the sweet face.

"She's in heaven," said Mrs. Reade, softly.

"Is heaven her home, mamuna?" asked Millie, feeling very quiet.

"Yes."

"She was glad to go, there," said Millie; "for she looks so happy. Do they have birthdays in heaven, mamma?"

"Not what we call birthdays, dear."

"Then she can't be my birthday cousin. But do n't you think they have something like them, only better?"

"I presume so."

"I mean to think so," said Millie, softly; "so good-bye, dear birthday cousin; I'm glad you are so happy."

HIDING GRANDMA'S SPECS.

BY A. H. POE.

Four bright eyes are merry with mischief,
And a laugh half bubbles out;
But dear old grandma is all unconscious,
She does n't know what it's about.
She takes her knitting-work off the basket,
Close by the old arm-chair—

"My specs! I reckon I must a-dropped 'em—
Seen 'em anywhere?"

Two little maids pull down their faces
Long as the moral law;

"They *were* here, grandma; guess they're *somewhere*;
Were, the last we saw."

"Deary me!" (they rummage the table,
And peep in the drawer to see)—

"Deary me! this shows what an old
Forgetful body I be!"

Such demure looks! how the white lids
Droop and tremble with fun!

And the roguish eyes are gravely searching
Every nook but *one*;

Then, while grandma is lost in wonder,
Arms as soft as a rose

Prison her neck, and, all of a sudden—
The specs are on her nose!

LAURA'S LESSON.

BY OLIVE THORNE.

"Mother! mother!" exclaimed Laura, bursting open the door of the sitting-room, and tossing her school books on the table, "our class ranked first in examination, and what do you think Mr. Sabin is going to do?"

"Something pleasant, I suppose," said Mrs. Oakes, smiling.

"Pleasant! oh! it's perfectly splendid!" Laura went on, dancing around the room, excitedly; "You know he promised us a treat if we ranked first; and to-day he told us—and it's just too nice for anything! You could n't guess in a week!"

"Then I won't waste any time in the attempt," replied Mrs. Oakes; "but if you could manage to calm down a little, I have news for you, too."

"Oh, your news is nothing to mine, I know," said Laura, earnestly; "but I'll tell you," and she sat down in front of her mother, and went on slowly, to give due weight to her communication. "He's going to take the whole class to the Falls for three—whole—days! Think of that!" and she jumped up again, and rattled away so fast that her mother could n't get in a word.

"Is n't it splendid? What grand times we'll have! Just we six, and Miss Holmes to take care of us! Going out in two carriages—start to-morrow morning—take lunch in the woods—picnic, you know, (Mr. Sabin knows a lovely place)—get there before night, and stay all the next day. I'm so glad! I have n't seen the Falls this year, and did n't stay half long enough when I did see them. Oh, dear! I never heard anything so splendid!" and she fairly had to stop for breath.

"Laura," began Mrs. Oakes, but Laura interrupted—

"We have n't a thing to do; Mr. Sabin has ordered the lunch (at Brown's, Clara White says). We've only to be dressed and have our things for over night in small satchels at nine o'clock to-morrow morn-

ing. I'll wear my new poplin, sha' n't I, mother? Ain't I glad it's done? Just in time; oh! if it had been last week!"

"Laura," Mrs. Oakes began, more decidedly; "you have n't heard my news; and I'm afraid you will think it's bad news, now."

"Oh, mother!" said Laura, piteously, "do n't tell me any bad news now; wait till I come back from the Falls."

"I can't wait, dear," said Mrs. Oakes; "for then it would be too late. I'm sorry to tell you now—but I must."

"Well, what is it, then?" said Laura, sitting down again.

"I had a letter to-day from your Uncle Will—your father's brother, you know—who has been in Europe ever since you were a baby. It seems he returned at the beginning of the war, and has been in the army all through. And now he is coming here to see us, and will bring your cousin Lily, who was born abroad, but is nearly of your age."

"Well, what of it?" asked Laura, rather impatiently; "she'll be a stuck-up city girl, I suppose, but she won't stay long—thank goodness!"

"But that's not all," said Mrs. Oakes, hesitating; "they come to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" Laura exclaimed; "so much the better; then I sha' n't see them!"

"But, Laura," said Mrs. Oakes, "you can't think of being so rude as to leave home, when they are coming on purpose to see you."

"I do n't think it's rude," said Laura, hotly; "I've been engaged to this thing ever so long. I think it would be ruder to refuse Mr. Sabin's invitation."

"My dear, you want so much to go that you can't see the right of it; and I'm very sorry for your disappointment—but I think you will have to give it up."

"Oh, mother!" wailed Laura; "the first treat I've had in years! It's too bad!"



She threw herself on the lounge, and—though she was eleven years old—sounds suspiciously like sobs came from that corner.

Mrs. Oakes tried to say something comforting; but in a minute Laura burst out angrily,

"I just think it's real mean—so there! I never can go anywhere like other girls—or have things! I always wear faded-out old duds, and stay in this poky old hole from one year's end to the other! And now, when I've got a decent dress, for a wonder, and a chance to go somewhere like other girls, these hateful, stuck-up city folks have to come and spoil that!"

Her head went down again with a bang,

and the sobs were more decided than ever. That speech does n't look very well when it's all printed out, does it little people? Well, it did n't sound very well, either, and Mrs. Oakes spoke more severely:

"Laura, I'm ashamed of such an exhibition of temper! Do n't let me hear another such speech from your lips!"

When her usually gentle mother spoke in that tone, Laura knew there was nothing more to be said. So, after sobbing awhile, she got up, bathed her red eyes, and went over to her "best friend"—Manny Hargin—to tell her the dreadful news.

It was a great disappointment, and she passed the night very miserably; and the next day it was worse, when the whole

troop stopped at the door for her, and she had to tell them she could n't go, and the girls were all so sorry; and Mr. Sabin said if he had known it, he would have deferred it a day; and Mamy Hargin kissed her good-bye, and they all drove away.

The world looked very dark to Laura as she turned into the house, to help her mother prepare for the hateful visitors. Mrs. Oakes kept no servants. Her income was just large enough to enable them to live comfortably, with few luxuries. So Laura, with a very cross face, I'm sorry to say, put on a big apron and prepared to wash the breakfast dishes, while Mrs. Oakes swept and dusted and put the little cottage in order.

Mr. Oakes had written that the steamer on which he had taken passage would stop an hour or two at the pier near the village to take on wood, and he should merely drive up and call on them.

About three o'clock a carriage came up to the door; and Laura, who stood at the chamber window, with her new poplin dress on, saw a tall gentleman—a little lame, and wearing an officer's coat—and a girl about her own age, get out and come up to the door. She heard her mother let them in, heard Uncle Will's pleasant, hearty voice, and still she stood there, half resolved to run out the back door, and not see them after all.

But her mother called her, and very sulkily she went down. Uncle Will kissed her, and his voice grew husky as he said how much she looked like poor Hal—her father. And Lily sprang to meet her, a fair, slight girl, with blue eyes, and a cloud of golden hair. And Laura loved them in a minute, and forgot her disappointment.

As for Lily, she was an only child, and had no mother, and she had come prepared to love Laura like a sister. When they started on their journey—around the great lakes—for the benefit of her health, she had suggested the plan of taking Laura with them. And Mr. Oakes, knowing it was lonely for her to live with him alone, and feeling tenderly towards his only brother's

child, was very willing to gratify her. Besides, she was so gentle and lovely that it was impossible to refuse her anything she wanted. So now nothing remained but to get Mrs. Oakes' consent, and take her along.

The sudden proposition to join them on their trip took away Laura's breath. She could say nothing; she only looked at them as though she doubted her own senses. But Lily laughed, and told her to run and throw her things into a trunk, for they should be gone three or four weeks.

Laura turned in a bewildered sort of way to her mother; but Mrs. Oakes, not being so overcome, gave consent at once, only hesitating about her wardrobe.

"Oh, that is nothing," Lily said; "the dress she has on is lovely for traveling; and the first city we come to we can get anything she needs, all made."

Mr. Oakes put in a few words, and nothing remained but to get ready. Mrs. Oakes' traveling trunk—relic of brighter days—was hastily emptied, and packed with Laura's things, and in another hour the neighbors saw with amazement the trunk thrown up to the driver's seat, and Laura drive off with the travelers.

Mrs. Oakes went down to the pier to see them start, and in a short time the "Morning Star" steamed away; but as long as it was in sight Laura and Lily waved their handkerchiefs to her from the guards.

"Oh!" said Mamy Hargin, the evening of her return, when she ran over to see Laura, and was met by the astounding news, "was n't Laura glad she did n't go off to the Falls? What a splendid time she'll have!"

It would be pleasant to go with the gay party around the delightful lakes, stopping as long as they pleased in every attractive place on the shores, and making little excursions into the country; but we must hurry on to the day when the steamer brought them back to the pier, and when, after stopping at every corner to talk to some of the girls, the two cousins at last reached the house, full of a "perfectly splendid" plan that they and Uncle Will

had arranged on the journey, and impatient to unfold it to Mrs. Oakes for her approval.

"Oh, mother!" began Laura, the moment she saw her; "I've had such a nice time! I can't tell you in a week how much I've enjoyed it!"

"And, Auntie," Lily broke in, eagerly, "papa's going to buy a house in New York, and settle down, and you and Laura are to go and live with us—always, you know—and Laura's to go to my school, only we'll be day-scholars, and we're both to begin music, and—oh! she's going to be my sister!"

Mrs. Oakes turned to Lily's papa, who stood there smiling at the eagerness of his daughter, and he said,

"Yes, Mary, that is the castle we three wise heads have built on the boat, where we had plenty of time, you know. But, seriously, Lily and I have both set our hearts on it; I won't speak for Laura," glancing at her eager face, which spoke for itself. "You know I could n't keep house without you to matronize my two girls and keep us all straight. Besides, I could n't

feel happy not to do for Hal's daughter the same I do for my own. And as to separating these two from each other, or either of them from me, it is n't to be thought of."

And after more talk, thus it was decided. Mr. Oakes went to New York to make arrangements, while Lily remained "to hurry them up," she said. They did not need any hurrying, for Laura was nearly wild, and gave her mother no rest till the house and furniture were sold, and their clothes packed to go.

"Mother," she said, in one of the last days, when they were busy packing trunks, and Lily had gone out, "how mean I did act about staying home from the Falls! If you had let me go, as I wanted to, just think! I should have missed seeing Lily, lost my nice trip, and never gone to New York to live with her! Isn't it nice to have uncles and cousins?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Oakes, smiling; "disappointments are good for us sometimes; and to find out the truth of that is a valuable lesson."

ENGLAND'S DARLING—THE BOY-KING.

BY MARY B. WILLARD.

Anybody's darling, you might have called him, if you had stood in the streets of Rome one bright day, more than a thousand years ago, as a fair-haired boy was escorted by gaily dressed horsemen to the palace of Pope Leo the Fourth. Four years before this eventful day, his father, the good King Ethelwulf, of England, had sent his youngest boy, Alfred, to Rome, probably that he might be educated at the Saxon school there, which Ethelwulf himself had built. Once during the time his father visited him, and lived in great state for a whole year in Rome. Two years after his return home, King Ethelwulf died; and when the news reached Rome, though there were three sons older than Alfred, the Pope sent for him, that he might be consecrated King of England. All the

Saxons in Rome—and there were very many—gathered together at the Pope's palace to witness the ceremony of anointing the fair head of this Saxon boy, who was only nine years old.

But he was a very wonderful boy for those days; and, indeed, for any others. Before he was five years old, his mother, who loved Saxon poetry, held out a book of poems to him and his older brothers, with the promise that whoever should first learn and recite all that it contained, might have the book. Alfred took the book to his teacher, read over the poems, and went back to his mother master of them all. Most singular of all, and quite unlike remarkable boys now-a-days, Alfred seems not to have been in the least vain. Even the Pope's anointing, and being set apart

as the future King of England, does not appear to have affected his manner of life or his disposition. He was a keen sportsman, and loved the chase, even though so young, and the chase was not in those days what it is now in England—the hunting down in a private park of poor little rabbits, and deer cooped up just to be the sport of noblemen and princes; but it was going out into the forests, which were then as wild as ours are now, and tracking out the fierce wild boar, and the savage wolf.

Day and night, however, all through those fun-loving days, he kept in his bosom a little book of psalms and prayers, and often when on the chase, would turn aside alone to some little chapel to pray. One of these times, and one of these prayers, you will find in all the histories of his time, and it was when he was still only a boy. A servant missed him from the chase, and after long searching found his horse fastened to a stone in a little rocky valley, while from the little chapel close by came Alfred's voice, in earnest prayer that God would keep him from sin.

"Any suffering Thou wilt," prayed this boy-king, "only strengthen me against sin! Any suffering but such as may disable me from serving my people, or make me loathsome in their sight!" And when the prayer was done, he was back again, foremost in the hunt, brave and merry as only those can be who seek their strength and joy where he sought; who, *in* the world, are yet not *of* the world.

But after all he was not a bit of a saint; and it is a curious thing that unlike most of the histories of good people who lived and died in those long-ago times, no legends of miracles, or stories of wonderful cures and healings cling to the memory of Alfred.

Before Alfred was quite twenty years old he was married to a beautiful and good princess; and at the wedding-feast, while all the noblemen and women were making merry with song and dance, the bridegroom was seized with a most mysterious illness, and from that day till his death, the disease which then made its appearance,

never quite left him. It pleased God thus to answer his boyish prayers; and to make the answer complete, the disease was not one to unfit him for usefulness, or to render him loathsome to those he so much desired to serve.

He was not crowned king until two years after his marriage, when the last of the three elder brothers died, wearied with the quick succession of five bloody battles with the Danes in as many weeks. In all these battles Alfred was King Ethelred's "mighty man of valor;" and an incident in one of them shows Alfred as ready for fighting as praying. Ethelred was also very religious, and at the commencement of the fight at Ashdown left Alfred alone while he retired to a church to pray, and would not be hurried from his devotions, though he knew how greatly his brother needed him. At last, when the battle was over and the Saxons were victorious, some said the victory came through King Ethelred's prayers; others felt that it was through Prince Alfred's prowess, and hailed him as the deliverer of England.

When Alfred became king he had so many plans for the improvement of the country and the people, and his plans required so much hard work and self-denial, that the people rebelled against the high hand with which he carried out his projects. He was very young to be a king in such troublous times; and his heart was so full of devices for the good of all, and he was so ready to do his share, and more, in accomplishing these improvements, that he could not stop to think of all the weaker ones, who became very soon murmurers and soreheads—just such as we have now-a-days. So when the battles ended in defeat, as they did very often, King Alfred was blamed and ridiculed. After one of these defeats, suffering from the ingratitude of his people, Alfred retreated with his family and a small band of those who were still faithful, to the wilderness, and the Danes ravaged the land. In a few weeks he built a fortress in the wilderness, and there he and his steadfast company spent a

long and weary winter, creeping out stealthily into the country round for food and supplies. On one of these foraging expeditions, King Alfred strayed into a herdsman's hut and asked leave to warm himself by the herdsman's hearth. The good wife fretted and fumed, for fear he might stay too long, and become a burden upon their poor hospitality; but she told him he might sit by the fire if he would mind the loaves baking beside it. Poor Alfred was doubtless thinking far more of how he might deliver his people from the blood-thirsty Danes than the loaves which he was to share, and the bread burned right before his eyes. You can imagine the scolding the angry but frugal housewife gave him when she discovered it; and the gentleness with which he bore her anger was worthy of the king who, through all the many centuries since, has been known as Alfred the Great.

Another time he wandered into the camp of the enemy, disguised as a harper. The Danish king sent for him to play and sing at his own table, so jolly was he, and knew so many merry songs. In this way he gained knowledge of the enemy's forces and plans, and great was the rejoicing when he returned to the rude fortress at Athelney, where the queen and her children and the few faithful followers were encamped. One by one the soldiers of King Alfred found their way to his retreat at Athelney, and often with their leader made sudden sallies from their hiding place, astonishing and terrifying the Danes by appearing at unexpected times and places to help the Saxon armies. At last the land was ready for Alfred again, and Alfred was ready for his people, now that God had prepared his heart by all these sorrows for a wiser and a gentler rule. That was a joyful May day when King Alfred proclaimed himself to his subjects in the forest, gathering them together to march once more with him against the Danish king.

And march they did, so suddenly and so successfully that King Guthrun surrendered to Alfred, the Danish army. Seven

weeks after, the Danish king and a large number of his army were baptized; Alfred being the king's sponsor, and giving him the Saxon name of Athelstan. Unarmed they stood there in the Saxon camp, laying down at once their swords and their religion, safe among their enemies, because Alfred the truth-teller was their surety.

Now the land had peace; and Alfred devoted all his time and energy to rebuilding the cities, fortresses, and monasteries which the Danes had destroyed. During all these years of war, the children of the land had grown up in ignorance; and there were no laws, because there were no lawyers; no churches, because there were no priests; no books or schools, for no one knew enough to write the one or establish the other. The king had to become lawyer, teacher and priest.

He said a king must have in his kingdom three kinds of men—prayer-men, army-men, and workmen; and so he set himself at work to help every young man in the land to be one of these three. He translated prayer and hymn books for the prayer-men; he remodeled the old laws and the military tactics for the army-men; and for the workmen he studied out the best systems of farming, of commerce and trade; and for all three he worked hardest of all in the restoration of religion and the advancement of learning. He said that every boy in England must first learn thoroughly his own language; and afterward, if he had the time and the wealth, should learn Latin. What would King Alfred say, do you think, if he should visit some of our schools now-a-days, and hear boys declining *musa* and conjugating *amo*, who could n't write correctly an English composition?

Of course, in order to accomplish so much, it was necessary that Alfred should be very industrious and very systematic. He divided the day into periods, and as there were no clocks then, he was obliged to burn candles to mark off these periods. Each candle burned four hours, or was intended to; but he soon found that the wind made havoc with his schemes, and that un-

less he could protect the candles from it he could not rely upon their time-keeping. So he invented the lantern. Do n't forget, as you walk beside one on a dark night, that the first lantern was made a thousand years ago, out of horn, invented by a king!

Five years before his death the Danes once more invaded England; but so well trained were the "army men," and the land was so full of corn and food, that Alfred was not long in putting them to flight. Four peaceful years followed, during which he devoted himself as earnestly as ever to the good of his people, translating books that might help them in their work and to do God's will. This was his own great ambition, and almost at the last he said of himself,

"I have desired to live worthily while I lived, and after my life to leave the men that should be after me a remembrance in good works."

England is full of such remembrances to-day. The great University of Oxford is one of his good works; and in many of our own best laws Alfred is living still. And the people who live after him call him "England's Darling," "Alfred the Great," and—best name of all—"Alfred the Truth-teller."

LILY'S PUZZLE.

BY LOTTIE M. ROSE.

Grandmamma Ward is eighty years old,
And I can't understand it—can you?
Why she can't walk yet without holding the chair,
As our little Minnie must do.
Our little Minnie can't walk very fast—
That's cause she's so *little*, you know;
But Grandmamma Ward ain't big enough *yet*,
But she's got to walk careful and slow.
Our Minnie can hold me so tight I can't stir,
If she does n't stumble or fall;
I'd her glasses to-day, and grandmamma *tried*,
But *she* could n't hold me at all.
And our little Minnie has brown hair now—
You 'member it used to be light—
But grandmamma's hair has n't turned dark yet—
I's 'fraid it 'll *al'ays* be white.
Grandmamma Ward is eighty years old;
I think it's so funny—I do—
She's eighty years old, and has *only one tooth*,
And our little Minnie has *two*!

THE COFFEE TREE.

BY F. B. CALLAWAY.

In its wild state the coffee tree is slender, with but few branches, and reaches from fifteen to twenty feet in height.

In cultivation, however, it is kept down to six or ten feet, and trimmed into a rounded pyramidal shape, with straight branches almost touching the ground.

The leaves of the coffee tree are ever-green, and very glossy and shining. The flowers, which bloom in clusters, are of a snowy whiteness, and deliciously fragrant, especially after a rain.

In Brazil, whole plantations are devoted to coffee raising; and these beautiful shrubs, with their regularly rounded outlines, glittering foliage, and bright scarlet berries, cover the hillsides for miles and miles.

In Madeira, "that most delightful climate upon earth," the coffee tree forms hedges and copses, belting in with their rich glossy green, luxuriant gardens of roses, jessamine, geranium, and many gorgeous tropical beauties. As shade is desirable in growing coffee, the grounds on Cuban plantations are laid out with lines of orange, lemon, cocoanut and banana trees, making in all a delightful orchard.

In harvesting times, men and women are scattered over the plantation, with broad, shallow trays, made of plaited grass or bamboo, strapped over their shoulders and supported at their waists. When the trees are in full bearing, an industrious man will pick as many as three bushels in one day, equal to about thirty pounds of salable coffee. Children have their part in the harvest, too; and wherever you hear bursts of song and laughter, there you will be sure to find groups of merry-hearted youngsters sitting on the ground, with their miniature trays, and gathering up the berries that have fallen from the bushes.

From the harvesting ground the coffee berries are carried to the *fazenda*. The *fazenda* consists of a long, low range of white buildings, with red tile roofs, and encloses an oblong open space divided into

large squares. On these squares the coffee is spread in little heaps to dry in the sun. They are turned frequently, and when pretty evenly dried are spread out in thin, even layers, over a dazzling white floor of cement, and subjected to a final baking. They are then passed between rollers to remove the dried pulp and brown papery membrane in which the seeds are enclosed. The winnowing follows, after which the coffee berries are bundled up in thick sacks,

and other outside wrappings, to prepare for their long journey.

"Some fly east, and some fly west," and all are sure, at their journey's end, of a very warm reception. Poor little berries! they are finished by roasting; but their last breath is a delicious fragrance, like the memory of a sweet life, cradled on the snowy bosoms of perfumed petals, rocked by spice-scented winds, and fed by the richest nectar distilled from tropical skies.

UNCLE DICK'S LEGACY.

BY MRS. EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

CHAPTER VII.

Steve had been growing uneasy with the last few miles of the journey. All familiar landmarks had disappeared, and about noon the great forest dwindled to scattering trees, and they came out upon a rise of ground thickly covered with stumps, to see before them a turbulent little stream, a saw mill, and a score of rough-looking houses scattered about the clearing.

He seated himself upon a stump, leaned his elbows on his knees, and took a deliberate survey of the prospect.

"'Clar ef I ain't done beat," he said; "dis yer settlement growed up like Jonah's go'd."

"Where is the farm?" asked Raymond.

"Right yer," said Steve, waving his hands; "de 'vision line runs along dis yer creek, an' goes back a good bit trew de woods. Dar's a man somewheres up to Big Bottoms knows all 'bout it."

"Isaiah Douds," said Raymond, consulting his memoranda; "papa found the name on a little slip of paper, folded up with the will."

"Let's go down to some of the houses," said Archie; "that one with a whitewashed fence looks the cleanest."

So they followed the crooked little cow-path that wound among the stumps, and presently came into quite a respectable road. Their coming was announced by a

barking of dogs from every inclosure, that speedily brought all the inmates of the houses to doors and windows to stare at the strange sight. They pushed quickly on to the gate of the cottage, where they had decided to make inquiries; but as they fumbled at the latch, Raymond asked,

"What are we going in for? what do we want to know?"

"I'm sure I can't tell," said Archie, "unless we ask for a drink."

Raymond laughed a little; but at that instant a pleasant-looking lady came to the low door, with two chubby little children clinging to her dress.

"Good morning," she said, cordially; "will you come in?"

"Thank you," said Raymond; "we would like to rest a few minutes;" and they followed her into a room clean and orderly, but bare of everything except the necessities of life. The table was of pine boards, and the chairs of hickory saplings, ingeniously twisted together. The lady brought a pitcher of milk, and filled for each of them a generous earthen bowl; and it seemed to the boys they had never tasted anything so delicious.

"You look rather young for a long journey," she said to Archie, in a kindly tone, that went to his heart at once.

"This is only the third day," he said;

"we came through the woods by the old logging-road."

Won by her motherly smile, Archie went on to tell her about their journey, and she listened with interest to the story.

"Well, you are brave boys," she said, at its conclusion; "and I dare say you have a good guide and protector in your friend Steve, here;" and she gave Steve a nod of pleasant recognition that made him open his eyes in astonishment.

"I think you might remember me, Steve," she added, laughing; "you have been at my father's house many a time with Mr. Peyton; and at least you should not forget the little girl who sewed up your poor cut face with her needle, and fainted away at the last stitch."

Steve sprang from his chair with a force that upset the ill-balanced thing, and seizing the lady's hand, began to pour forth his delight:

"Miss Helen, fer shore! Bless yer sweet heart! I never looked to see yer growed up here. Cap'n was allus talkin' 'bout gwyne off to fotch ye up in some civ'lized country."

"He has gone, Steve, to the best country there is," said the lady, gravely but sweetly; "gone where he could not take me with him. I've been married this fifteen years; my husband is a home missionary; and four years ago we moved down here. There's a great work to be done here," she added, half to herself, looking out over the settlement.

"Are there many people living here?" asked Raymond.

"Not many settlers; but in the winter all these pine forests are full of loggers' camps; and a Sunday or a holiday brings scores of rough fellows down upon us, to drink, and carouse, and do mischief to themselves, or to take up with anything better, if it is only at hand to attract them. That is our work, to find something better."

"Are you not afraid of the men—such rough, drunken fellows as Steve says they are?"

"Not at all," said the lady, smiling; "the

worst one would not harm a hair of our heads."

"It must be very hard," suggested Archie, looking at the delicate woman, as delicate and lady-like as Aunt Rachel herself.

"Harder than you can guess, sometimes," said the lady; "in the long, hard winters, when navigation closes on the lakes, and the deep snow buries us away from the world outside. We raise very little here yet, but must depend upon the provisions brought from a long distance. The first year we spent here we found ourselves, by the last of January, with no provisions of any kind, except molasses and a little unground corn."

"What could you do with that?" asked Archie, wonderingly.

"We lived on it very comfortably for three weeks," said the lady, laughing; "though I don't think any of us have been so fond of corn since. We served it in a variety of ways. Roasted, and ground in a coffee mill, it made very tolerable puddings; pounded raw it was excellent as hominy or samp; and boiled in lye it made nice hulled corn."

All this time the lady was busy with preparations for the dinner, which sent out tempting odors from the clean, bright stove; and the boys were glad to accept the hearty invitation to remain and share it with the family.

"My husband is away at Big Bottoms," said the lady; "but Mr. Douds can tell you everything about the land in this neighborhood. He lives with us, and is out now with the girls on one of his botanizing excursions."

"He is the very man we were to go to; but I thought he lived at Big Bottoms," said Raymond, in surprise.

"He came here with us," said the lady, "and has been our faithful friend and helper. You remember, Steve, how he used to live by himself in his queer little hut, like any old hermit?"

"Yes, Miss Helen; I mind I've hearn him tell Mars Dick he could n't b'lieve de Bible nohow; kase de Lord mus' hab too



much sense to tink dis pore, mis'able worl' was wuth savin'. But laws! Miss Helen, 'pears to me dat 's jes' de reason he'd lay himself out for de worl', kase we was gwyne to de debble fer shore, an' could n't do wid-out de Lord, nohow."

"He's a very different man, now," said the lady, gravely; "just as queer and odd as ever, but when my husband came to Big Bottoms, and stood by the people there and here, in spite of all sorts of privations and discouragements, he began to see that if a man really was willing to make sacrifices and meet hardships for the sake of his poor, ignorant brothers, it must be that the Lord cared still more for them. And he took hold and worked with us heartily, in his own growling way, to be sure, but people here are all used to him."

"Are they far away?" asked Raymond, as the lady went to the door of the house and blew a long, loud note on a tin horn.

"Just over the hill at the little pond, I suppose; would you like to go and find them?"

The boys were glad to go; and Steve, in the meantime, strolled down towards the mill. It was the first time in the brief history of the settlement that a black face had been seen there; and as Steve went on, curious eyes watched him from every door and window, while a knot of small boys gradually collected in his rear, following cautiously at a safe distance; for they felt quite sure this must be the veritable "black man" whom they had been told came down the chimney to carry off naughty children. Whenever he stopped, or showed signs of

turning, they scattered away in every direction; but Steve was wholly unconscious of the attention he attracted, and walked on, absorbed in recalling the old memories of his hunting days, and trying to remember just where, by the side of this little head-long stream, they had made their summer camp. Outside of a rough shanty, which was labeled "SALOON" in crooked black letters, some men were smoking and talking.

"How are you, Sambo?" called one of them, as Steve came up.

"Fa'th, thin, an' is it yersilf, me jew'l!" said another voice, and our old friend Dennis stepped forward, with a hearty shake of the hand, which Steve accepted with dignified reserve.

"Catch me shakin' hands with a nigger!" said a dirty little man, contemptuously.

"An' he's no nager, at ahl, but a colored gentleman," said Dennis, "trahv'lin' as scheward wid two foiner lads; an' did n't they trate me as if I was the President himsilf, whin I fell in wid 'em in the woods?"

The men seemed inclined to be quarrelsome; but Dennis good-naturedly drew Steve away before his inborn contempt for what he considered "pore white trash," compelled him to resent their treatment.

Dennis told him all about the mill and the settlement; the land, as he declared, for quite a distance belonging to Isaiah Douds, who had leased the water power for several years to a company owning immense tracts of pine forest near by.

"And where is your farm?" asked Steve.

"Jist a bit back in the wuds ferninst ye," said Dennis, carelessly. "I have n't sittled me mind, jist; but it's the ch'ice of the land I kin have fer the takin'. Yander's me cabin, an' a snoog little place it is, berrin' the roof lakes a thrifle; an' I've took in me frind, Mike McCarty and his family, jist for company's sake."

Dennis seemed pleased to hear that the boys were in so good hands.

"Fa'th, thin, an' it's a rale saint Mis' Lester is," said he, heartily; "an' I'm thinkin' St. Patrick himsilf would niver know *Mister Lester* for a hiritic."

"Sayah Douds must be gettin' heaps o' money, I reckon," said Steve, suspicious that in some way advantage had been taken of the boys' inheritance.

"The prophet!" said Dennis, with a chuckle; "fa'th, an' he's a reg'lar ole in-necent to look at, but I till ye he'd get the betther of the divil himsilf in a bargain; not be manes of chatin', nather, it's the wits of him, jist. The byes do say he's got a power o' money, but nobody knows his business from any tillin' of hisn."

A shrill halloo from Dennis' cabin summoned him to dinner, and he took leave of his companion, with an apology for not inviting him in.

"Me board is sprid wid plinty," said he: "but Mrs. McCarthy is a bit spleeny and particular in her notions. She's that high brid she'd not wilcome the President himsilf if he dropped in unbeknownst upon her."

In the meantime the boys, crossing the ridge of woodland, came suddenly upon quite a wide marshy pond, to one shore of which two girls were poling in a great clumsy boat, while a strange-looking man stood by, giving directions and waiting to fasten the end of the chain.

"That must be Mr. Douds," said Archie. "No wonder Steve said he looked like a 'crazy ijiot.'"

He was a little man, buried to his knees in a pair of immense boots, while his thin yellow face was doubly shielded by large goggles and a cap with a visor like a shed-roof. He was talking so eagerly that he did not notice that he was sinking in the soft mud, until one of the girls called out merrily, "Take care, uncle, you're settling a claim!" when he gave a sudden plunge towards firmer ground, pulling out his feet with great difficulty, and nearly losing his big boots in the struggle. As he regained his footing, he saw the boys for the first time, and without showing the least surprise he bade them a pleasant "Good morning," and advanced to offer his horny claw of a hand.

"We came to call you to dinner," said

Raymond, a little puzzled to know how to introduce himself; but Mr. Douds pushed up the visor of his cap, looked keenly at both the boys, and said,

"Are either of you named for your Uncle Dick?"

"No, sir," said Raymond, wondering; "this is Archie, and I am Raymond."

"I'm glad to see you," said Mr. Douds, gravely. "So you have been at the house, and met Mrs. Lester?"

The two little girls came forward, and were introduced as Belle and Hattie. They seemed shy and embarrassed, yet no one said a word as if it was at all a remarkable thing for a couple of boys to appear suddenly in the settlement.

"Is your father with you?" asked Mr. Douds, as they came near the house.

"Steve came with us," said Archie; and at that all three faces lighted up with pleasure.

"I've heard of Steve ever since I was a baby," said Belle, with a skip of excitement; "and he seems to me just like Robinson Crusoe; such wonderful things as mamma has told us about him."

"Do you know about the time the bear tore his face open, and grandpa was sick, and mamma sewed up the cut?" said Hattie, eagerly; "a great, dreadful cut, and mamma no bigger than Belle! Was n't she brave, though?" and Hattie's black eyes were full of admiration at the thought.

"She saved his life," said Belle, thought-

fully; "but mamma says he saved grandpa, once, by carrying him ten miles on his shoulders, when he was taken sick in a logging-camp. That was brave, too."

"Papa said we were as safe with Steve as we would be with him," said Archie; "and then Steve is so strong, and used to all sorts of adventures, and papa, well, papa's a gentleman." Archie hesitated, not knowing exactly how to put into words the strong conviction he had that his father would be utterly out of place in a backwoods settlement.

Belle's bright face showed a dash of vexation; there was the least perceptible curl on the lip of the old philosopher, and Raymond felt like shaking Archie for his stupidity.

"Papa does n't care so much for anything but his books; he never has time, you know, and then he is n't well and strong," put in Raymond, hastily.

"There's a great deal worth finding outside of books," said Mr. Douds, quietly; but at that moment Steve met them, and all the attention of the party was drawn to him.

No friend or brother could have received a warmer welcome. Steve looked upon "Miss Helen's girls" with pride and delight, while his eyes filled with tears at the remembrances of his beloved Mars' Dick which were called up by the sight of the "old prophet," as Mr. Douds was styled in the settlement.

"LAUGH TO ME."

BY HATTIE S. RUSSELL.

A score of times, these winter days,
My darling girl—just three—
In sweetest, softest accents says,
"Dear mamma! laugh to me!"
Such smiles light up her baby face!
Each feature tender, warm,
And every act reveals a grace
And symmetry of form.

Ignoring smooth or finished phrase,
A stranger to book-lore,
She yet hath happy, gentle ways,
That make us love her more;

Her little quaint, untutored speech,
From logic's finish free;
Methinks a stolt's heart might reach—
"Dear mamma! laugh to me!"

My child, I love your merry glee,
Your fond and trusting heart;
I'll welcome your philosophy,
And bid my clouds depart;
For life would be a dreary way,
If aye I love—just three—
Should never more so sweetly say,
"Dear mamma! laugh to me!"

KITTY'S FAIRY TREASURE.

BY HOPE DUHLER.

CHAPTER I.

Little Kitty Crane sat on the step of the kitchen door, that warm summer's afternoon, with her baby-brother in her arms. Everything looked so cool and pleasant out of doors! How she wished that she could run out and play with her two younger brothers, who were busy building a cubby-house out of some old boards and blocks of wood. But here was this great heavy baby, who was kicking, and struggling, and pulling Kitty's curls as she bent over him, till her head fairly ached.

He would cry if he were put down; and mother was busy washing up the tea dishes and clearing the table, so she could not hold him. There was nothing to be done; she must wait patiently a little longer; but she could not help drawing a deep sigh, and saying, "Oh, dear!"

"Baby's getting pretty heavy, I know, dear," said her mother, looking up from her work; "but I am almost through, and then I will take him, and you can run out a little while before the sun sets."

So presently, the last dish having been put away, and the tea-table set back in its place against the wall, the mother came to the door, and held out her arms for baby, who crowed with delight at sight of her.

Just then Mr. Crane came in at the front door, and called to his wife from the sitting-room,

"Mary, come in here a few moments; I've something to say to you. Do n't bring the baby," he added, as she appeared with it in her arms; "I do not want to be interrupted."

Mrs. Crane went back to Kitty.

"Kitty, dear, I'm so sorry, but can you hold him just a few minutes more? Papa does n't want him in there."

It was rather hard for poor, tired Kitty; but she was a kind, helpful little spirit. Giving one look at the hat in her hand, she

laid it on the chair beside her, and sitting down on the step again, her mother put baby into her arms.

Kitty gave him a kiss, and laid his little head up against her shoulder, and in a few moments he dropped fast asleep. She sat there, almost breathless, lest she should waken him; and through the half-closed door came the voice of her father:

"Yes, Mary, it is hard to give up this little house, where we have lived so many happy years, and where all the children were born. No other place can ever seem half so much like home; but 'Squire Mather says if I do n't pay down the money at the end of three days, we must go. He has waited six months for me, and will wait no longer; and where I am to get it I do not know. No one is willing to lend a man who is without property, and has a family on his hands to be supported."

"But, John, have you told him all the reasons—how long Kitty and I were sick last winter; and how much money it took; and then your great loss through the failure of that bank? I am sure no one would say it was your fault."

"Yes, Mary, I have told him all; but he says he is in want of ready-money, and must have it."

"He in want!" said Mrs. Crane, bitterly. "Why, he has more than he knows what to do with, and he has n't a child in the world!"

"Well, I've done all I can," said her husband; "he will not hear a word more; I shall see what I can do this week, but 't will be of no use; we shall have to go."

Kitty almost dropped the baby in her astonishment. What! leave this dear, pretty home, and the pleasant yard and garden—the old barn, where she and her brothers had such merry frolics on the hay—the little tree by the front gate, that papa had

planted the day she was born, and which was just as tall as she was! Why, papa had said he meant to buy it some day, when he was rich; and mamma had asked him, as he came up the garden-path, with baby on his shoulder, Kitty beside him, and the two little boys tugging at his coat-tails, if he were not rich now, and he had smiled, and said, "*Yes, so rich!*"

What did it mean? Oh! if she could only get some money to help her papa! But what could a little girl only seven years old do? Could she go and beg 'Squire Mather not to turn them away? No, indeed! that was too much to think of—such a grave, stern man as he was! She was even afraid to pass him on the street! Oh! if it were only in the days of fairies, and one of them would come and turn 'Squire Mather into a stone image, so that he would sit there, cold and still, unable to move or speak! Then her father could work very hard, and by and by he would become rich, and then she would hasten to tell the fairy, and they would all go over together, with a bag of gold, to waken 'Squire Mather, and pay for the house on the spot; for Kitty was too tender-hearted to want the old gentleman to sit there forever. Or else if she could only dream, as the boy did in her story-book, of a place where she could find a treasure—possibly some of Captain Kidd's—and she wondered if the captain ever came so far away from the sea as this was. How patiently she would dig! Nothing, she thought, could ever weary her; and then when she had found it she and her little brothers would drag it into the house, and she would jump into her father's arms and tell him that he need never work any more, for here was enough for them all.

Kitty was so elated with her fancies that she quite forgot the cool grass that was waiting for her outside, and the warm, heavy baby, asleep on her shoulder, until a step at her side aroused her, and her mother's sweet voice said,

"I am so sorry, Kitty, that it is bed-time already, and you can have but a few moments of play. Run two or three times

around the yard, my darling, and then come in and bring your brothers."

Kitty saw that her mother had been crying, and she put both arms around her neck, saying,

"I've heard it all, mamma; but don't cry, perhaps we sha'n't have to go, after all!" Then seizing her hat, she bounded off out of doors.

That night the kind, pitying angel, who flits to and fro through the long, dark hours, weaving the fond longings of the day into bright pictures for our weary, sleeping eyes, came to Kitty as she lay asleep in her little bed. And she dreamed that as she was sitting in the doorway, reading to her little brothers, suddenly there jumped out of a deep hollyhock-cup, on the stalk nearest the door, a queer little man, dressed all in green, and carrying a funny little spade and pick-axe on his shoulder. He took off his cap to Kitty as she looked up, and made a very low bow; then, before she could recover from her astonishment, he said, in a tiny voice,

"Come, little maid, I have something to tell you."

Kitty looked up inquiringly, but he said, "No, not here; it's a profound secret, and you are so large, and I so small, that unless I get up very close to your ear, everybody will hear what I have to say. Come out and sit close under the hollyhock, so that I can climb up and sit on one of the cheeses close to your ear, and rest while I whisper to you, for it puts me all out of breath to stand here and shout up to you."

So saying, the wee man scrambled up the stalk with the agility of a kitten, and giving a queer little jump into the air, crossed his legs under him, and came down pat in the middle of a cheese. If Kitty had not been so utterly amazed at this feat, she certainly would have laughed and clapped her hands; but as it was, she sat down very demurely, as near as she could get to him, and put up her ear.

"Kitty," began the little man, "you do n't know me, but I know you, for you see we are neighbors. I live here in the

hollyhock-cup; and last night, as I sat at my door to catch the evening breeze, and to watch you holding your baby brother, I heard all that your pa said (for my ears are very quick), and I was very sorry, for you 've always been good, peaceable neighbors. You see there's nobody knows who'll come to take your place; perhaps somebody with a dozen rude boys or so, who would go shouting and trampling round, and endangering my life. So, thinks I to myself, why can't I tell that little girl I've always liked so much about the gold that is buried out behind their barn; her pa probably would n't pay any attention to me."

"Gold!" said Kitty, jumping up; "and behind our own barn! Oh! please, is it Captain Kidd's?"

"I do n't know anything about Captain Kidd," said the little man, with a sneer.

"Why, do n't you know the song?" said Kitty. "You must have heard father sing it to us children; it goes this way:

"Oh! my name was Captain Kidd,
As I sailed, as I sailed,
Oh! my name was Captain Kidd,
As I sailed;
Oh! my name was Captain Kidd,
And God's laws I did forbid,
And most wickedly I did,
As I sailed."

"There's ever so many more verses, too, do n't you remember?"

"Yes, I think I do; but we fairies do n't have much to do with fighting-men. This is fairies' gold; we keep it to help our friends with; and so I want you to have it, for I've watched you ever since you were a little baby."

Here Kitty felt a hard thump on the side of her head, and her first thought was that the little man had tumbled off from his high seat on to her. She jumped to pick him up, and wakening herself by her exertions, found that it was only her little brother, who, rolling over in his sleep, had hit his head against hers.

She sat up in bed and looked around her. The faint light of morning was struggling in through the windows; its rays fell upon

her bed, and upon the little brother by her side, who had disturbed her dream. The hollyhock and the man in green were all gone. Oh! if she could only have heard a little more—how to get the gold, and just where to dig; for of course it was really there! Well, at any rate, she and her brothers would begin behind the barn, and see if they could not find something; and they would not say a word to papa or mamma, but surprise them so when they brought in the treasure!

Kitty could not go to sleep for thinking of it; so finally she rose softly, put on her shoes without the stockings, and slipping her dress on over her night-gown, stole softly down stairs and out into the still morning air, and went up the garden-path, over the ploughed ground, and through the fence to the back of the barn. Here she paused and looked carefully over the ground. Where had they better begin?

She walked to and fro through the wet grass until her foot struck a stone that was partly concealed by the leaves; then the thought came to her, perhaps this is a stone to mark the place. Yes, it must be so; there were no others near, for papa had had them all picked up and carried away from his mowing-lot. This was surely the place; and she clapped her hands for joy. Now, as soon as she could possibly get out after breakfast, they would come and begin digging. She hastened back and crept softly in, took off her dewy garments, and laid them by her window to dry in the sunshine; and creeping into bed to warm her chilled feet, fell fast asleep again.

Breakfast was over at last, and Mr. Crane took down the family Bible and seated himself for morning prayers, while Mrs. Crane took baby on her lap, and Kitty helped her brothers to arrange their little armchairs on either side of their father, where they usually sat. She did hope, as she leaned her head back against her mother's arm, that papa would not make a very long prayer on this particular morning; for there were the dishes to be washed and put away, and the room to be swept, and she must hold

baby to help mamma; and it would be such a long time before she could get away.

I do not think that Kitty heard quite as much as usual of the reading in the Bible; her thoughts, some way, would wander off to the little man in green, with the pick-axe over his shoulder; but the prayer she could not help listening to, it was so solemn and earnest, and her father asked so tenderly for blessings upon each of his dear children. Then, too, he asked that God would melt the heart of the oppressor, and teach him to mingle mercy with justice. Kitty knew what oppressor meant; she had had the word explained to her, not long ago, in her Sabbath-school class, and she said softly to herself,

‘That, I know, means ‘Squire Mather. I wonder why papa didn’t say the name right out; though I guess God knows just as well without it.’

Nine strokes sounded from the old kitchen clock as Kitty ran down the garden path toward the place where her brothers were at play, tying on her sun-bonnet as she went.

‘Boys! boys! I’ve got something to tell you, only you must promise not to tell anybody! Will you promise, Benny? will you, Ned?’

The promises being obtained, she ran on before them to the back of the old barn; and there, sitting down on the magic stone, told the dream, and unfolded her plan to two eager listeners.

Benny’s lip trembled at the thought of leaving the cubby-house, and the old barn, and the play-ground; but when Kitty told of the bag of gold which they would find if they only dug patiently a great ways down, and kept the secret all to themselves, he brushed away the gathering tears, and said he guessed with papa’s big new shovel he could dig a hole big enough to hold their house. Then running to the wood-house, they all provided themselves with implements of labor, and returning to the spot, Kitty knelt down and rolled away the flat stone with some difficulty; and there, in

the little round, bare space where it had lain, they began their work.

The roots of the grass were firm and close, and it was quite a little while before they had removed enough to give them both room to dig. Then came the soft brown earth, and that made it quite easy for a little while; but soon the spade hit every time upon stones, which required some little twisting of the shovel to manage and bring up skillfully to the top of the hole, where Ned, who thought himself quite busy helping, would load them into his little cart, and draw them off across the field.

When the dinner-bell rang, the perspiration stood on their foreheads, but they were as light-hearted as ever, and the hole was, as Benny said, “real deep.” When he stood in it, the top came up almost to his waist. They left reluctantly, agreeing that if Benny could come out before Kitty was through helping mother, he should come there and dig, and Kitty was to join him as soon as possible.

It was very nearly tea-time when ‘Squire Mather walked out into his garden to look at some young fruit trees, which were bearing, for the first time, that year, and in which he took an especial pride. Now, it so happened that his garden adjoined Mr. Crane’s, and the fruit trees stood in a row by the side of his barn, which served to shelter them from the northwest winds. The ‘Squire was pruning some twigs from the last one, when he heard voices, which seemed to come from behind the barn, and thought he would just peep round the corner and see who was there, as he would be sheltered from observation.

“Well!” said he, as he came in sight of the children; “if there ain’t those little scamps of Crane’s; digging a great hole in their pa’s field—mine it’ll be to-morrow! I guess I might as well put a stop to it; they’re all afraid of me. That’s a pretty little girl with the curls. I wonder what they’re doing it for? She’s digging as hard as she can. I guess I’ll see what they say, first.”

For a moment the silence was unbroken, save by the click of the spade against the stones; then Benny climbed up out of the hole and threw down his spade.

"Oh! Kitty, I can't dig a minute more, I'm so tired, and my arms ache so; I do n't believe we shall find any gold if we dig all night."

"Oh, Benny! if we do n't we must give

up our house and barn, and all our nice things, and go away somewhere else to live—and we've only to-morrow to try in; and poor papa and mamma, how glad they would be if we could find some!"

But poor Kitty was tired, too, and she threw herself down and sobbed with all her might, while Benny and Ned joined in.

(*To be concluded.*)

AUNT SILVA'S WEDDING.

BY MRS. G. M. KELLOGG.

It was a mellow day in December, but Sukey was lonely in spite of the clear skies; for what service did the sunshine but to emblazon the fact that the season for the fading of garden and orchard, field and wood, was at hand? It revealed the wrinkles in the leaves, the age-marks and frost-bites in the rose-buds, the faintness in the struggling chrysanthemums.

Lonely is scarcely the adjective for this little girl's mood. A distressing state of indecision characterized her mind. During the year she had earned—no matter how—"six bits," better known to modern children as seventy-five cents, and her mind was in a whirl of discussion as to the investment she should make of this sum.

A strong plea had been put in, by some voice within her, for an alabaster doll, for—think of it! the child had never owned a doll, and had seen but two in all her life, which had not, it is true, been very lengthy. Another thing which Sukey desired with a great desire was a pair of store-stockings; for those were the days of spinning-wheels and knitting-needles, and her mother had manufactured all the child had ever worn. And yet with a greater desire, perhaps, she longed for a "straw bonnet," with pink strings, for her head had never known anything better than a sun-bonnet, with white oak splits, shaved thin, and scraped smooth. In canvassing the investment, stomach often got the floor, and made Sukey's mouth water with suggestions of candy and raisins. A vial of cinnamon-oil, to perfume her

handkerchief, often came into the thoughts of our little capitalist; and some day at school, when smarting with the girls' sneers and jokes concerning her frameless piece of slate, and her little stub of a pencil, and her home-made writing-book with its brown paper cover, Sukey would settle the matter of her "investment," and decide on a new slate, a great long pencil, and a store-copy book. But the Christmas holidays were at hand, and the "six bits" still waited investment. I am sorry to acknowledge that, in pondering this subject, Sukey had not thought of any one but herself; for she had never been used to an interchange of presents at Christmas time.

As she was apt to do when in search of sympathy, Sukey wandered towards Aunt Silva's cabin. She heard, as she approached, the fine, familiar voice singing with camp-meeting enthusiasm,

"How happy are they, who their Savior obey!"

lining out the words by couplets, after the manner of the circuit-riders in those early days when the preacher was the only person in the church who had a hymn book.

"Why, Aunt Silva, what makes you give out the words to yourself, when you know them already?"

"Well, you see when I gibs out de words, two lines at a time, like de preacher do, an' den sings it off, like de congregation do, it makes it jist like meetin'. I fergits it's jist me; I's kurrwed way outen my cabin, and feels more 'ligious den ef I wus to meetin' sho' nuff; fer, do n't yer 'stand? I feels de

"votion fer bofe he uns an' dey all;" and she vigorously resumed her singing, beating time with the meat-axe, as she hashed the sausage-meat on a block, the section of an oak tree.

"Why, you sing like you was happy, sure enough," Sukey said.

"Well, I is toler'ble happy."

"'Cause you feel Christmas in your bones, or 'cause you 're going to git married?"

Sukey put the question as a joke. Aunt Silva gave a short, embarrassed laugh, with her broad meat-axe turned over the mass of flesh, and slapped it on the block. Then she laid down the axe, and crossing the cabin, took her cob-pipe from a crack between the logs and filled it with some of the veritable Indian tobacco, which she had procured on that browsing expedition. Proceeding to the chimney-place, where huge logs were laid on chunks in lieu of andirons, she dipped her cob-pipe in the embers.

"Well, it neber would uv entered my head to uv morried de fiff time—phew!" and she blew off the ashes, poked down the coals, and extinguished her burning cob-pipe with repeated applications of saliva; "ef dat man had n't teased so." Then followed a few vigorous whiffs, to make sure of the lighting. Holding the pipe in her hand, she continued, while Sukey's face grew more and more surprised; "it 'peared like he 'd go ravin' derstracted ef I did n't promus to marry him. He felt a 'tachment fer me de bery fust time he eber see me, an' dat fust time he says he neber kin fergit; dat I wus a-sottin' back in meetin', er singin' dis bery tune I's singin' ter-day, an' says es how I had my eyes er turned up to de rafters, an' wus a-clappin' uv my hands, an' dat I jist look like er angel; an' dat I had on a yaller head-han'kercher." Here Aunt Silva in her eagerness set her pipe up in the embers against the jamb. "Now, I 'members 'bout it all 'ceptin' de yaller head-han'kercher; I giner'ly wars red head-han'kerchers, kase red bercomes me."

"And are you going to get married, sure enough?" asked Sukey, in great surprise. "Ain't you too old?"

"What yer talkin' 'bout?" said Aunt Silva, resentfully; "I ain't ole; Mistis an' me wus young ladies togedder, dough ob cou's' I wus a little de oldes'."

"How old are you?"

"I dun know; I neber has 'membered how ole I is, sense ole Mistis died. But whedder ole or young, my juty is clar; ef I kin save a mottle soul frum gwyne crazy by morryin' on him, den swim or dround, I mus' sacrifice my own feelings an' morry him."

"Who 're you going to marry?"

"Boston Patricks is his name, an' a bery good-lookin' pusson he is."

"Why, I thought he was Minerva's sweetheart?" Minerva was Aunt Silva's oldest daughter. "He ain't any more 'n growed up."

"Ob cou's' I's a little de oldes'; but dat 's all de better. 'Sperience is a mighty good thing to have on han' when folks gits morried. Yer see, Miss Sukey," she continued, apologetically, "It wus nec'sary fer me ter change my sarcumstances. I's been a widder gwyne on two years, an' my childun is jist growed way beyen me. Dey needs a man to keep 'em straight. Dat Barb'ry, I can't do nuffin 'tall wid dat young un; she is de mos' regen'rate young pusson dat eber I did see—de mos' onreverent. Eberyting an' eberybody is onreverent dese days, 'pears like. Young pussons hain't got de 'spects fer dare olders as dey onct had when I wus a lady. Why, I'd no more dar, to dis day, ter roll my eyes at my mammy, an' ter lick out my tongue at her, like dat Barb'ry does ter me, why, I'd no more dar' ter do it den I'd dar' ter shoot out my lips in Marster's face. Dey 's so much sarce in de worl' dat I would n't be s'prised any minit ef de yarth wus to open an' swallow de whole worl'."

Sukey was considerably awe-struck; but her interest in the wedding acted as a counter-irritant.

"When are you going to get married?"

"Christmus night is de 'p'inted day."

"What kind of dress are you going to wear?"

"Bein' as I wus a widder, I has been

thinkin' it wusn't nec'sary to war a white dress. I has tought dat caliker dress wid a white groun' an' a purple sprig would be han'some fer de 'casion, ef de sleeves wus cut off short, an' de body wus cut down low in de neck."

"Why, Aunt Silva! you would n't wear low neck and short sleeves?"

"Why, how you do talk! Udder brides gits morried in low neck an' short sleeves, an' I can't 'zactly comperhend why I ought n't, 'specially as dis may be de las' time I'll eber git morried. However, p'raps I'll get a new dress fer de 'casion. I kin 'ford it. I's got three dollars a'ready, an' I's got a half bushel of dried peaches ter sell, an' mos' two hundred chestnuts, ef dat Barb'ry hain't eat 'em all up; she's wusser den a mice. I's got lots uv things to buy, dough; dar's a white petticoat, an' a pa'r uv fine stockin's, an' some white gloves, an' a han'kercher, an' some 'fumery, an' some white kid slippers, an' a head-ban'; an' I reckons I'll git a white veil, an' some white artificials. Yer see, I might n't neber hab a nudder chance to w'ar sich tings. An' den dar's de weddin' supper. Mistis would gini me de weddin' supper, but law! yer paw would n't 'low it. So I'll hab ter do jist de bes' I kin. Boston said he'd pervide de weddin' supper, an' de bride's tylit, too; but yer be'tter b'leve I's got more nambition den ter 'low dat. Dis is de fiff time I's been called on ter pervide weddin' suppers an' de bride's tylets, an' neber yit hes I 'lowed de bridegroom to be ter no 'spense fer nuffin. I jist done eberyting, like I wus a 'spectable white bride. I neber had no nigger 'rangements."

"Well, I'd let him help furnish the supper, if I was you. He can earn a heap more money than you can; he's a heap younger, and not so fat," Sukey suggested.

"Now yer's meddlin' wid what yer knows nuffin 'bout. Boston could n't help no great deal ef I wus ter 'low him; he hain't got no money, kase he hain't been able ter collec' de sums dat is owin' him. He's mighty rich, dough; got lots er money when he gits it. Yer see he kin make

bread trays, an' brooms, an' shuck mats ter sell. He'll be a heap er help ter me in fotchin' up de childun. Dat Barb'ry is de wuss pusson on clothes! She wants a new dress dis bery minit to w'ar to de weddin'. I tought I'd hab her fer one er de candle-holders; an' I 'vites you, Miss Sukey, ter be de udder candle-holder, ef yer maw 'll let yer."

"I'll ask her. Oh! I wish she would let me!" cried Sukey, who had never been to a wedding. "How many candles are you going to have?"

"I wus lottin' on four; an' dat 'minds me dat dem candles is to pervide yit. It's mighty expensive gittin' morried!"

"What're you going to have for the supper?"

"Well, dat derpen's on what's lef' uv de money arter de bridul tylit is pervided. I's got dried grapes an' 'simmons, an' I wus cacklerlatin' on a back-bone pie, an' I wus 'tendin' ter save some uv dem dried peaches dat I's gwyne ter sell, an' make some turn-overs; an' dat makes me tink I's got ter have some sugar. Sakes er live! it's gwyne ter take lots uv money fer a fashnerble weddin'."

"An' ain't you going to have any cake with icing on it, and any candy and raisins?"

"Ob cou'se, honey, ef I kin 'ford it. I's gwyne ter hab eberyting done up in white-folks-fashion. But eggs is six bits de dozen at Christmas. I's feared de tree dollars an' de dried peaches an' de chestnuts won't pervide eberyting nec'sary, specially es I's purty sartain dat Barb'ry's been at de chestnuts. I do n't hardly know what ter do. I does wish I had a little mo' money fer some candy—it does sot off a table so purty!"

"I've got—" said Sukey, almost persuaded—"I've got—" and she stopped abruptly.

"What is yer got?"

"I've got six bits, an' I'll—I'll—give it to you to buy the candy."

"Lord lub yer purty heart, honey! God bress yer! Me an' you wus al'ays friends.

Aunt Silvy 'll neber fergit yer; she 'll stick by yer tell deff parts dis mottle frame!"

The quick tears came into the old slave's eyes, and into the little girl's. In subsequent years, in times which "tried men's souls," Sukey had occasion to test her humble friend's pledge of devotion.

Christmas night came at length. Every cabin on the plantation was bright with the glare of pine knots heaped in the chimney-places, and all looked festive with boughs of mistletoe and holly, the white and scarlet berries gleaming against the green. In one cabin was spread a table, white with Mrs. Coleman's best linen, and glittering with all the table-ware which the plantation could afford. Mrs. Coleman had lent a helping hand, going all lengths she dared, with the fear of her husband before her eyes. The slaves, too, had contributed their "bits" and "picayunes," so that the supper was a success.

At one end of the table was a stuffed roast pig, with a red apple in its mouth; at the other, the back-bone pie. Up and down the length of the table were plates of beaten biscuits and dried peach turnovers; while in the center, actually "iced," and wearing a wreath of evergreen, was a generous loaf of cake, flanked by dishes of candy and raisins.

A white jaconet dress of Mrs. Coleman's had been let out in every possible seam for the bridal robe; and a head-dress constructed of some laces which the lady had worn in her happy girlhood, to which in the evening were added some sprigs of evergreen, and a spray of white chrysanthemums.

Instead of the two hundred whom Aunt Silva's ambitious memory had mentioned as guests, there was a select party of some thirty, beside the home slaves. Sukey and Barbary Allen were the candle-holders, sure enough, Sukey standing as demure and circumspect as any nun, while Barbary was rolling her eyes in every direction, her face all the while wearing a broad smile, which at one point of the ceremony broke into an audible snicker. This turned the bride's

great eyes on the culprit with an ominous glare.

The officiating clergyman was a colored gentleman in black cloth and white collar, whose outstanding gray hair contrasted strikingly with his ebony skin, and looked like a great mass of fleece. When the bridal party had presented itself before him, he rose behind a table, and with considerable parade adjusted his brass-bowed spectacles, through which he pretended to read,

"On Jordan's stormy banks we stand,"

the fact being that he merely recited the hymn, being as ignorant of reading as a Hottentot. When this hymn was sung, he cleared his throat, flourished his handkerchief about his nose and eyes, and began:

"Brudders and sisters, ladies and gentlemen, and fellow-citizens, we is dis day met here dis Christmas night, ter celebrate de matrimony uv boff dese yer pussons, brudder Boston Patricks and sister Silvy Colemans. Ef ony pusson present at dis 'terestin' orcasion does n't know ub no reason ginst der morryin' uv dese two 'viduals, I comman's um, es a license 'bassader uv de gospill in regeler standin', not ter hole dar tongues now, else ter hole 'em eber arterwards."

Whispers and giggles went through the company, and the ceremony proceeded:

"Brudder Boston Patricks, does yer take dat dar 'oman fer yer lorful wife, ter lub an' ter cling ter, tell deaf does part yer boff, perviden, ob cou'se," he said, parenthetically, "dat yer ain't sole way off from her?"

"I does."

"Sister Silvy Colemans, do yer take dis pusson es is by yer side ter be yer lorful 'usband, ter lub an' ter sarve, tell de grabe comes atween yer, perviden, ob cou'se, yer all ain't sole 'way from one anudder?"

"I does."

"Den I now pernounces dat boff dese two pussons is one flesh; dat dey is boff 'usband an' wife; an' dat which I now jines togadder let no man put ter sunder;" and, stepping forward, he joined the couple's hands. "De Lord bress boff yer all! Amen!"

"Amen!" was responded from every part of the room, and Aunt Silva was married.

"A beautiful discoursé, brudder Musgrove!" said the bride, shaking hands with the minister.

"An' jist suted ter de 'casion," added the bridegroom.

"He's a mighty smart man!" said somebody else. "Got er heap er l'arnin'."

"Whar's dat Barb'ry?" asked Aunt Silva.

"Here me is," answered Barbary, from a chest in the corner where, with Sukey, she had perched herself, for a better view of the assembly.

"Come yer, Barb'ry Allen!"

"I reckons she is gwyne ter make me 'quainted wid my fiff paw," said Barbary Allen, at which all about her giggled.

"What yer laff fer, in de middle ub dat solum discou'se, ye onrev'rent young pusion?" demanded the bride, severely.

"I dun know; I reckons it wus 'cause brudder Musgrove say boff yer alls wus one piece er flesh," and Barbary giggled again.

"Well, yer jist march an' take off dat new caliker, an' go ter bed."

"An' can't I hab none uv de cake, an' candy, an' resons?" and her face was drawn into a piteous pucker, and great tears rained down her cheeks. "Please, daddy, ax her ter let me stay."

"Jist let her stay, my lub," said Boston, patronizingly; "de po' chile is been ner-lected; I's gwyne ter take her in han', an' 'deavor ter larn her some sense."

"Yer better 'sider what yer's talkin' 'bout. Her's broke inter de harness fust rate, kase I al'ays knowed jist how ter manage my childun; an' a bery sensible chile Barb'ry Allen is, too."

Here Mrs. Coleman interfered, and settled the matter, much to Barbary's satisfaction. Then old and young played "Chase the squirrel." A ring was formed by the company joining hands; a woman represented the squirrel, a man her pursuer. In and out dodged and dived the squirrel, all the company singing,

"Can't catch squirrel, um tun toodle dum!" one playing the measure on a violin, and another "patting Juba." After a time, in

spite of the repeated prophecies that he could not catch the squirrel, the pursuer, of course, overtook her. But instead of being torn to pieces by him, she was heartily kissed, amid uproarious merriment, and another chase was begun between two others, the woman choosing her pursuer. Then there was dancing, in which some of the men performed marvelous feats of jumping over their own heads. But this Sukey did not see, for with her mother she left the scene when the first squirrel chase was ended, wishing that she could stay to supper, and have a taste of the candy in which her "six bits" had been invested.

WHAT WERE HOME WITHOUT THE BABY.

BY EMILY J. BUGBEE.

What were home without the baby,
With its soft, unclouded eyes,
Looking down into the spirit
Like an angel from the skies?

Every morn its life unfoldeth
Something wonderful and new;
Oh! the sinless morn of childhood—
What more beautiful and true?

Little thing of joy and beauty,
Here, and there, and everywhere,
Filling all the house with sunshine,
Gleaming from its golden hair.

Keeping thoughts and fingers busy,
Chasing shadows from the heart;
Smoothing down each ruffled feeling—
Little one, this is thy part.

What were home without the baby?
Ask the father as he feels
Dimpled arms his neck entwining,
With such wondrous power to heal!

Coming from his rough encounter
With the world's corroding strife,
What a soothing spell comes o'er him,
From the baby's blameless life!

What were home without the baby?
Could ye brook the silence drear,
If its voice of thrilling music
Never more could echo here?—

If the rosy cheek had faded,
And the fringed lids drooping o'er
Eyes that in their starry beauty
Looked into your own no more?

Ah! the little ones are going
In such long processions home
To the Father's blessed mansions,
Where the shadows cannot com-

The Little Corporal.

AN ORIGINAL MAGAZINE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS, AND
FOR OLDER PEOPLE WHO HAVE YOUNG HEARTS.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER, EDITOR.

CHICAGO, MARCH, 1873.

FAIRY WORK.

One day last spring, when the violets were blossoming—blue, white, and yellow—and the woods and moist places were full of lovely growths, we brought home a basket of budding violets, little plummy ferns, and clumps of wood-moss, and made an indoor garden in a long box. It was a constant delight through the spring and summer; for the violets blossomed in wonderful profusion, the ferns unrolled plume after plume, and pretty little creepers ran over the sides of the box, and matted the green moss into a carpet. Gradually, however, the green ranks thinned, and in the fall, just before the hard October frosts, we filled up all the chinks with a fresh stock of ferns, hoping to keep them beautiful for winter. But it was of little use; they soon faded, and only a box of dry, black earth was left. Explore it with your fingers, and you found nothing but here and there a little knob that had been a tuft of violets, and a few black thready roots that might have belonged to the ferns.

"Throw it out," said the Prime Minister.

"Wait and see what will come of it," said the Privy Counselor; "perhaps we may learn how Nature does her gardening."

So the box was covered as well as might be with some great shells piled over it, and for three long months it waited. Then, about the middle of January, the whole surface was covered with moss—little green trees, such as grow on old logs in wet places—and every day the whole was thoroughly sprinkled with warm water.

What do you think has come of it? To-

day, February 4th, strong fern-leaves, from one to two inches in length, are pushing through the moss; and if you lift it a little, you will see that the soil is almost full of the starting fronds, rolled up in cunning little fuzzy balls, while every brown knob of a violet-root shows the points of tender green leaves in the center. This is not all. Every day, as we explore our fairy-garden, we find some tiny young plant lifting its head to the light, and we watch and wonder what it will grow into. This morning, when the sunshine was brightest, a pair of keen eyes spied an exquisite little creature, hardly larger than the head of a pin, balancing his slender body and airing his atoms of rainbow-wings on the tip of a delicate leaf. A genuine fairy as ever was born! no doubt he was wondering what had happened to the steady old earth, that he should be roused so soon from his winter's nap.

We love the sweet primroses, and hyacinths, and the splendid calla-lilies that make the glory of the plant-stand; but after all, the box of ferns and mosses is the genuine fairy-garden, where with our own eyes we can see the daily working of the miracles of birth and growth. Who knows but the violets will blossom, and the delicate vines, all sprinkled with white stars, that seemed to vanish like magic, root and branch—who knows but they may have left some dainty little ghosts of their fair selves that will come trooping out of the soil by and by? There's a possibility of liverwort and wild strawberry, and yellow five-finger, and houstonia with its innocent baby-face. Ah! no; you and I cannot tell what may grow yet from the old box where the fairies are at work.

MOVING-DAY.

All my young folks will laugh, and all their elders will groan at the thoughts suggested by moving-day.

The confusion and excitement, the tearing up and putting down, the new places to explore, the impromptu dinners and sup-

pers, and irregular beds, are all delightful to the children, however dreadful they may seem to others.

But this is not at all the kind of a moving-day I mean.

If you had been a Chinese boy, you would have been taught all about it, as soon as you were able to understand anything. As for the girls, nobody in China thinks them worth the trouble of teaching; but the boy would have been taught that his body was only the house into which his soul had moved for a few years. The queer little brown baby was not supposed to have a new soul of his own, but one perhaps a thousand years old, that had lived in twenty different houses, and might keep moving on, nobody knew how long. There was no telling what kind of a house one's soul might move into next. Perhaps when the emperor died his soul might move into a donkey; it all depended on how one behaved himself. Think of the poor old beast munching his musty straw, and bearing blows and burdens, and all the time remembering the days when he wore silken robes, dined off a golden platter, and had his servants beaten and beheaded for his pleasure! The lame beggar, holding out his dirty hand for charity, fully believes that his soul once dwelt in the body of some rich man, who cruelly broke the leg of a fowl, and so was punished by being born lame himself.

Do you think this is all nonsense? Well, perhaps it is; but I am sure there must be one good thing about it. A boy would not be likely to amuse himself by tormenting a helpless animal, if he thought he might have a chance before long of trying such a life himself. I have just seen a thing from my window that made me wish for such a moving-day. Two great heavy boys compelling a dog not half so large as either of them, to drag them on a sled along a bare plank walk. Wouldn't I like to see them try moving into the dog's house for a little while! I think there would be room for both their souls; and I am sure they would not need a second lesson. And when I go

through the city streets, and see all along the sidewalks the boxes full of live chickens crowded and gasping, pushing their pretty heads through the slats, and struggling for air and room, I wonder if the people who send them to market ever heard of a moving-day. For most certainly the poor heathen over in China are more than half right with their superstition; and there will come a day to every one of us, when the soul will move out of its house, and its next tenement will depend greatly on how it lived in the first one. King Alfred once lived in a peasant's hut, but he was the king for all that; and the soul may live in a very mean house of clay, and yet be right royal, and come some day to dwell in its father's palace. The beggar may be a king; and in the most beautiful mansion may live a soul so dwarfed and deformed by selfishness and cruelty, that by and by, when the mansion falls in ruins, it will be fit only for a lower and not a higher place. The emperor may be only a donkey.

MAKE A BEGINNING.

The boys are building a snow fort. You all know how they do it, and how rapidly the little balls that they shape and squeeze in their hands grow into big ones, when they once start them to roll. They gather up all they touch, and by the time they have made the circuit of the garden, it takes two pairs of hands to push them along to the fortification.

The trouble with almost everything is in making a beginning. Once get a start, and everything seems to help. If you have an ambition to make a geological or botanical collection, secure one or two specimens, and see how unexpectedly treasures will come right to your hand. If you desire to secure a library of choice books, begin with one or more volumes, and then add to these from time to time, as you may be able. And so it is with everything you do; make a beginning now, and you will be surprised to see how soon success will come.



Port Byron. "Dear Prudy: I thought I would tell you about a blue-jay that came under our oak tree in the early part of the winter, and commenced eating acorns. Some of them he carried to a snow-ball bush, and would pick up leaves and cover them. Did you know they would do so? I guess it was putting them away for some other time. I hope your new pocket is strong; but if it wears thin had n't you better mend it? for mamma tells me 'a stitch in time saves nine.'" GRACIE LYFORD."

Thank you, Gracie, for sharing mamma's good advice with Prudy. No, Prudy never heard of that curious habit of the jay, and so she has learned something new.

Hyile Park. "Dear Prudy: We think 'Uncle Dick's Legacy' is splendid. My brother says he would like to be one of the boys to go with Steve, and we are anxious to get the next number, to see how they get on." EDDIE W."

Aurora. "The letter from the little girl in Peking interested me very much. I wish she would write again. It seems so queer that the children away off there should be reading the same stories that we do." MAMIE K. WILLS."

Niles. "Dear Prudy: I like to see the picture-stories. I am four years old." BERTIE."

Very nicely printed.

"Dear Prudy: Jassie and I got our money for THE CORPORAL by setting traps and catching quails. We live in the country. It is so nice to live in the country and hear the birds sing of a bright spring morning. Our dear mother and our oldest brother died five years ago." JOHN AND JASSIE FENNELL."

Waynesville. "Dear Prudy: I am delighted with both my chromos, but I think I like the 'Little Run-away' best. I wish I had both the children here alive." E. L. YOCUM."

Lancaster. "Dear Prudy: My teacher takes THE CORPORAL, and at the end of the year she has it bound and gives it away as a prize. I got the volume for two years, and I like it so much I asked papa to subscribe for 1873. I was afraid you had forgotten me, but it came at last, and the chromos are so beautiful." BESSIE ATLEE."

Canola. "Dear Prudy: There were twelve Indians camped in our timber last fall. Whenever we went to their camp they would bring out beads and ribbons and try to trade them. They could not talk

much English. One day they had one of their babies washed real nice, and dressed in a red frock, trimmed with black velvet, and it looked most as pretty as a white baby. The squaws do all of the hard work, and the men do nothing but hunt."

"ALPHA HARMIN."

Bangor. "Dear Prudy: We have taken THE CORPORAL ever since it was published, and we prize our beautiful chromos, but half the pleasure we expected to take in them is gone, because our dear papa, who loved THE CORPORAL as well as we do, died a few days before we received them. He was a soldier during the war, and now he has gone to rest."

"WILLIE PEARSON."

Pueblo. "Dear Prudy: My father is an officer in the army, and we have been living in sight of the Rocky Mountains for nearly three years. Last summer we took our tents and lived in camp near the foot of Pike's Peak. Oh! what a jolly time we had! I should hate to go back East and leave the grand old mountains. We have a little baby brother, not much bigger than a prairie dog. He is so red and funny, and does not seem to know what to do with his hands." ERIC ELDERKIN."

Waterville. "Dear Prudy: Suppose we form a 'Little Corporal Temperance Society,' and ask all the boys and girls who take THE CORPORAL to join it. What do you think about it? And please tell me if you have been to the Yosemite Valley lately?"

"CHARLIE A. PIEKCE."

Prudy approves heartily of the Temperance Society; but she recommends the little folks of every school or neighborhood to form a league among themselves. No, Prudy never was so happy as to visit the Yosemite Valley.

Ridge Road. "Dear Prudy: Mother says I must thank you for the beautiful chromos. I suppose you know that Niagara county is noted for its fruit. We have lots of it, especially peaches. Does Prudy like peaches? Perhaps I will write, sometime, and tell you about ours." FRANK COLE."

If Prudy ever gets into that peach country Frank will not need to ask such a question.

A little friend in Trealatin, Oregon, sends Prudy some beautiful green mosses, of varieties quite new to her.

Edward S. Burgess, of Panama, N. Y., also sends a very fine collection of mosses, neatly mounted upon photograph cards, and offers to exchange spe-

cimens with any one interested in making such collections.

Alba. "Dear Prudy: I have a little brother only three years old, who sings very prettily, and knows all his alphabet."

Melamora. "Dear Prudy: I send you a picture of my brother Frank in his first pants, and my sister Laura and myself. Frank is a big boy now, and wants skates and suspenders, and thinks he knows as much as any boy in town. I must thank you again for my croquet set, and my nice portfolio, either of which would have paid me for all my trouble in getting up a club. When I think of the 'Little Bare Feet in the Snow,' I feel as if I had more than my share of comforts and presents, with my nice home, and plenty to eat and wear. I should like to know who Prudy is, but I will not ask her, for I know she will not tell me. NELLIE WIKOFF."

Prudy has received a great many nice pictures from her little friends lately, and thanks you all for them.

Franklin. "Dear Prudy: This year I made money enough by selling oranges from my own tree that grandma gave me, to pay for THE CORPORAL."
"AGNES MAY SMITH."

Barnard. "Dear Prudy: My big brother says Prudy writes the letters in THE CORPORAL herself, but I tell him he will be surprised when he sees this one printed. I have made a train of cars according to the directions in Private Queer, and painted the engine. I made four cars, and I am going to make some more.
O. G. ELLIS."

If that big brother could see the pile of letters on Prudy's desk at this moment, *one hundred and fifteen* of them that cannot be used for lack of room, he would say she must be very stupid to try to write any herself. No, boys and girls, don't you believe any such thing. The letters are genuine, and all Prudy does is to strike out part of the long ones, so that she may make room for more of her correspondents.

Plainfield. "My Dear Prudy: I have just taken THE LITTLE CORPORAL for the first time. My papa has talked so much about it that I thought I would subscribe. I am a little corporal myself sometimes, and go about the house with a real wooden gun and sword that papa made. My drum, that Uncle Will gave me last Christmas, is busted, and I have nothing to make a noise with, but I am learning to whistle. You ask us boys what we think of the new pocket the artist made for you. It is much nicer than the old one, but why did the artist make the N backward on that ink bottle behind your easy chair? Please ask him for
"JAMIE MARSH LEONARD,
"A SIX-YEAR-OLD RECRUIT."

Wassonville. "Dear Prudy: This is from Nettie and me. We can't write very well, so ma writes for us. I go to school. Nettie is seven; she stays home and takes care of Ida; she was two last month; she sings lots of tunes and some words; 'Here we stand,' 'Happy Day,' 'Away to School,' and others. When she was ten months old she could whistle. We wrote to you about it, but you did n't print it. Ma teaches school, and we sing real many nice pieces. We had spelling-school the night before New Years, and sang 'Happy New Year,' the last thing. Nettie reads nights, and will go to school next summer. We live close to English river, and the Indians come

here every year to trap and hunt, and the squaws go round begging. Once a squaw brought a papoose to our house; she carried it on her back, and it was most naked. Ma gave it a dress, and a piece of bread with butter, sugar and strawberries on. She put the berries in the baby's mouth, and threw away the butter and sugar. I am nine. Good-bye.
"EVA HAGAMAN."

Westport, Essex Co., N. Y. "Dear Prudy: I am printing a little paper, and I want all the boys and girls to send me something for it. I want that little girl that likes to write stories so well and Rose Pearl, and every one that can, to send me something.
"LINA H. BARTON."

"P. S.—What do you think of my printing?"

It is very neat, indeed.

Elysburg. "Dear Prudy: I have an uncle living in the coal regions. I went once to see a coal-breaker. Did you ever see one? They are wonderful. Uncle showed us an instrument used to bore through solid rock. The face of it was a large black diamond, like the one used to make the famous tunnel in Switzerland. Why is a black diamond harder than a white one?
PRUDY R. STOUT."

Philadelphia. "Dear Prudy: Our house is near the spot where the treaty was made between William Penn and the Indians, and my great, great grandfather was with William Penn at the time.
"NELLIE FILSON."

Who can tell when this treaty was made?

Pleasantville. "Dear Prudy: We had a nice time on Christmas. Instead of a tree, we had a ship to bring our presents. It was a real ship, with sails, and a red, white and blue streamer. She looked beautiful as she hove in sight, with her heavy cargo of presents for teachers and scholars. There was a captain and sailor on board. When she cast anchor the captain handed the superintendent a letter from Santa Claus, to explain why he could n't be there.
"BERTHA L. CONNELLY."

Mt. Vernon. "Dear Prudy: My father gets THE LITTLE CORPORAL as an exchange for his paper, and my brother and I get the reading of it. He gets several other exchanges, but I like THE CORPORAL best. Some children wish it would come weekly, but I wish it would come daily. I am seven years old, and do not know much about different parts of the world, but I would like to see Chicago, as I have some cousins there; and ever since the great fire I have thought I would like to see the 'burnt district.'
"JULIA M. ABBOTT."

San Buenaventura. "Dear Prudy: I have taken THE CORPORAL a year, and like it very much, although I have never written to tell you so before. I live in Southern California, where the birds sing and the flowers bloom all winter. I suppose it would seem strange to the girls and boys of Chicago to see the fields green at this season. Not only the fields, but the hills also are now covered with verdure. And if you were here, I could treat you to strawberries fresh from the vines, and gather you a bouquet from our garden. This (Santa Clara) valley is twelve miles wide and twenty long, surrounded on three sides by mountains, and on the other by the ocean. Our house is situated on a slight elevation, at the foot of some high rolling hills, and the whole valley is spread out before us, with the ocean beyond, where we see vessels passing every day. I have tried hard to get up a club for THE CORPORAL, but have failed so far, but do not intend to give it up. I will stop, for fear my letter gets too long to go into your pocket. Good-bye.
"ALFRED P. WALBRIDGE."



CONDUCTED BY PRIVATE QUERER.

PASSE PARTOUT FRAMES.

Don't be frightened by that French name, girls; it is n't half so hard as it looks, and the things themselves are easy to make, and exceedingly pretty to frame small engravings, chromos or photographs.

Take the picture you want to frame, and cut off the margin till just the size you want the whole to be. Now measure it, and get a glass just that size. You can buy common window glass for a few cents, and any glazier will cut it for you; but you must select a clear pane. Next, cut a piece of pasteboard—the stiffest you can get—to the same size. On the back of the pasteboard, a little above the middle, sew a strong loop, of braid or cord, to hang it up by.

Now, having washed your glass, lay it on a table; on that lay your picture, face down; on the picture place the pasteboard, with the loop up. Slip a string under each end of the whole, and tie them tight, about two inches from the ends, to hold the parts in place while you bind them together. Now cut two strips of either narrow black ribbon, black paper, or gilt paper, an inch wide, and just the length of one end of your picture. Lay this binding, face down, on the table, and cover the back with stiff glue. Turn the picture face up, and lay the glued binding across one end of the glass, letting it reach over the glass about one-third of its width. Having pressed it carefully to the glass, turn the picture on its edge and press the binding on to the edge of the glass and pasteboard, and then over on to the back. Hold it till it sticks, and then do the same for the bottom of the picture. When these are stiff enough to hold, take off the two strings, and finish the sides in the same way. Be sure to have the binding long enough to go over the ends, and while wet cut off the extra and press down the edges. When the whole is dry, hang it up by the loop, and you will be surprised to see how much it will look like the passe partout frames, for which you pay a good price at the picture dealer's. If you live in a town where you can get an oval mat, of some delicate color, to put over the picture, it looks still more like the frames you buy.

I know a young lady who is in the habit of framing in this way, every pretty engraving and photograph that comes into the house. In consequence, the walls are quite filled with pictures, none of which cost more than a few cents to frame. *H. M. M.*

No. 17—PUZZLE.

One-ninth of a nectarine, one-fifth of a peach, one-fourth of a pear, one-sixth of an orange, one-seventh of an apricot, one-tenth of a strawberry, equals what fruit? *M. M. H.*

No. 18—CHARADE.

In my first, by night or day,
Swiftly you glide without delay;
It bears my second o'er the land
With lightning speed, none can withstand.
My whole, a flower of sweetness rare,
Unfolds its buds in the summer air. *M. M. H.*

No. 19—RIDDLE.

I wake the silence of the night;
I warn my friends at every sight
Of foes or beasts of prey.
I keep my place through all the year,
Close to each tree, though brown and sear,
And cannot run away.
I sail upon the placid lake,
And o'er the stream my journey take,
With many a party gay.
Now what is this that warns in time,
Is seen and known in every clime,
On every tranquil bay? *D. O. Uno.*

No. 20—WORD SQUARE.

Bargained.
Above.
A girl's name.
A bad thing to take

No. 21—INITIALS AND FINALS.

A narrow, pleasant country on the South Pacific strand;
A city in fair France, nearly like one in our land;
A State of which that city the capital must be:
No word in all our language but to uncure now serves me.
The State whose wide-awake folks first see sunrise,
I've a notion,
And a bay that into Asia comes from the Indian ocean;
A mountain range that Europe safe out of Asia keeps;
A lone isle where a hero once slept, no longer sleeps.
Initials make the name of him whose sails were furled
When o'er the pathless sea he found a strange, new world;
My finals spell her name who gems and jewels gave
To buy the ships that brought him across the western wave.

No. 22—CHARADE.

My first is in air, also in light,
My second is in noon, but not in night.
My third is in want, also in wish.
My fourth is in whale, but not in fish.
My whole is a Western State. *Jasper Bines.*

No. 23—CHARADE.

In silence, all the star-lit summer hours,
My first distills upon the grateful summer flowers,
And cools the fevered earth more oft than showers.

On rainy days, beneath the vocal eaves,
My second fall, or hang upon the leaves,
When dreary fog his dripping mantle weaves.

As pale as beads of pearl by moon-lit night,
As clear as diamonds in the morning light,
As pure as childish eyes, as sweet and bright
As pity's tears, on every leafy screen.
And blooming spray, and tender blade of green.
My whole are in their simple beauty seen. *D. D. H.*

No. 24—ENIGMA.

Take from music all that 's sad,
Take from devil all that 's bad,
What you make of what remains
You will notice when it rains.

No. 25—ENIGMA.

A word of one syllable and one vowel, makes more words in common use than any other that we know of. *R. W.*

No. 26—CHARADE.

My first oft dwell in solitude,
With scanty fare, and garments rude,
Yet ready stand to help and stay
The weary traveler on his way.

My last of silk and wool is made,
Of every shape and every shade,
Protecting from the storms and cold,
The heads of many, young and old.

My whole is found in gardens fair,
With bloom and fragrance everywhere,
Growing on branches green and high,
Wearing the color of the sky. *M. M. H.*

No. 27—CHARADE.

First.

I'm silent, subtle, brilliant, swift,
The day dawn brings no better gift.

Second.

Man's hands erect me, yet I spread
A strong protection o'er his head.

Whole.

On wind-worn cliff, or sea-ribbed sand,
A steady sentinel I stand.
Far o'er the waves my warning gleams,
And seamen bless my faithful beams. *D. D. H.*

CORRECT ANSWERS.

Correct answers were sent by the following persons: Adella Prescott, Allie Warren, Eddie J. Moore, Emily A. Wagers, Chas. P. Lockhart, Willie Reeve, Arthur L. Beardsley, Ora Thompson, Alfred P. Walbridge, John W. Stubblefield, G. H. Hicks, Thomas B. Cromley, Nellie Cornean, Carrie Dusenber, Geo. J. Bridgeman, Hattie H. Wright, Clara F. Wright, Josie T. Gould, Carrie E. McNutt, A. Greene, John Tenney, Adelbert G. Morgan.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES, ETC., IN
FEBRUARY NUMBER.

No. 10.—Hidden Countries—China; Germany; Spain; Guinea; Cuba; Italy; India; Norway; Siam; Chili; Alaska; Japan; Peru; Canada; Wales; Iceland; America; Denmark; Portugal.

No. 11.—Enigma—Titusville.

No. 12.—Charade—Winter Winds.

No. 13.—Charade—Ring; rat; star; gin; gnat; sail; rag; snarl; nag; tag. Starling.

No. 14.—Geographical Enigma—Ohio; Seine; Nile; Rhine; Yellow. Henry Wilson.

No. 15.—Regions Under a Fog—Bootan; Andaman; Rome; Tyrol; Oude; Rewa; Hanover; Abasia; Asia; China; Anam; Canada; Yemen; Denmark; Mysia; Savoy; Orissa; Italy; Germany; Iceland; Baden; India; Anhalt; Majorca; Armenia; Rumolia; Forfar; Norway; Sweden; Wales; Indostan; Congo; Oldenburg; Asem; Erin.

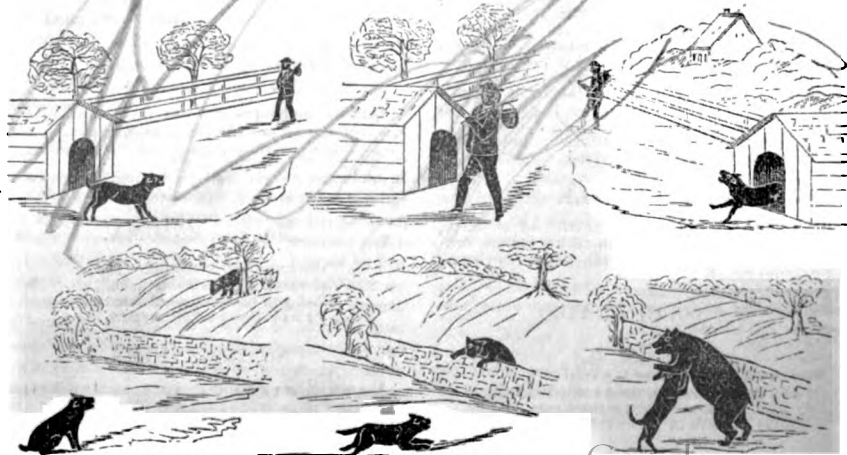
No. 16.—Charade—Ice; sickle. Icicle.

TRANSLATION TO PICTURE STORY
No. 2.

Davy, who had learned to skate with odd skates belonging to his big brothers, was at last happy with a new pair of his own; and in his joy ran nearly all the way to the pond, while his brothers followed more soberly. When he had buckled the skates on securely, he joined hands with a large ring of boys, who chased each other madly about. They played in this wild way, till they came to a thin place in the ice, or a crack, or something, and hapless Davy plunged through it into the ice-cold water, and giving a frightened scream, or perhaps two of them, he sank. When he was rising for the last time, some of the boys, who had fled to a farm-house near by, returned with a rope, made into a noose; the bravest of the boys dared to creep near enough to throw it over Davy's shoulders. Then the lads dragged the poor little fellow out, and helped him to the farm-house, where he found warmth, and comfort, and dry clothes. *E. K.*

PICTURE STORY NO. 3—TWO KINDS OF COURAGE.

Translation will be given next month.



The Little Corporal.

TERMS—\$1.50 a year. Single Numbers 15 cents.

JOHN E. MILLER,

Publisher and Proprietor,

No. 165 West Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

THE POSTAGE on the LITTLE CORPORAL is three cents a quarter, or 12 cents a year, payable quarterly at the P. O. where the magazine is received.

CHICAGO, MARCH, 1873.

NOT TOO LATE

TO RAISE A CLUB.

The new chromos given to each subscriber make the work of raising clubs an easy thing. If you have not yet begun a club, do so at once, before everybody has subscribed for something else. We do not want you to work for nothing. We will pay you for your labor, either in beautiful premiums or in cash. Examine the List of Premiums and select what you want, and then go to work in earnest, and you will be surprised how soon you can raise a good club. Agents sometimes ask us if they can raise more than one club. Yes, two, three, just as many as you please, and we will pay you for every one of them. Begin a club now!

OUR CHROMOS.

Our beautiful premium chromos are giving universal satisfaction, and are pronounced by all the most liberal premium offered by any similar publication.

The pictures are 8x11 inches in size, and at the usual price of chromos at the art stores, they are worth about \$5.00 for the pair.

They are not merely cheap colored prints, but real Oleographs or Oil Chromos, made by the same artist who made our beautiful *Red Ridinghood and the Wolf*, and *Cherries are Ripe*.

It will be hard for a lover of children to decide which of these pictures is most to be admired. "MOTHER'S MORNING GLORY" is a lovely little girl, with her head crowned with flowers; one hand holds up the skirt of her dainty dress, which she is busily filling with buds and blossoms, and altogether she looks as sweet and fresh as her namesake. "LITTLE RUNAWAY" has evidently just crept out of bed to start on his travels, and is as bewitching as possible with the one little garment in which babies look their best. He peeps out through the tall wheat with blue eyes and dimpled cheeks, full of fun and frolic. Taken altogether, the pair are enough to captivate the hardest heart.

THE CHAMPION GYMNAST, advertised in another place, will be sent as a premium for two names, or sent by us, post paid, upon receipt of price, 25c.

THE LITTLE CORPORAL FOR 1873.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

The price of THE LITTLE CORPORAL is \$1.50 per annum, including our pair of oil chromos, "MOTHER'S MORNING GLORY," and "LITTLE RUNAWAY." When the pictures are to be sent by mail, 10 cents extra must be sent, or \$1.60 in all. When 25 cents extra is sent, or \$1.75 in all, the pictures will be sent, post paid, mounted, sized and varnished, ready for framing. This is the most desirable form to have them, as but few persons are able to prepare chromos properly for framing.

CLUB TERMS.—To clubs of five or more names received at one time, and all from the same place, we will send the chromos, mounted ready for framing, for 15 cents extra from each subscriber, instead of 25 cents. In such cases the chromos for the entire club will be sent in one package, pre-paid, to the agent who sends the club, or some other person designated, who will agree to distribute them to the proper subscribers. In this way the chromos will not only cost the subscribers less per pair, but will also be less liable to receive injury in the mails than when sent each pair by itself.

Remember that no additions can be made in single subscriptions, afterwards, at the club rates. Single names must be accompanied with \$1.75 to secure the mounted chromos.

BOUND VOLUMES.

We can furnish all the numbers of THE LITTLE CORPORAL, bound in neat style, at the following prices:

Old series, complete in one book, from July, 1865, to June 1870, five years, cloth.....\$5.50

Sent, prepaid, by mail or express, for 50 cents extra.

Vol. 11, new series, July to December, 1870....\$1.50
Vol. 12 and 13, new series, Jan. to Dec. 1871.... 2.25
" 14 and 15, " " " " " 1872.... 2.25

Sent, post paid, to any address, for 25 cents a volume extra. Address JOHN E. MILLER, Publisher, 165 West Washington street, Chicago.

THE GLOBE MICROSCOPE, advertised in this number, and offered as a premium on our new list, is one of the best low-priced instruments we have ever seen. In a family of children it will afford an endless amount of amusement and instruction. Objects for examination can easily be obtained and prepared in a few minutes. A few prepared objects, however, will be found very interesting and desirable to have on hand for ready examination. We can send one dozen mounted objects by mail, post paid, upon receipt of \$1.50, or we will send the microscope and one dozen mounted objects, prepaid, by mail or express, upon receipt of \$3.75. When you send your order, please state whether you wish the instrument to be sent by mail or express.

CHURCH REVENUE.

We have just issued from the press a Financial Schedule for the use of Churches, Sabbath-schools, and other societies raising money by weekly or monthly contributions, by what is termed the *Envelope System*. Churches which have adopted this plan for raising revenue have nearly doubled their income, have greatly increased their membership, and put themselves upon a self-sustaining basis.

The Financial Schedule is prepared for a membership of about 400, and will answer for one year—for churches of less members it will last two or three years. The price of the Schedule alone is \$1.50, sent post paid. Printed envelopes \$2.25 per thousand; and plain \$1.50 per thousand. Address Publisher "Little Corporal."

UNCLE DICK'S LEGACY, by Mrs. Miller, was begun in the November number of last year. All new subscribers will receive a supplement containing the first chapters of the story.

EMERSON'S BINDER.—This binder consists of stiff board slides, with flexible back, gilt title, and is in appearance precisely like the cover of a regularly bound book. Every reader of THE CORPORAL should have one of these—the only binder that binds the numbers of the magazine as received, and holds them in a perfect vise; and when the year is completed serves as a *permanent binding*, as firm, durable, and neat, externally, as a regularly bound book.

The price of the binder is 50c., to be had at this office, or sent, post paid, upon receipt of the price.

PERSONS who have sent only \$1.50 for THE CORPORAL for 1873, can have the chromos by sending 10 cents for the pair unmounted, or 25 cents for them mounted.

THE SCHOOL FESTIVAL is published by Alfred L. Sewell, 159 South LaSalle street, Chicago, and has not been connected with THE CORPORAL since January, 1870. All letters on Festival matters should be addressed to Mr. Sewell as above, and not to us. As no number of the Festival has been issued for some time, we are not able to club it with THE CORPORAL for this year.

A WONDERFUL MICROSCOPE.

The Marshall (Michigan) *Statesman* says: "We have recently seen one of the celebrated 'Globe Microscopes,' an instrument of great value to those desiring a good magnifier, but who are deterred by the high figures of the opticians. Hitherto, microscopes of no higher magnifying power than the 'Globe,' could not be had for less than \$25 to \$50; but this instrument, which enlarges 100 diameters, sells for \$2.50. It is commended by competent authorities as the very best cheap microscope ever invented.

It seems to have come at an opportune period, for we observe everywhere an increasing interest in microscopy. But we speak of the 'Globe' as an instrument for the people. Any one can use it; and the subjects for examination are at hand by thousands. What, to the unaided vision appears but a speck—an uninteresting object—stands under the lens many hundred times enlarged, every feature distinctly visible, and its whole organism revealed. The microscope is an educator. It should be in every school. An hour's study of objects under a good microscope is worth weeks of study from books merely. It is said that a little lady of ten years, with a 'Globe Microscope,' actually acquired a fuller and more correct knowledge of fifty insects in six weeks, than was possessed by a learned professor, an entomologist of thirty years' experience, and principal of a neighboring seminary. We also saw the wonderful microphotograph of the Lord's Prayer, which, in a dot about the size of this [], contains 268 letters, plainly legible under the lens." If any of our readers desire to possess this microscope, they will receive it promptly by return mail, post paid, by sending \$2.75 to JOHN E. MILLER, Publisher "Little Corporal," 165 West Washington street, Chicago.

BOOK NOTICES.

It is unfortunate for the children of noted individuals that they are expected to sustain the reputation of their parents; and in some sense it is unfortunate for a writer to have produced a prize book, since it is hardly allowed to stand on its own merits. *Evening Rest*, which has just been issued by D. Lothrop & Co., as their thousand dollar prize volume, might be called a pleasant, readable story; but, judged by any high standard, we are compelled to say that the style is stilted and unnatural, and the book abounds in careless grammatical inaccuracies. It is decidedly inferior to most of the publications of this house. Price \$1.50. W. G. Holmes, Chicago.

Robert Carter & Brothers, New York, publish *The White Rabbit*, No. 3 of Joanna H. Mathews' new series for little folks, which seems to improve with every issue. \$1.10. W. G. Holmes, Chicago.

Songs for Our Darlings, from the press of J. E. Tilton & Co., New York, is a good collection of poems and rhymes, that can hardly fail to please the little ones.

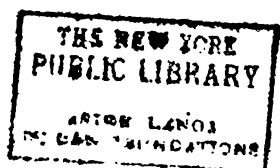
From Roberts Bros., Boston, we have *Shawl Straps*, a racy volume, by Miss Alcott, in which she narrates the adventures of three girls, who undertook to travel through Europe alone, and succeeded to their entire satisfaction. The book has the merit of dealing with entertaining personal experience, and not with guide-book stupidities.

We have already noticed *What Katy Did*, from the same publishers, one of the pleasantest and best of the holiday books. Susan Coolidge is an admirable writer for the young, and with Addie Ledyard's illustrations, the book is sure of success.

Very Young Americans, by Laura Ledyard, is also prettily illustrated by the same artist, and contains some pretty little rhymes and stories, and others not at all to our taste.

The Tall Student, is a translation of a funny German squib, with ludicrous illustrations of what befel when the tall student took down the moon to polish it with his handkerchief.

The Doll World Series, by Mrs. Robert O'Reiley, is worthy of the very highest praise. We have seen nothing better in the juvenile line. Three volumes in a box. \$3.00. All from the press of Roberts Bros.





THE EARLY SONGSTER.

THE LITTLE CORPORAL.

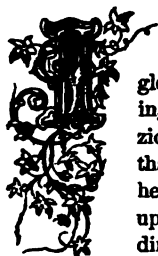
FIGHTING AGAINST WRONG; AND FOR THE GOOD, THE TRUE, AND THE BEAUTIFUL.

VOL. XVI.—APRIL, 1873.—No. 4.

UNCLE DICK'S LEGACY.

BY MRS. EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

CHAPTER VIII.



SAIAH Douds, without his helmet and green goggles, was really a kindly-looking man, with a shrewd, quizzical expression about his eyes, that made you feel sure that he could not be easily imposed upon. He presided at the dinner-table in a gay flowered dressing-gown of an immense pattern, the sleeves of which were made of a different stuff from the body, while his head was covered by a close-fitting skull-cap, knit from red cotton. He looked so like a picture Archie had seen of the wise men of Gotham who went to sea in a bowl, that once or twice he found himself neglecting his dinner to look at him; and was quite confused when Mr. Douds suddenly turned his keen eyes upon him and asked,

"Well, young man, how do you like me?"

Archie blushed, but answered frankly,

"I like you very well, but I think you have a funny dressing-gown and cap. I did not mean to stare, though."

"Stare all you like—they are funny," said the old man, evidently pleased with Archie's reply; "it's rather a pity to waste

them on an old fellow like me, though, when they'd fit out an Indian chief with robes of state."

"Old Dinah stole the sleeves," said Hattie, "one day when she came here to sell baskets. Mamma was making the gown, and Dinah begged and begged for some of the calico; but there was only just enough, so mamma had to say no. But after she had gone we hunted everywhere for the piece for the sleeves, and never could find it, and the next week Dinah came to the store with a little shawl around her shoulders of the very same calico."

"Could n't you make her give it up?" said Raymond.

"Not without trouble," said Mrs. Lester. "I put my hand on the calico and said very sadly, 'Bad Dinah, steal; Great Spirit angry.' But the old woman said, 'No, no; good white squaw give old Dinah shawl; Great Spirit glad; love Dinah; love white squaw.'"

"So you see," said Mr. Douds, "they had to make some yellow sleeves for my red gown, and they do just as well. I can't see why a red gown must have red sleeves, can you?"

"I wish so much I could see a regular

Indian camp," said Archie; "I never saw so much as one Indian."

"They're a miserable, lazy, thieving set," said Mr. Douds; "not worth the trouble of making over; preaching runs off from their greasy skins like water from a duck's back; I never saw one yet—"

"Don't forget little Peep-of-Day," said Mrs. Lester, interrupting him.

"I have n't forgotten him," said the old man, with a good deal of excitement; "and that makes me hate the sneaking rascals all the more. Peep-of-Day died while he was little and good; if he'd grown up there's no telling what the rattlesnake blood would have done for him—poor little martyr!"

The boys were curious to learn something more of the story hinted at; but Mrs. Lester quickly changed the subject, and Mr. Douds settled into an absent mood for the rest of the meal.

After dinner Belle told them about Peep-of-Day as they sat under a big tree, on the very brink of the foaming little stream, dropping chips and leaves into the rapid water.

"It all happened before we came here, when uncle lived by himself in a queer little hut up in the woods. One night he heard a sort of low groaning from a shed behind the hut, and he took his gun and went out, thinking it was some wild animal.

What should he find but a little Indian boy, about ten years old, lying on the ground, wrapped in a dirty blanket. The little fellow was very sick with some dreadful disease that the Indians have, and half frozen, besides. Uncle took him in, and nursed him, and fed him, and never left him, until after awhile he began to get better. My grandfather went up to the Indian camp, and found they had all gone off for the winter, and left this poor little fellow to die. You see they believe that some bad spirit takes possession of sick people, and if they can't frighten it out with their pow-wow, they just go off and leave the camp.

"Of course uncle had to keep the boy all winter; and he was such a bright little fellow he grew very fond of him, and be-

gan to teach him to read. He taught uncle a good many things, too; Indian boys are real smart," said Belle, with a teasing glance at Archie.

"His name meant Peep-of-Day, and so uncle always called him; and mamma made him some clothes out of grandpa's, so that he looked quite respectable. One day in the spring he came to uncle in great excitement, and told him that his people had come back to the old camp. Sure enough, they were all back, but they would n't let poor little Peep-of-Day come near them, for fear he should bewitch them, or something. Uncle was glad enough to keep him; and a few days after that he went away to Big Bottoms and left him to take care of the house. It's most too bad to tell," said Belle, clenching her little fist with indignation; "but while uncle was gone, two great, horrid, drunken Indians came and tried to make Peep-of-Day tell them where uncle kept his powder. When he would n't show them they began to threaten him; but the brave little fellow held out until one of the Indians got angry and struck him down with his tomahawk. Uncle found him when he came back. He was n't quite dead; but the Indians were gone, and there was no law then, and only a few settlers, and nobody could punish them."

Belle's eyes were full of tears; but when she saw Hattie crying as if she never had heard the story before, she said, lightly,

"Well, there, Hattie, we've cried over poor little Peep more 'n twenty times, and if he'd lived he'd have been a great dirty Indian by this time."

"Maybe he'd have been nice," said Hattie, drying her eyes; "but I never can like Indians so very much. Papa preaches to them, and he says there's a great deal of good in them, if bad white men would let them alone."

"We can go over to Big John's camp if we like," said Belle; "it is n't very far, and I want to see if he's made Hattie's canoe yet."

The boys were pleased with the idea, and they all went back to the house to consult

Mrs. Lester, who readily consented, and filled a pretty red basket with biscuits and raspberry turnovers.

"I've got a plaything for Hatsee," said Belle, bringing out two empty spools strung upon a faded red ribbon; "did you know our Hattie had a little Indian namesake? Polly John named her last pappoose for her, but they call it Hat-see, which is much better than if they pronounced it right."

"I'll send Polly John a few dried raspberries and a lump of maple sugar," said Mrs. Lester.

"I would n't, mamma," said Belle; "they were too lazy to pick them when the woods were full, or they might have plenty."

But she took the berries and sugar, declaring her determination to make Polly John pay for them in baskets.

"Be sure you start home in good season, and do n't try to cross the pond," was Mrs. Lester's last injunction.

"Oh! mamma, it is such fun!" implored Hattie; "and I do n't believe the water is over my head anywhere!"

"I would rather not have you measure it," said her mother, and Hattie urged no further, but followed the rest around the edge of the pond, until they came to a rough bridge and crossed on to a dry ridge beyond. Along this ran a very good wood road, and they found it easy and pleasant walking for some distance. Raymond was entertaining the girls with an account of one of their home adventures, when he found to his surprise that they knew nothing about street cars.

"Of course not," said Hattie, laughing at Raymond's embarrassment; "do n't you know we never saw any kind of cars, or even an omnibus, and never in all our lives were in any place larger than Big Bottoms?"

"And never went to school a day," added Belle, with a grave, quiet way, that was like her mother. "Mamma says people never remember how much the home missionaries give up for their children as well as themselves, and that's the hardest part of the giving up for mamma; she do n't care half so much for herself."

"Mamma teaches us," said Hattie, "just as grandpa taught her most everything; and next year we're going away to stay with grandma Lester and go to school; I do n't see what mamma *will* do," sighed Hattie, dolefully.

"We'd better not talk about it," said Belle, decidedly; "here is the trail to big John's camp," and they left the wood road for an uncertain little track, that looked as if it might be very difficult to find without plenty of daylight.

In fact, Raymond wondered at the certainty with which Belle led the way when his eyes saw nothing that looked like a trail, but she proved a safe guide, and brought them safely to big John's camp. Before they came in sight three or four dogs ran yelping to meet them, and big John, who was stretched under a tree, raised his ugly head and stared silently at his visitors, and then withdrew into the privacy of his dirty blanket. Polly John was pounding away at the skin of some small animal, which she had stretched on a board, and half a dozen children tumbled about in the dirt, or stood with their little impish eyes fixed on the faces of the visitors.

"How do, Polly?" said Belle; and Polly smiled a gracious welcome, bringing out a buffalo mat and spreading it for the strangers.

"*Fleas!*" whispered Hattie, walking past the boys, as they were about to seat themselves, and they quickly took the hint and began examining a pile of really pretty baskets. An old squaw, with a short black pipe in her mouth, was cleaning fish, and the whole camp smelled of fish and offal.

"Buy?" said the old squaw, coming up to Raymond; "nice, good, mooch basket."

Raymond shook his head, and the old woman went into the wigwam and brought out a pair of soft moccasins, embroidered with gay beads and porcupine quills.

"Just the thing for Chloe," said Archie; "I wonder what we ought to pay for them?"

"Ask Belle," said Raymond: and Belle being appealed to, offered the regular mar-

ket price, and stood by it resolutely until the old squaw consented to take it, and handed over the moccasins with much grumbling. Archie also bought a queer little pin-cushion for Aunt Rachel, and bargained with big John for a regular Indian bow with arrows for Will. John promised to bring them to the house the next day and receive his money, and Hattie said warningly,

"Do n't you act the way you have about my canoe. I paid you for it in nice melons out of my very own garden, and you have n't made it yet; I do n't believe you ever mean to make it."

Big John opened his eyes half way, and said with a grin,

"So much more Hat-see teaze, so much more big John never will make."

Raymond felt very much like giving the great lazy fellow what the boys call a regular thrashing, but concluded it would hardly be prudent to undertake it; so he walked away to see Hat-see's namesake, who was contentedly sucking a rind of fat bacon, and could not be induced to take any notice of her little godmother.

They did not stay long in the camp, and Belle, seeing how hard Polly was working, was just about giving her the treat of berries and sugar, when her quick ear caught a new sound, a faint "eugh! eugh!" from a big kettle by the wigwam. Marching boldly up to it, she saw a wonderful sight—six little kittens rolling and tumbling over their mother.

"Oh, Hattie!" she screamed; "come quick! Kittens; a whole nest full of them!"

Hattie ran, and the boys followed to see the kittens in their queer nest.

"Oh, the darlings!" said Hattie; "what do you s'pose they want of 'em all?"

"To make soup of, I suppose," said practical Belle, while Hattie looked as horrified as if her sister had coolly spoken of using babies in the same fashion.

In less than three minutes Belle made a bargain with Polly John, exchanging her berries and sugar and one biscuit for a little gray kitten, the only one they would part with, having an eye, no doubt, to the fur

as well as to what it covered; and then they started home with the new treasure carefully tied up in Archie's handkerchief.

It was still early in the afternoon, but the ridge of land shut off the light a little, and Raymond found it still more puzzling to account for the way in which Belle followed the trail. When at last they came to a hollow lined with dead leaves, and holding a little water, Hattie stopped and said,

"Now let's wash off the smell of that dirty camp, and eat our lunch."

They washed in the little pool, and sat down upon the fallen trees to eat and chat, and grew quite merry over their talk, so that they hardly thought how time was passing. The kitten was left in her prison, with Raymond's hat turned over her for greater safety, until the lunch basket was empty.

"Now," said Belle, shaking out the last crumb; "my dear little catsey shall ride like a lady the rest of the way." But when the hat was lifted there was a torn handkerchief, with a knot in it, but no kitten. The little savage had made her way out with teeth and claws. Great was the outcry at the discovery, and the girls began searching in every direction, running after imaginary kittens into bushes and brambles, and coming at last to the conclusion that it was really of no use.

"She'll starve to death," said Hattie, mournfully.

"Oh, no; *she'll* do well enough," said Belle, as she walked mechanically forward, followed by all the rest; "she's a sort of Indian, and she'll go straight back to Polly John, and they'll stew her for supper this very night, for fear I'll come after her;" and Belle's voice was full of grief and indignation.

"Ought n't we to come to the wood road pretty soon?" suggested Raymond, meekly, feeling perfectly sure nothing but a witch could see the least trace of a path.

"Oh, dear!" said Belle, stopping short and turning a frightened face towards them; "I have n't once thought of the trail since I went after the kitten!"

OUT OF THE MUD.

BY JENNY BURR.

It is early March now, and the winds are blowing drearily over bare, desolate fields. The grass is brown and dead, and the trees are naked. Nothing seems to be going on in nature. The deep brook in the meadow that flows so still you scarce know it is there, is frozen over, and so is the pond. Children have been skating over them all winter, shouting and laughing, and never once thinking what may be hidden under the ice. And, indeed, if after a few days, when the ice is melted, we should look into the depths of the water, we should be likely to see nothing but black mud, and perhaps if we looked in the right places, great, black, tangled roots—some of them as big as one's arm.

Nothing very interesting in them.

But we all know that some of the most beautiful things in the world come from the homeliest and the ugliest. The gay, brilliant butterfly, fluttering through the summer hours, began life as a dingy, miserable grub; and the diamond that flashes in the queen's crown was once nothing but a piece of charcoal. What beautiful thing can come from the black mud, and the long, straggling roots in the bottom of the pond?

Although it is so wintry and dreary now, by and by great Nature will be stirring; waking up out of her long sleep, and though so quiet and unassuming about it, she will accomplish great things. Everywhere there will be movement and life—in the woods and fields—in the air and in the water. And along with the rest the ugly black roots will be stirring, too.

Very slowly, but not less surely, they will begin to send out stems—stems that will not lie flat down on the dark mud, but that will reach and climb upward toward the surface of the water. The stems have four different passages leading up into the air and down to the mud, and these long, narrow rooms are separated from one another by soft, slimy walls. Every one of these

stems has on its top a slimy bud, brown like the stems when under water, but turning green as it lifts its head to the surface.

A long time mother Nature cares for these plain brown stems in the water; all through the spring and early summer the curious changes of growth are going on; it takes months to fashion and develop the buds, and get them ready to appear at the surface.

All this time we have had flowers without number in the fields and the gardens; they have sprung up everywhere, beautiful, fresh and fragrant; and perhaps we have not even thought of the stems in the waters of the pond. It doesn't matter; for, although they have been always busy, never stopping for an hour in their upward way, they did not do it for our praise, nor need it.

And now the warm, midsummer days have come, radiant and golden. The sun rises very early, perhaps before the most of us are up. But if for one morning we will take the trouble to rise at four o'clock, and walk down to the pond, we shall learn the secret, may be, of the plain, greenish-brown buds. Until now, they have kept their treasure with jealous care.

Here they are, holding their unpretending heads just above the water, among many flat, roundish-shaped leaves floating on its surface. The sun creeps up over the hill, and sends out long, slanting rays over the broad expanse of the pond. They creep along, and touch the folded buds. And the buds, however they have kept their secret from us, cannot resist the bright glance of the sun. The greenish-brown sheaths loosen, spread out, and lo! every one reveals a fairy, snow-white blossom, the loveliest of the flowers! A cup of the rarest fashion, filled with beauty and fragrance!

All this out of the dark, slimy mud! Beginning far down in the mud, from black, ugly roots, by dint of constantly aspiring

and climbing towards the light, patiently waiting for their time, the water-lilies have at last come to this marvelous purity and grace. And the sunlight did not disappoint them. No sooner did they appear than it hastened to greet them with a golden smile.

Perhaps the lowest and humblest of us, if we are all the time looking toward that which is higher, all the time hoping for it, and believing in it, may come to something as beautiful and fine in its way as the lilies. And we may be sure that when we have done our part, silently and patiently, and have come to the appointed place, whether others notice it or not, the blessed light will be there to meet us.

If we come down to the pond in the afternoon, we shall find the lilies turned into buds again; all the fresh, waxen cups closed. They are too delicate and chaste for perpetual use; so they are waiting for the first sunbeam of the fresh, dewy morning.

In this way they open and close, one

after the other, all through the summer and early fall; and a very few of them—the later ones—blossom even into October.

What becomes of the lilies after they are done blossoming? There are no dried, wasted heads to be seen on the surface of the water. After long waiting and reaching up, they became the purest and sweetest flowers. Then they rejoiced in their own loveliness many summer days. Is not all done now?

As each blossom opens for the last time, and wraps itself in its greenish cloak, the stem that crept so slowly to the light, begins to coil backward, and return the same way that it came. The withered lily reaches the bottom of the pond, not scorning the lowly place where it began its life, and scatters its seeds in the soft earth, there to ripen and prepare for another year. So the beautiful flower lives not only for itself, but for others that shall in their turn climb upward to the light, and, like itself, come to fragrant blossoming.

SHIP SAILING.

BY CHARLOTTE MELLEN PACKARD.

Our dock yard is under the kitchen table;
The last ship built there, I helped to launch.
And, as eye witness, I am able
To prove that her timbers are stout and staunch,
Cut from a stiff old pasteboard bonnet,
They will weather the most unruly gale
That ever troubled a water pail,
Keep right side up, and sail smooth upon it.
Her name is the "Ella." My captain knows
Why Mary or Susan are not as well,
But he only blushes as red as a rose
When I ask the reason, and will not tell!
But *somebody* furnished the paper crew,
And the cargo—two nuts and a candy bite—
Somebody said the sails must be white,
With just an edging of red and blue.
There 's not much room in a water pail;
But the trough is dry, and the brooks are low,
And when all other sources fail,
The sturdy pump is sure to go.

So we *make believe* there 's a wide, deep sea
Beyond the dock yard; the captain stands
And shouts to his men, and calls them *hands*.
As grand as a captain need to be!
"This load of peanuts is bound for Spain.
Do n't know where that is? I don't, too!
But I guess it 's somewhere; you guess again
Where this candy is going. It 's all for you!"
And the lively Ella, with golden curls,
Laughs and nods when I open my eyes,
(I am always ready for a surprise.)
Ah! she is the nicest of little girls!
Sunbeams dart through the open door,
At the busy workers with tumbled hair;
There are shavings and chips on the dock yard floor.
And the kitchen furniture everywhere.
How can I disturb their splendid play?
The house will be lonely, and trim, and neat,
When I miss the patter of little feet,
And the children have sailed into life away!

BESSIE'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

BY NEIL MACGREGOR.

It was such a warm, sleepy day; such bright sunshine; such dreamy sounds. O! how heavy little Bessie's eyes were—in church, too! What *should* she do to keep awake?

She counted the little blue spots down the front of her dress; then she winked very hard at the little three-year-old piece of perpetual motion just in front of her, till he nearly turned a somersault over the back of the pew, trying to reach her, and his mamma set him down very hard, close up in the corner, so he could n't turn around any more.

She wondered if good people ever got sleepy in church, or if it was only the very, very wicked ones; and she peeped around to see if her mamma was wide awake. Then she watched a wee bit of yellow sunlight that had crept in and was dancing upon the wall. Wasn't it wicked, she wondered, for it to dance like that in church?

Why, how funny! Little three-year-old had turned into a wee bit of yellow sunlight too, and was dancing with all his might up in the corner.

Down went the heavy lids, and very slowly they were raised again.

Now the church was full of wee bits of yellow sunlight all dancing together. She wished she could dance with them, but she knew mamma would n't let her. How *should* she keep awake?

The minister repeated his text again: "Draw nigh to God, and He will draw nigh to you."

It sounded *very* far away; just as if he was in their parlor at home, and she was out in the kitchen with Hannah. How *should* she keep awake?

Then she thought she was in the woods down by the river, gathering ferns, mosses, and acorn cups. It was a sunny, green spot, and as she looked around, she saw right by her side a cluster of tall white lilies. They were very beautiful in the sleepy

summer light, nodding gently one to another, as the soft air stirred them. She would look down in their white hearts and see if there were any wee bits of yellow sunlight *there*. What did it mean? Right in the heart of each lily lay a little sleeping angel, with folded wings. Could this be heaven, and was *she* in it? O, no! there would n't be any acorn cups in heaven, nor any little girls who were sleepy in church.

While she stood wondering and wondering what it could mean, she heard a sweet voice close beside her say, "Little one, consider the lilies of the field; in the heart of each one of them is a little messenger of your Heavenly Father's love; and if you will open the door of your child-heart He will send just such a messenger to you."

She turned and saw one standing beside her whom she had never seen before.

"Art thou Jesus, the Christ?" she said, softly, looking up into His face; "and did you die to save little children who get *so* sleepy in church?"

He lifted her in His arms, and pillowed her sleepy head on His bosom, as He said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven!"

Then the tall white lilies bowed their heads, and the sunlight grew more golden, and the great trees whispered one to another, that the dear Lord Christ was passing by with a little child pillowed on His bosom.

Was the minister repeating his text again? No!

She rubbed her sleepy eyes wide open as she heard him say, "My dear friends, Christ is with you all to-day, waiting to bless you. It is for you to say whether you will have this friend or not. Open your hearts wide, and bid Him enter, and He will abide with you forever more. As you go home to your noon-day meals, He will go with you; He will sit with you at your tables, and will give you the Bread of Life to eat. Then

let the prayer of every heart in this congregation be, 'Lord, ever more give us this bread!' Let us pray."

Bessie's eyes were wide open now. She was n't sleepy any more; for did n't the minister say that Christ was going home to dinner with them?

A few minutes later, Hannah was startled in the act of putting the tablecloth on for dinner, by a little girl who ran in all out of breath, and snatching the tablecloth off from the table, said,

"Hannah, we must put the very bestest tablecloth on, and the whitest napkins, for Christ is coming home to dinner with papa and mamma, and He is the King of kings, and must have the very best of everything!"

She ran to the closet where the linen was kept, and was spreading on the best tablecloth, when her mother came in. Hannah found words then to say in answer to her mistress' question,

"Indeed, I dinna ken what the bairnie means. I'm thinking she's gone daft."

"O, papa!" said Bessie, as her father came in from another room, "did He come? Is He in the other room?"

"Who, Bessie? Papa does n't know whom you mean."

"Why, Christ; the dear Lord Christ. Did n't the minister say He would come home to dinner with us, papa?" she said her eyes filling with tears.

Mamma's eyes filled, too; and papa's voice quivered a little, as he said, leading her into the other room,

"Let papa tell his little daughter what it was the minister meant. Not that Christ as a *person* would come home with us and sit at our table, but Christ as a *spirit*, in our hearts. You know we cannot *see* Christ, my daughter—"

"But I saw Him, papa!" she said earnestly. "I saw Him, and He did take me in His arms!" And she told her father the dream she had in church; what she saw in the lilies; and how the trees bowed and whispered to one another, "The dear Lord Christ is passing by with a little child pilloved on His bosom."

Dinner was late that day; for it was long before Bessie could be soothed—before the great tears of disappointment would stop coming—before the grieved look went out from the brown eyes.

The best tablecloth was kept on, and the whitest napkins were out, and I think when at last they gathered around the table, the dear Lord Christ was with them.

A VERY OLD TIME SCHOOL.

BY MISS S. J. PRICHARD.

Here is a picture of an old-fashioned school. It is not like any school that your father went to when he was a boy, nor his father, either, nor yet his grandfather's great-grandfather; and that carries us back almost to the time when the first school was "kept" in old Massachusetts.

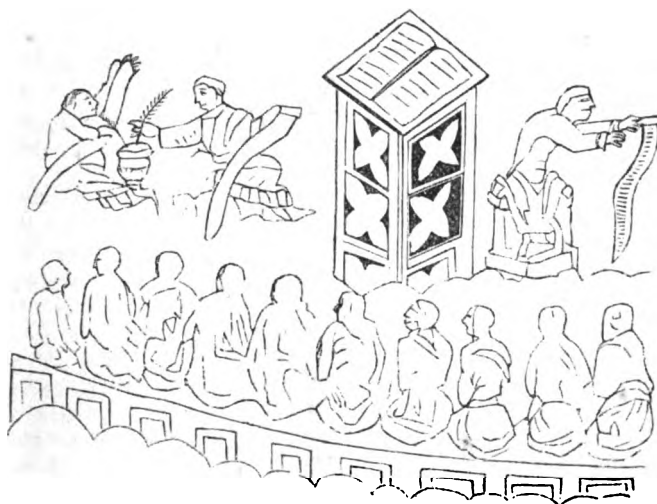
We must go back seven hundred years to find the school of which the artist made this picture that has been so carefully preserved.

There are ten scholars, and three teachers. If the inkstand, into which the teachers are dipping their long quill pens, were a

modern affair, it could not stand *upon nothing*; but mayhap it is the very one that held the ink with which those wonderful "words" we have all heard about, were written, that are "light as air."

If we could only read those scrolls, and know just what the children of that day were taught, how interesting it would be! They had no books. Do you wonder how we can be certain of that? Just think of the time! Seven hundred years ago! That was before the year 1200! How many years before the printing press was invented?

But there is a book, you say, on that



desk, so high above the hands and heads of the scholars. Certainly, but you will notice that it is altogether too precious to be put within their reach. And no wonder, for it has taken many long hours of work to write it—copying carefully every word from some other book. Perhaps some industrious monk has spent a year or two upon it!

What queer, old-looking children they are! and all about of one size, like a grown-up Bible-class! But that is because artists of that time either could not or did not draw correctly; in fact, the teachers look very much as though they were sitting midway between the pupils and the ceiling.

Here is a story of a naughty boy who went to school in that old time. Exactly what he did to begin the story is not told; but the school to which he went was kept in the church of Norham, on the river Tweed, and the parish priest was the teacher. The boy's name was Aldene. He had been doing something that he *knew* he would get punished for; and to get rid of it, he took the key of the church, ran off and threw it into the river Tweed—into the deepest part of it—at a place that was famous as a fishing ground.

The priest went to the church when it was time for vespers, but he could not get in—the key was not to be found, and Aldene *told a lie*! He said he did not know where it was! The poor priest was in great trouble, for the lock was too strong to be forced, and the door too stout to be broken; and no vespers were sung that night in the church at Norham.

St. Cuthbert must have taken great interest in the poor priest; for the story tells us that in the night he paid a visit to him and asked him what it all meant that no vesper hymn was heard that night, as usual.

"Why, I could n't help it," said the priest; "the key is lost, and there is no way to get into the church."

St. Cuthbert must have been watching Aldene, it seems, for he told the priest to "go the first thing in the morning to the fishing station, and to buy the net of fish that was drawn first from the river."

The priest minded the saint, and in the net was a big salmon, and in the salmon's throat was stuck fast the great key of the church, that Aldene had thrown into the river. And so the poor boy did not escape punishment, after all, and the lie he told did not do one bit of good.

JOHNNY HART'S BARGAIN.

BY KATHARINE WARE.

The Hart family had just come to Yonkers to spend the summer. Everybody was out, or else busy somewhere to-day, and Johnny was left by himself, to swing his stout little legs on the railing of the back piazza, in a discontented way, while he wondered "What on earth a feller was to do with himself all this long afternoon?"

As he sat staring idly at the river, and the Palisades opposite, all at once a brilliant scheme flashed into Johnny's head. In two minutes after, without a word to anybody, he was tearing down the street towards the steamboat landing, half a mile off. He got there in the very nick of time. The "Adelphi" was just ready to start down the river. Johnny marched aboard with the crowd, and bought his ticket, which cost fifteen cents.

"What an awful lot! Cleans me all out, I can tell you!" he remarked to the colored chamber-maid, who was selling the tickets. Then he put his empty, battered portemonnaie comfortably into his pocket, and thought no more of how he was to get home than a robin does of how he is to get his breakfast in the morning. He took a camp-stool on the forward deck of the little steamer, and felt like Columbus, when he set sail to discover a new world.

"Say!" he called out to a small boy, who was eating peanuts near him, "see those Palisades over there?"

"Yes. Tremendjous high, ain't they?"

"Well," most impressively; "well, I'm going to scale 'em!"

The small boy stopped eating, and gazed at him in admiration.

"You can't!" he exclaimed.

"Just you see if I can't! What do you s'pose there is up there?" And Johnny, as he spoke, gave an awe-struck look at the rocky ramparts, that seemed to him to almost touch the sky.

"I think there's Injuns," replied the other, with much decision, as he threw his shells into the water.

"Should n't wonder," answered Johnny, with an air of indifference, though secretly appalled. "Papa says the view is *municipal*, though. Do n't you want to join?"

"O, I dars n't!" said the small boy, walking off, lest he should be pressed into this dangerous adventure against his will.

Before long the boat stopped at a little landing called Falaise—at the very foot of the Palisades. Johnny with a beating heart jumped ashore, and began at once to climb up the narrow, steep road, that wound round and round up to the very top of the cliffs. O! how tired the sturdy little legs grew at last! As for his freckled little cheeks, in the blazing sun they were simply the color of a lobster—boiled!

"Never did see anything like the hotness of this place!" he exclaimed to himself, stopping for breath. Then he pulled out his little soiled handkerchief—did anybody ever see a boy pull out a clean one?—wiped his face with the sublime indifference to dirt peculiar to boys, and trudged on. The first object he beheld on at last reaching the top, astounded him. Instead of a howling wilderness, and a camp of Indians flourishing tomahawks, just a great, fashionable hotel, with a lawn in front, and wide piazzas all round, with a crowd of stylish people promenading up and down. He hardly knew whether to feel relieved or disappointed. Having made up his mind to see the Indians, it was a little tame, to say the least. However, he comforted himself by going at once to look over the rustic fence that ran round the edge of the precipice at the end of the lawn. Here there was no disappointment. It was a splendid thing to look down, down, six hundred feet over a wall of rocks, down to the river at the foot! Johnny felt dizzy as he gazed, and kept tight hold of the railing. After awhile he grew more venturesome, and threw down a stone "to hear the *busting* noise it would make when it struck." But the distance was too great for the sound to reach

him, and he saw that the stone was shivered to atoms where it struck the bottom.

As for the boats anchored at the base of the cliff, they looked like toys; so did the steamers that were going up and down the river, which lay sparkling in the sun, dotted as far as he could see either way, with tiny white specks of sails. The little fellow had never seen so wide and magnificent a view as that which lay stretched out before him. He soon grew tired of looking at it, though, and amused himself with some of the children on the lawn, till tea-time came, and sunset. Then they were all taken into the hotel, and he found himself alone. He asked a colored waiter on the piazza when the next boat would go to Yonkers.

"Ain't no more boats from here till half past eight to-morrow mornin'," was the answer.

A cold chill ran all over him. He remembered, too, that it would n't help him if there were fifty boats, seeing he had n't a cent to pay his fare with. He made up his mind—poor little Johnny!—that he must not only stay here all night, and sleep on the ground—if the bears did n't eat him up before morning!—but that he should never, never see his home again! He wandered about unhappily for a little while, trying to "hold in," as he thought of his papa and mamma searching through Yonkers for him; of his supper of baked apples and cream; of dear baby, crowing in her little crib; then at last he went away to a clump of bushes on the edge of the lawn, and in the twilight threw himself down on his face, sobbing as if his heart would break.

At last, from pure exhaustion he fell asleep, with the tears still on his cheeks. He slept two or three hours, till an officious beetle, that was trying to whisper something comforting into his ear, tickled him, so that he woke with a start. He sat up, staring around in terror. It was so dark, and so strange to look up and see that great sky full of stars over him. The moon was just rising from behind the black,

shadowy masses of trees on the other shore. Here and there among them were little clusters of lights. One of them must be Yonkers, he thought. He could not have felt any farther off if he had been on another continent. He felt horribly afraid, and longed for some one to speak to, or some warm hand to take hold of for company in the darkness.

The hotel was streaming with light, and through the open windows came a burst of music, for it was "Hop Night." He stole softly across the lawn and looked in. He felt like the little Garibaldi boys he had often seen in New York, peeping in at the dining-room windows, with black, hungry eyes. He, too, was hungry and houseless. O! how gay it looked in the great, brilliantly-lighted parlors, so full of people, laughing, and talking, and dancing! The lace curtains suddenly blew wide apart with the wind. He started back in terror, lest somebody should see him, and slunk back to his old hiding-place, more lonely than before. Presently he heard something moving stealthily behind him. He turned in an agony of fear. He saw two fiery eyes, and a black form, that was coming nearer and nearer. He was positively too terrified to scream, feeling certain that it was a bear. It gave suddenly a short, quick bark. What a relief! It was only the big watch dog he had seen loafing about with a dignified air in the afternoon. Now there never was a dog, big or little, that Johnny was n't "hail-fellow-well-met" with at once.

"O! he's a reg'lar jolly one!" he exclaimed, brightly; "come here, doggie!"

He came, instituted inquiries in the canine way, as to Johnny's character, became satisfied that he was all he should be, a perfect jewel of a boy, in fact, and stretched himself out beside him, nose on his paws. It was wonderful how cheered up the fellow felt. They began an animated conversation at once. That is, Johnny—who was a tremendous talker, by the way—made remarks, and the dog looked up and gave a little flap of his tail now and then; which was the same as saying, "My sentiments,

exactly! I am with you there!" Every-body enjoys that kind of listener.

"After all," said Johnny, throwing his arm around his new friend; "this is rather Daniel Boone-y, and nice, if a fellow only could make a raise, and earn some money to get home with some how or other!"

After awhile he said his prayers, with that unusual slowness and precision that he felt was necessary when one had got to sleep out of doors all night! Then the yellow little head lay down beside the black, shaggy one, and both slept. The next morning, an elderly maiden lady, boarding at the hotel, came down early to enjoy the fresh air on the piazza, and was greatly surprised to see a little boy, in a blue sailor suit, coming up the lawn to her, in his stocking feet.

"Good morning, ma'am," said he, brightly; "have you got any boys?"

"No," said Miss Jones, her eyes twinkling with amusement.

"Pity, ain't it?" said he, turning away disappointed; "'cause then may be you'd like to purchase these boots," holding up a pair, worn and dusty. "One of 'em's busted a little at the back, but all the buttons is on 'em both, and you may have 'em for *fifteen cents!*"

"What in the world do you want to sell your boots for?"

The blue eyes looked straight into hers for a moment, then felt she was to be trusted, and drawing nearer, said confidentially,

"I want to get a ticket in the boat and go home. I do n't want to stay to the Palisades any longer; I'm sick of 'em! Besides, I want to see the baby!"

Miss Jones, much interested, with one or two kind questions skillfully drew the whole story from him.

"O, your poor mother!" she exclaimed; "she must be perfectly distracted about you! Sleeping out of doors—you poor little dear!" And with all her sympathies fully roused, she tried to draw him into the hotel to breakfast with her. "I'll see that you go in the first boat, too."

But he drew back and burst out crying.

"I can't go! I have n't any money—and I want to sell my boots!"

A happy thought struck her.

"I will buy your boots—there! Now, I shall lend them to you to wear home."

Johnny wiped his eyes, and with great satisfaction put the fifteen cents into his purse.

"Papa will send 'em right back. I'll tell him to, you know, and I'll wear my Sunday ones."

He consented now to be taken to her room, to be washed and made presentable, after which they went down to breakfast. He was in fine spirits. Blessed always with the astounding capacity for eating of most boys, on this occasion he outdid himself.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Miss Jones, laughing, as she helped him the sixth time to baked potatoes.

"O, you see you ain't used to us fellows!" he was saying, with an important air, when looking up, he caught sight of a tall gentleman looking anxiously into the room. He gave a scream of joy, that made poor Miss Jones' head ring, and every waiter in the dining-room turn, and with one bound was out into the hall, and in the gentleman's arms.

"O, papa! papa!"

"Why, Johnny!"

And then such a hugging and kissing. Miss Jones' kind gray eyes shone as she looked at them. And you can imagine how Mr. Hart grasped her hand, and thanked her, while he told her how they had been out all night, searching through Yonkers for their boy; how they had telegraphed a description of him hither and thither; how his mother was quite beside herself; how he had made up his mind if he were not here, to go home and *drag the river!* Here Mr. Hart swallowed hard, and not being able to go on, stooped down to tie up Johnny's neck-ribbon.

Ah, well! you must imagine for yourself the joy at the Hart's when the two drove up to the house, and Johnny sprang into his mother's arms, safe and sound. A few days after, Miss Jones received by express

a package containing a pair of little boots, "busted at the back." In one of them was a small morocco case. She opened it with surprise, and found a beautiful locket, engraved with her initials, and under them, "With Johnny's love. Aug. 4th, 1872." That was the date of his adventure. Inside

was a charming picture of the boy himself, in his broad sailor collar, with his brave blue eyes meeting hers, as if to say, "You see that I kept my promise to send them back."

Mjss Jones always says, when she tells the story, that those boots were the best bargain she ever made.

FAITH FAITHFUL.

BY ELEANOR KIRK.

That was a very strange name to give a baby; and everybody at the wretched old poor-house wondered at the words that were tacked on to the neat and tasteful white dress this infant had on. She had been dropped in a big wicker basket at 'Squire Harrington's door; but 'Squire Harrington did n't like children; and although his wife, who had no baby of her own, besought him to allow her to keep the cunning little creature, he ordered a servant to take the basket and its contents immediately to the superintendent of the poor.

"Nobody's child," as she was also called, found her way to "the farm," and there, scantily clothed, miserably fed, and in many things entirely untaught, she lived until she was eleven years old. The only friend she had there was Peggy Martin, a weazen-faced, dried-up little old woman, whose business it was to see that what few articles of wardrobe these wretched inmates possessed, were kept in good order. Peggy dealt in patches, strong linen thread, and texts of Scripture. And although to look at her, one would never suppose that she had a thought above the sphere she was compelled to drudge in, from five in the morning till nine at night, it is really doubtful if a truer-hearted woman, or a more devoted Christian, ever lived.

• She had sacredly treasured the card which announced to the world the name of this child; and had, times without number, repeated and explained to her the sweet and significant passage that accompanied it.

"You have been faithful over a few things, have n't you, Peggy?" inquired

Faith, one day, when a little more tired than usual, from scrubbing the large hall where these poor folks ate their watery soup and beans, and heavy brown bread three times a day, she rested a moment from her labors.

"I've tried," said Peggy, with an odd sort of a laugh. "Now I want to ask *you* a question, Faith. You've been down on your knees scrubbing for the last three hours, ain't you?"

"Yes," answered Faith, wonderingly.

"Wall, what did you do it for?" continued Peggy.

"Because I was obliged to," the child replied, promptly. "I'm sure I should rather have been at anything else in the world. I do n't like to scrub, Peggy."

"Wall," continued Peggy; "considering that you *had* it to do, what did you do it so nice for? Nobody'd never know by the looks of that are floor but what you loved to scrub dearly;" and Peggy, with her bag of patches on her arm, and her little gray eyes twinkling, waited for the girl to speak. "What I want to know is," put in Peggy, after a moment's pause, fearful she had not made her meaning apparent; "if the reason you did your work so nice, was because you was afraid you'd get licked if you did n't?"

"I knew what you meant, Peggy," said Faith; "and I was trying to see if fear *did* have anything to do with it; and it *did* n't. I washed that floor clean, and wiped it dry, because I wanted it to look nice when it was done."

"Because," said Peggy, "you was put to

do it, and it was your business to do it in the right kind of shape—"

"Yes," interrupted Faith; "and because I thought it would make the rest of 'em kinder happy like to see it so white."

"That's the talk!" answered Peggy, cheerfully; "and that's being faithful. You 've been faithful in scrubbing this dirty old pine floor, and I should n't be surprised if you had a carpet to sweep one of these days."

"But you, Peggy?" said Faith, her cheerful face grown suddenly overcast; "you, who have been so faithful with your patches, and your darning; and so kind to the old folks, and the young folks, and the sick folks—what will *you* have? Will you always have to live in this dreadful hole, Peggy?" For Faith's faith that she herself should some day be far removed from this place of drudgery had never for a moment wavered.

"The Lord knows what He is about, Faith; and when He sot me down on 'the farm,' He give me my work to do; and sometimes it almost scares me when I try to think what these poor, suffering creeturs would do without me. If I could n't do a leetle more good here than any where else, make up your mind, Faith, He 'd move me; for, weak and homely and ignorant as I am, deary, His eye is continually upon me; and I'd rather feel that I am sarving the Lord because I love to sarve him, in this poor-house, than to have millions of dollars at my command, without the spirit."

These were the kind of talks that Peggy and Faith had had ever since Faith had been large enough to understand the meaning of the words; and it is not at all surprising that with the discipline of the poor-house, and her old friend's teaching, at eleven years of age, Faith Faithful was a thoughtful, sweet-tempered, rigidly conscientious little woman! and that when Mrs. 'Squire Harrington rode over to "the farm" to select a child that could run errands, and set table, and answer the bell, etc., etc., that she should at once be attracted to the frank and really beautiful face of this little girl.

"And what is your name, my dear?" asked the lady, kindly.

"Faith Faithful, ma'am," she replied, composedly.

"Is it possible!" said Mrs. Harrington to Peggy; "that this is the baby who came out here in a basket between ten and eleven years ago? How should you like to live with me, Faith?" she continued to the child, who had evidently decided that she was to go home with the lady.

"I do n't know, ma'am," replied Faith, looking her visitor squarely in the face, "till I have tried it."

"That's her way, ma'am," said Peggy, apologetically.

"And a very good way it is," answered Mrs. Harrington, kindly; and so, after a few preliminaries had been attended to, Faith Faithful was bound out by the town authorities to the service of 'Squire Harrington until she was eighteen years of age.

"Oh, Peggy, if you was only going too!" said Faith, as she lingered a moment to bid her old friend good-bye. Just at that moment Peggy tucked something into Mrs. Harrington's hands, saying,

"Please be careful of it, ma'am; it was sewed on to the child's night-gown when she came here, and nobody knows what store we've both sot by it. I'd rather a had such a thing as that left me than the biggest fortune in the world; that is to say if I could n't a had but one."

"You are right, Peggy," said the lady, kindly. She did not think it necessary to tell her that she had read this name and text years ago.

"May I come to see Peggy, once in a while, Mrs. Harrington, if I do my work to please you?" asked Faith, her eyes filling with tears.

"If them's the conditions about your coming to see Peggy," laughed the old woman, who was determined not to show Faith how keenly she felt this parting, "you 'll get here, sure enough! For, ma'am, there's one thing as true as gospel—this little one has allers, ever since she could trot round, been faithful over a few things."

"She shall come to see you, Peggy," said Mrs. Harrington, turning away her head, a little ashamed to have the tears noticed; "and as often as you can go out, we shall be glad to see you at our house," and Faith, not daring to look back, crept into the carriage by the side of her new mistress, and tried with all her might to keep from crying.

"Let the tears come, Faith," said the lady. "I do n't wonder you feel badly at leaving Peggy. I do n't know of a better woman in the whole world; but perhaps you will be able to do more for her, living with me, than you could if you remained at 'the farm.'"

"Oh, if I could, ma'am!" sobbed Faith. "Well, we shall see," replied Mrs. Harrington. "Your name is Faith Faithful, I believe;" and the lady smiled down into the tear-stained face. "A little girl with that name should have faith enough for a large family. I promise you that I will not forget Peggy Martin."

This change from the poorest of poor-houses, to the most luxurious of homes, was a great one; but Faith managed it very well. The first night she cried herself to sleep; and that, too, in a nice little bed, situated in the coziest room that Faith had ever seen. The next day she was introduced to an entire new suit of clothes, and looked so pretty, and so fresh, in the tastefully made calico, with a white apron all ruffled and pocketed, that she laughed aloud in her pleasure, very much to Mrs. Harrington's delight.

"Now," said the lady, "I am requested to take you to my husband. He is ill and fretful, having been confined to the house for two years and over. If he appears cross to you, you must try not to mind it. If he likes your appearance, you are to wait upon him."

This was n't at all to Faith's taste; but she tried to think what Peggy would say about it if she were there; and these words popped right into her head: "She that is faithful over a few things," etc.

"Anybody," she said to herself, "could

be faithful over what they liked to do; but Peggy says that do n't amount to anything."

"This is the little girl I brought home yesterday," said Mrs. Harrington, leading Faith into a large, elegantly-furnished chamber, and to the side of a huge bed, upon which lay a huge man, with a huge set of black whiskers, and the blackest eyes she had ever seen. Indeed, everything had such a look of blackness and grandeur that for a moment Faith lost her self-possession.

"How do you suppose I'm going to tell what she looks like, way off there?" growled the invalid; and Faith walked up to the very side of the bed upon which he lay.

"What's your name?" he inquired, in the same gruff tones.

"Faith Faithful, sir," she answered.

"Faith Faithful!" he repeated, with a sarcastic laugh, evidently determined to amuse himself at the child's expense; "where did you pick up such an outlandish name as that?"

"I did n't pick it up, sir," she replied; "it was pinned to my dress when I was dropped."

"When you were what?" he asked.

"Dropped, sir," was the innocent answer.

"Where were you dropped from?" was the next query.

"Do n't know, sir."

"From heaven, perhaps?" he next suggested.

"I think not," she replied, with a look of wonder on her sweet face.

"Who do you believe in?" he inquired.

This was a question that Squire Harrington had been in the habit of asking for the simple fun of the thing, whenever he met friend or acquaintance; but he was entirely unprepared for so literal an answer. The child answered, without the slightest hesitation,

"God, and Peggy, sir."

"Who is Peggy?" roared the sick man. Mrs. Harrington explained.

"Then you do n't believe in anybody else but God and Peggy?" he demanded.

"Do n't you believe in me?"

"No, sir," answered Faith.

"Why not?" he asked.

"Because I don't know you."

"Do n't you know me as well as you know God?" he next inquired, in a slightly altered tone.

Faith's face expressed all the consternation she felt, and that was considerable. For a moment she was perfectly silent, never taking her eyes from the sick man's face; then she said, drawing a little nearer, and speaking very solemnly,

"Peggy showed me where to find God, a good many years ago, when I was n't no bigger than that," measuring the height with her little hard hand; "and I have always kept the door open between us ever since."

"You have, hey?" said he, in a tone still more altered. "How did you manage to do that?"

Faith evidently did n't know how to put this into words. She felt it all; and more than this, she felt the hunger of this man for spiritual truth, baby that she was; so she said with a smile, now quite reassured,

"I know what I would like to say to you. If Peggy was only here, she could do it beautiful! But I ain't been used to telling my thoughts."

"Well, never mind about Peggy," he interrupted; "tell it as well as you can."

"Well," she commenced timidly, "I have come here to live with you, ain't I?"

"It seems so," he answered, smiling at his wife.

"Well, mebbe," she faltered, "mebbe I shall have a good many things to do that I sha' n't like to do. Now, you see if I do them things well that I hate to do, because God has put me in a place where it is my business to do 'em, and I can make somebody happy by doing 'em, why, that's the way I keep the door open between me and God. It would go shut with a bang, if I did n't, I can tell you, sir."

"Wife!" said 'Squire Harrington, with a sob in his voice; "I know now what has been the matter with my life."

"Suppose you, little girl," taking the child's hand in his big one, "were old, and sick, as I am; had to be waited upon as I do; and did n't know whether you were ever going to get well again or not;—suppose you knew, too, that you had n't had the door open between you and God in the past, what would you do?"

"Why," said Faith, her eyes swimming with tears; "I would say to God, 'I have just begun to see; help me to see more;' and I would ask Him to give me patience to bear my sickness; and then I'd keep trying to see if I'd got any more; and if I had any money, I'd think what good I could do with it; and I'd try not to get discouraged because I had n't been what I ought to be; because that always mixes things awful."

"Faith Faithful!" said 'Squire Harrington, "The Lord has sent you to me, and I thank Him from the bottom of my heart. If you could have your wish granted, what would you like most in this world?"

"To go to school, and to help Peggy," was the prompt answer.

Faith Faithful was a servant no longer in this rich man's family. 'Squire Harrington adopted her as his own daughter; and her education progressed in a truly wonderful manner. The gentleman partially recovered, and his cheerful countenance, kindly manner, and his disposition to be of service in the world, give ample evidence that he has opened the door of communication between his own and God's heart.

When Faith, seconded by her new father and mother, proposed to Peggy that she should leave the poor-house and come and live with them, her only answer was,

"Much obleeged to all of ye. When I can find anybody that I know will be kind to these poor creeturs, I am with you, sure enough; but as far as I can calkerlate, the Lord ain't give me my ticket-of-leave yet!"

And Faith said, tenderly kissing her,

"He that is faithful over a few things shall be made ruler over many."



CHARLEY.

BY OLIVE THORNE.

"Mamma, is my little saw a regalar one?" said Charley, one day.

"Why?" asked mamma, who was busy at the other end of the room.

"'Cause I tried to saw your bero, and it won't go in. I guess it's a just-to-play saw."

"But you must n't saw the bureau, Charley," said mamma.

"I was just making a susperiment; do n't you call it a good tiling?"

"No, indeed," said mamma; "I call it a bad thing to spoil mamma's bureau."

"Well, I guess I'll run the Riverside train," said Charley, prudently changing the subject, and starting after his cars.

This was a wonderful train of tin cars, which he had bought with his own money out of his bank. The cars were painted green, with red roofs, and he called it the Riverside train, because there were just two passenger cars, and Charley once lived where he saw the train of two cars which runs from Chicago to Riverside a dozen times a day.

He now brought the cars, and went on

to fill them with passengers. The passengers were some odd pieces from a set of chess-men, an unfortunate wooden soldier, who had lost his standard and had to lie down all the time, a china Red Ridinghood with a whistle in the top of her head, and a little brown cat, who used to mew, but her mew part got broken.

Rather a droll set of passengers, to be sure, and the way they got into the cars was funnier still. Charley loaded a car by standing it up on end and stuffing the passengers in. In that way he could do it quickly, and save trouble, and the travelers never complained. The little cat stood very contentedly on her head, looking out the window with her mild yellow eyes, while Red Ridinghood lay flat on her face, with an ivory castle on her back.

Chicago was under mamma's desk, and Riverside was at the other end of the room, by the sewing machine. Charley ran his train across several times, unloading his passengers by taking up a car and shaking them out. But he soon tired of that, for he had played it fifty times before; so he

came back to mamma, and began to ask questions again.

"Mamma, when I get a big man, may I go on the really train to Riverside?"

Mamma wanted to work, and did not want to talk, so she asked him why he did n't run his train.

"I did," he said.

"Well, then, why do n't you run a horse car?" asked mamma.

"Well, I will," said Charley; so he unhooked his cars from each other, and before each passenger car he stood two of the chess knights, which you know have horse's heads. But he did n't stop talking.

"When I'm a big man," said he, earnestly, "I'm going to have a regelar horse—not one o' wood, like my Kitty horse—and a buggy, and I'll take you out to ride."

"Um!" said mamma.

"I'll have a gently horse, that'll 'git over' thout stopping. Do n't you call that good?"

"O, very good!" said mamma.

So he went on talking, till mamma had to stop trying to work.

"Charley," said she, at last, "don't your tongue ache?"

"Why, no!" said he, taking hold of it with his fingers to make sure; "why?"

"Because you talk so much, I should think it would; mine would, I know."

"Well, talk is a thing I can do a week," said Charley.

"I believe you can," said mamma, laughing; "but now I must go down stairs, and it is n't quite your bed-time. You can play with something, and I'll soon be back."

"Well," said Charley, "give me your bug book to look at."

The bug book was a big brown one on mamma's desk, which had on the back two big gilt bugs, with their legs all sprawled out. And that was n't all; the inside was just full of those interesting creatures, of all kinds, and Charley was very fond of it. Mamma handed it to him, and he sat down on the carpet to look at it.

But if it was not his bed-time, it must have been very near it, for Charley began to get sleepy when there was no one to talk

to. His eyelids got heavy, so he could hardly see the pictures, and finally he nodded. That waked him.

"I wish I had on my gigown," said he, to himself, and just then an idea struck him. He had learned to unbutton his jacket two days before; so now he laid mamma's book on the desk, and saying, "p'raps I can unbunch these buttons," he went bravely to work to undress. First he tried to unbutton his shoes, but it was too hard, and he gave it up, saying, "I can't take these buttons out 'thout a button-hook."

After much tugging and pulling, he got his jacket off, and just as he was ready to slip off his Knickerbockers mamma came in and found him leaning against a chair, almost asleep—as you see in the picture.

"Why, Charley!" said she, "what are you doing?"

"Undressing," said he, rousing up; "I'm getting most a big man!"

"Oh, do n't get to be a big man!" said mamma, bringing out his night-gown. "What will I do, then, for a little boy?"

"P'raps you can cut off Minnie's head, and have her for your little boy."

"Oh, no! that would n't do," said mamma.

"Well, then, I'd go to the grow place, and get ungrown again!"

And that was the last word he said that night, for in two minutes he was fast asleep.

THE LESSON.

BY MRS. M. F. BUTTS.

Little one! little one!
They say life is hard;
Thou 'lt hear this old story
From preacher and bard.
Little one! listen!
I'll tell thee a way
To make thy life easy
Through night and through day.

Little one! little one!
Deep in thy heart
Is a voice, true and tender,
Unspoiled and apart,
It speaks to thee ever;
Darling, obey!
Then life will be easy,
Through night and through day.

HIDDEN TREASURE.

BY MARY A. DENISON.

CHAPTER IV.—THE GIVING-UP PARTY.

"My child, what has happened?" exclaimed Mrs. Meadows, as the sobbing girl hid her face in her mother's bosom.

"I would n't believe it, Dora!" cried Lily, indignantly.

"No," added Lizzie; "it's just a mean lie, and I shall tell teacher!"

"What is it, children? Speak, some of you; have you met with some mishap at school?"

"It was Jenny Sherl, mamma," spoke up Lizzie, casting a glance round to see if the black cat was in sight; "she said dreadful things of Tom—awful!"

"And what were the dreadful things she said about your brother, darling?"

"She sa-said he cheated her lame brother out of a dol-dollar, playing some game with pennies, and he had been sen-sent to the 'pothecary's for med-medicine for his sick mother!" sobbed Dora; "and she said he drank beer, and smoked a filthy pipe; and her father called him the wor-worst boy in the place, and should n't won-wonder if he ended in being put in State's prison. She said it before all the girls, too!" cried the child, bursting into fresh sobs.

A sad, pained look crossed the mother's face, and reflected its shadow in the countenances of the two elder daughters.

"It can't be true—at least I hope it is n't true," she said, slowly and wearily. "I would n't mind it, dear; perhaps Jenny felt cross, for some reason."

"She did, mamma!" exclaimed Lily, eagerly; "she missed, and Dora went above her."

"Then I would forget all about it," said her mother, soothingly; but none the less did her heart ache over the revelation. She had noticed now and then a smell of tobacco in Tom's room, and had questioned him about it, but he had always denied that he smoked, though some of the boys who were his companions did use the weed, he added.

Sally and Anne held their own opinion about the matter, but they were silent, and after awhile Dora forgot her troubles and was out in the garden with the other girls, tying up the long, straggling branches of climbing rose bushes that the March winds had displaced.

The house, though plain and humble, could boast of a small conservatory—a sunny, snug little nook, just off from the kitchen—where, in winter, fire was kept night and day; and in this place, screened by windows of thick glass, a little garden of greenness and brightness bloomed all the year round. The geraniums in particular were the pride and delight of Lily's heart. Red, purple, yellow, white and crimson, their lovely faces greeted the morning sun, and gave to the humble dwelling an air of refinement and purity. All the girls presided over this floral department, from Sally to Lily, and never was garden kept more free from weeds and noxious insects. In summer the pots were carried to the garden; lovely lily bulbs were taken from the darkness of the cellar, where they had been kept in sand, and planted in choice places. Each girl had her own little plot of ground, and each tried to outrival the other in the number and beauty of her selections. It was a generous rivalry, however, and productive of no heart-burnings or jealousy.

In due time Mrs. Martello was buried from the pleasant country church, and Stella returned to her desolate home, weeping as if her heart would break.

Mrs. Meadows had arranged that she should stay with her and the children while the cottage furniture was being sold. They were all talking it over the day before the funeral.

"But, mamma, how will she be educated? Who will give her dresses, and a home?" asked Lily, wonderingly. "Where will she go when she leaves us?"

Mrs. Meadows was thoughtful; the very same question had occurred to her.

"She will have to go and work somewhere; live out, I suppose," said Dora.

A cry of dissent went up from the little company.

"Stella Martello! Why, she is the smartest girl in school! draws beautifully upon the blackboard, and paints in water-colors better than the teacher!" said Lizzie, indignantly. "Besides, she plays at sight quite difficult music. Oh, mamma, they won't sell her piano!"

"No, dear; that will be saved for her; it may enable her in time to earn her own living. But I am wondering where she will go."

"Mother," said Sally, in a low voice, "can't she possibly stay here?"

"Yes! oh, yes! Mother Meadows, you *might* say yes!" echoed the little company, as the younger ones crowded around her.

"I would, willingly," said Mrs. Meadows, looking from one bright face to the other; "but my children complain bitterly of their limited wardrobes, at times, even now. What would it be if we have another claimant upon our sympathy?"

"We'll each give up *one* dress," said Dora, confidently.

"I'll go without sugar," said Lily, who never could deny herself this sweet commodity.

"And what will you do, Sally?"

"I'll cut and make everything," she answered, with a look her mother understood; for, though gifted beyond her sisters with taste and ability of a high order, she had always disliked the labor of cutting out and sewing.

"Can't we manage it some way?" asked Anne. "Uncle Jack said he would pay me for a set of water-colors such as I painted last summer. I'll paint all my spare time, if I can find a market for such work."

"And, oh, mother! we'll all crochet! Mrs. Briggs buys all the tidies she can get made by hand, and it's real easy work," was Lizzie's offer.

"We can even sell flowers, I believe," said Dora.

"Yes; imagine us all in a row, standing in the depot with baskets of bouquets, when the cars came in! O, that's impossible; how should we get there?"

"Pay Nancy Philips' little nephew for selling them," said Lily.

"That's a bright idea!" and Anne clapped her hands.

"But, my dear girls, what room have we? I could n't put her in that gloomy spare chamber, and you have quite work enough to do already."

"If she is one of us, she'll be willing to help," said Anne; "I am sure she will do her part."

Sally meditated. She liked her own sunny, cosy little bed-room, with its windows facing south.

"Would n't the children sleep in the garret?" she asked.

Three bright, eager faces instantly clouded over.

"Without a carpet, or curtains, or anything?" murmured Dora.

"I do n't know but I should rather like it in summer," Lily at length reluctantly admitted.

"You shall have the matting in the spare chamber," her mother responded, smiling in the sweet face; "and there are some chairs up there, and a spinning-wheel."

"And a table," suggested Lizzie.

"And a cradle," gravely added Dora; "the cradle we were all rocked in when we were babies. I rather think we could make it a comfortable establishment—at least in summer; but, oh! it would be so bitter cold in winter!"

"This must be a sacrifice of your own choice, my children," said Mrs. Meadows, quietly; "something that you must settle among yourselves. And remember the Lord loves a willing giver. If she should come among us, and you should reproach her by word or look, and make her feel that she had added burdens hard to be borne, it will cause the poor child more unhappiness than you can imagine. We can-

not take her, and give her a comfortable home, without either encroaching upon our little income, which barely suffices to meet our wants, or by being willing to give up some matters that seem to be almost or quite indispensable to our own comfort. You know, girls, I have been saving by littles, and you have helped, that I might buy myself a silk dress—a thorough outfit.”

“We all wanted you to, mamma,” said Sally.

“I know it, my dear; but I cannot put a costly silk dress against this poor child’s happiness. I can very well do without the dress, and without the shawl you have been coaxing me to buy, and I shall. A neat, cheap alpaca will answer quite as well, and last year’s shawl must still do duty. I am willing to do so much for the love of One who inculcated the sweet spirit of charity as among the highest Christian gifts.”

“Oh, mamma! how good you are!” exclaimed Lily, with an enthusiasm that thrilled all their hearts, as the child threw her arms about her mother’s neck and kissed her repeatedly. “What do you suppose brother Tom will be willing to give up?” continued Lily.

A hush fell upon the assembly. Mrs. Meadows sighed; the rest looked thoughtful.

“I know—I won’t tell;” and Lily clapped her hand over her mouth. Her eyes shone like diamonds.

“Then, mamma, is it settled that Stella is to be one of us?” asked Anne, as Lily and Dora drew themselves from the circle, and went off to confer together from the depths of a distant arm-chair.

“I will think of it to-night, dear, and if it seems as clearly my duty in the morning as it does now, I shall take her as my child and your sister. But I shall hold you to your word, remember; and in the meantime you can decide what can be dispensed with for the table and the wardrobe. If you still continue willing to deny yourselves, I shall consider it settled.”

Meantime Lily and Dora, the twins, were talking very earnestly together.

“Yes; I think that will be a very good plan,” said Dora, *sotto voce*.

“Then draw the little writing-stand up, and I will do it,” replied Lily.

Dora rolled the stand up to the arm-chair, and Lily composedly sat down to her task. If we had been looking over her shoulder, as her pen slowly worked its way along the paper, we might have read the following letter:

“DEAR BROTHER TOM: We have just had a ‘give-up meeting,’ and as you are not at home (mamma feels very badly that you are not; you are her only son, you know, and *our* only brother), I thought we would tell you what we did, and what was the cause of it. Poor Stella Martello losing her mother is partly the cause; and, dear Tom, you know how pretty and good she is, and how much she knows—more than any of *us*—and we want her to stay here, right with us, all the time, because she has no home to go to. I expect mamma will have to give up Nancy Philp for help on ironing day, though she *must* do the washing. And, in fact, we’re all to give up something—something that we like especially. We younger ones intend to take the garret for our bed-room, and I and Dora—Dora and I, I should have said—are going to give up sugar and butter—truly. Now, I want to know if there is n’t anything that *you* are willing to give up, so as to help us, you know. I guess you can think of something. Or, if you do n’t, no matter, so that you will stay at home evenings and help us amuse ourselves, as you did once. Please, dear brother Tom, see if you *can* help us, and we will try all we can to help you, won’t we, Dora? I did n’t mean to write that last sentence, but it slipped right off the nib of my pen, and I guess I’ll let it go; it’s such work to write a long letter! You will find this in your bed-room to-night, and if you like, you may write us our answer. Dora and I.

“Your loving, loving sister,

“LILY MEADOWS.”

It was quite an effort for a little girl only ten years old; but the children had been

accustomed to write brief notes to their mother, ever since they could hold a pen, and it was splendid discipline.

Lily was folding her letter, chatting merrily with Dora, when steps were heard outside, and voices. Lily ran to the window; the moon was shining brightly. Presently she turned with a look of horror, and a shrill cry.

"O! mamma, two men; and they are bringing Tom home dead!"

A cry of horror followed this announcement. Mrs. Meadows rose up, and stood pale and speechless, while Sally with trembling fingers unlatched the door and let them in with the senseless body.

MY GRANDFATHER'S STORY.

BY M. E. N. HATHEWAY.

The following incident, with its glimpse into the far past of another century, I have often heard my grandfather relate with much enjoyment of its amusing quaintness. Surrounded by a group of listening children, commencing with, "When I was a little boy, about seven years old," he would tell how one summer, during the revolutionary war, he went to pay a visit to his grandfather, who had gained the unpopular distinction among his whig neighbors of being a tory.

One day, when they were out together in a field belonging to his domain, he was suddenly seized with a violent spasm of his political sentiments, which he proceeded to indulge by issuing an order to his young grandson to climb a rock near by and give three cheers for King George.

The wondering boy obeyed, hurrahing for his Britanic Majesty with all his small might. This demonstration being quite too feeble to satisfy the enthusiasm of the fearless old royalist, he mounted the rock himself, and with all the strength of a powerful voice shouted cheer after cheer, which resounded far and wide over the hills and woods, startling men at their labor in distant places.

He was destined to pay somewhat dearly for his loyal outburst; for before night he was arrested and confined in jail, where he was compelled to remain till the dangers arising from a too free expression of individual opinion had passed away.

Frequently, in his later years, my grandfather took pleasure in visiting this field and pointing out the precise spot of his early treasonable exploit; and then, on his homeward walk, would show the grave where his seditious ancestor reposed after "life's fitful fever," oblivious to all the interests involved in mortal strife.

The black headstone that marks the lowly place is now crumbling with age, and its letters are nearly obliterated by the wasting processes of time; but the gray mosses trailing over it repeat its ancient date in nature's own language.

SNOWDROPS.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

There was a fierce monster, who made
His home in vale, woodland and glade.
He laughed in his terrible might,
And chilled every heart with affright
As he scattered the powdery snow—
Ho! ho!

Three poor little maids lost their way,
As homeward they wandered one day.
How lovely they were! and how sweet!
This monster said, "These I will eat,
But I'll wait until darkness sets in
To begin."

The little maids heard him, and wept;
Then closer together they crept,
And each kissed the other's pale cheek.
O! who could harm darlings so meek?
Close under a snow-bank they tried
To hide.

The sun went down, lurid and cold;
A shroud of snow round them was rolled;
They heard the grim monster go by,
These three little maids to espy;
But, blinded with anger, no three
Found he!

Now the morning sun warmed them, and lo!
They peeped from their shelter of snow!
These darlings were snowdrops; and he
Who bowed to his will every tree—
Pine, maple, and locust, and larch—
Was March!

KITTY'S FAIRY TREASURE.

BY HOPE BUHLER.

CHAPTER II.—(Concluded.)

'Squire Mather stood as if petrified, leaning on the fence. Gold! Did they expect to find gold—for their father, too? Did they know how he was straitened, and that he was going away? What could it all mean? He stood still there, and in a few minutes Kitty got up and wiped her eyes.

"Come, Benny," said she, and she laid her hand on her little brother's shoulder; "come, Ned, mamma will see we've been crying, and she'll ask what is the matter, and we shall have to tell. There's one thing we have n't done, and that's to ask God to help us. You know papa always says in his prayers that He has said, 'Ask and ye shall have; seek and ye shall find.' He always ends with that, I suppose, to remind God that He has promised, and that that is the reason why we pray. Now let us all kneel down on the grass and ask Him to help us." So they all knelt down around the hole, and Kitty prayed, "Dear Father in heaven, Thou knowest everything; and how tired we are, so that we can't dig any more; and how much we want to find a bag of gold, so that we need n't go away from this dear, pleasant home. And Thou canst do everything, too. Now, if Thou wouldst only help us to find the gold by to-morrow, we would be so glad, and would try to be good children, and love Thee always. Wilt Thou be sure and help us, for Christ's sake? and please to melt 'Squire Mather, forever and ever. Amen."

"Kitty," said Benny, as they rose from their knees; "what good would it do to melt 'Squire Mather?"

"I do n't know, I'm sure," said Kitty, with a sigh; "only papa said so in his prayer, and so I thought I would; I guess, though, it's because people call him a hard man; and things are always softer, you know, when they are melted, like my poor

little wax doll that I set down before the fire to warm her feet. Why, her nose ran right down on to her cheeks! I don't hardly believe God will want to melt 'Squire Mather, for He made him Himself, and it would be a pity to spoil him. There's the tea-bell, and we can't work any more to-night; but we'll begin again to-morrow; we shall be all rested then."

"My legs do ache so," said Benny, as he limped down the garden path. "Do n't you suppose that God would just as lief have us find it pretty soon? I wish we'd asked Him."

"I should n't like to ask too much," said Kitty, thoughtfully; "but perhaps you might just ask Him that when you go to bed. I wonder if I shall dream any more, to-night? I hope if I do that Ned won't roll over and wake me up just as I get to the interesting part."

But Kitty did n't dream that night—she only tossed and tumbled, and felt *so tired*; and Benny wanted to know if she would n't come and get into bed with him and just rub his leg for him a few minutes; it did ache so he could n't get to sleep. The next morning, however, they were pretty bright, and Benny whispered to Kitty at the table, "to come right out, as soon as she could, and he would be digging there."

So Kitty, a little later, bravely began her work again, though it was much harder than on the day before. The hole was getting deeper, and it was a long way to lift the shovel full of dirt to the top of it; then she and Benny could hardly help hitting each other, and their arms were so lame that they had to stop and rest very often.

'Squire Mather walked down to the fruit trees again just before noon, and was not a little surprised to find them still busy. He watched their heads, just visible above the top of the hole, and the spadefuls of dirt

and stones that came pouring out, and his wonder grew and deepened.

"How the little things do stand it!" he said to himself; "I did n't know children were so tough. That little girl with the curly hair, now, do n't look as if she could do it. I wonder if that's the one who was so sick last winter, that her pa told me about? She'll get sick again, besides never finding anything. I wonder what put the notion into their heads? Children are always up to some mischief. I guess I'd better tell them it's no use. I kind of hate to, though. She wanted the Lord to melt me, but thought it would be a pity to spoil me. I wonder if she'd care if they melted the hard old man entirely up? Most likely not; they've no reason to like me. I did n't use to be so hard, though. I used to like pretty things; I used to like curls; my little sister had curls when she used to play with me just so;" and he looked at Kitty, who had come up out of the hole, and was sitting on the grass wiping her face. He did n't notice his dinner-bell, that rang just then, but he heard Benny say, wearily,

"How much longer shall you dig, Kitty?"

"Oh, to-day is our last day! Papa told mamma this morning that 'Squire Mather would be in in the evening, and that there was no hope. We must come out all this afternoon, and a little after tea, if we do n't find it before. Are you very tired, Benny?"

"Oh, yes, Kitty, so tired and lame; are n't you?"

"Yes, dreadfully; but if we can only dig all to-day, we can rest all to-morrow. Let us take turns; you shall rest while I dig, and I will rest while you dig, and then we sha' n't hit each other; and Ned can bring us out a little pail of water in his cart, and some currants from the garden to cheer us up."

'Squire Mather did n't wait to hear any more; he turned and walked quickly up the garden path.

The shadow of the old barn had crept half across the meadow, and Benny was down in the hole for his last turn before tea, when you might have seen 'Squire

Mather's face peeping out between the trees while with one hand he held something firmly behind him. Indeed, he had been there once before that afternoon. Kitty was lying on the grass, with her eyes closed, and her little face looked strangely pale and weary, as the light fell upon it. 'Squire Mather started when he saw it, it was so like his little sister's as she lay in her last sleep; and his heart ached as it had not for many a day, remembering the lonely life of his boyhood, after this last little playmate had been taken from him.

"I may be doing a foolish thing," he muttered to himself; "but it's all for her sake; and I know she would like it. It's better so than to leave it for people to fight over when I'm dead and gone."

And when Kitty and her brothers had gone in to tea, you might have seen 'Squire Mather slowly getting over the fence, with a bag in his hand. He walked up to the edge of the hole to look in; then he jumped in. (How amazed any one would have been to see him there!) Then he reached out for the spade, and then for the bag, and after a few minutes of busy digging, out he jumped again from the hole, with such a queer face, and quickly climbing the fence, took up his old station again.

Supper was a very quiet meal that evening at the Crane's. Mr. Crane pushed away his plate and left the table without saying anything. Mrs. Crane's face looked sad and worn, and all baby's winning ways hardly called forth a smile. Kitty and Benny ate wearily; Ned alone chattered a little. Kitty could hardly restrain her tears as she reached again the scene of their labors.

"It is our last chance, Benny; and how sad poor papa and mamma are! We must dig a little more. I will take the first turn, while you rest," and Kitty jumped into the hole. A little while the work went on, then Kitty gave a cry. "Benny, I see something white! It is cloth! What do you suppose it can be?"

Benny jumped in, and 'Squire Mather jumped up a little higher on the fence—

there was no danger of their seeing him now.

"Dig away a little more, Kitty, while I take hold and pull!"

A moment of breathless silence.

"Benny, it is a bag!"

"And, Kitty, it's heavy! You get out, and I'll hand it up to you!"

After a little tugging, out it came, on to the ground.

"I'm almost afraid to untie it, Benny," said Kitty. "What if it should n't be it?"

"But we must find out before we take it to papa," said Ben, "I'll do it!"

He did do it, and found a large box. He opened the box, and there lay a pile of great silver dollars, and on the top of those, three bright yellow pieces.

"It must be gold," said Kitty, in a whisper; "it's like mamma's pin!"

"And we need n't go away!" said Benny, jumping up and down, and hugging first Kitty and then Ned; "only to think of it!"

"And poor papa and mamma!" said Kitty, with another hug; "how glad they'll be! Let us run right away and take it to them! Put it in Ned's cart!"

Squire Mather waited no longer, but hastened up to Mr. Crane's front door. Mr. Crane sat on the door-step, his head buried in his hands, while his wife, with her knitting in her lap, sat just behind, under the porch. They both started when they saw him, and Mr. Crane gave him a chair without a word. Squire Mather began:

"Well, neighbor, I suppose you feel very much attached to this place; you've lived here sometime."

Mrs. Crane answered, in her sad, low voice,

"Yes, it will be harder than I can tell, to leave it, not so much on our own account as on that of the children. They love every nook and corner of it. My little girl, who was so sick all winter, used to talk so much of getting out again, to play in the yard and garden. She knew every plant and shrub by name; and the first day that she went out her papa carried her to her little

tree by the gate, that was planted when she was born, and let her stand for a moment on the ground, that she might measure and see if it had grown tall any while she was sick. We thought, for a while after that, that she might never be able to go out again. The boys, too, think there never was anything quite so nice as the old barn, and wood-shed, where they play for hours together; it will be very hard for them, but—"

"Mamma! papa!" shouted Kitty, and Benny, and Ned, in one breath, as they appeared round the corner of the house; "where are you! Only see, see here, what we've got in the cart! We need n't go away, mamma; we can buy our house—only see!"

Squire Mather sat back in the shadow of the door while the children dragged out the bag, and opening the box, poured out their shining treasures before the astonished eyes of papa and mamma.

"But children—where—where did you get this?" asked Mr. Crane, recovering himself; "it does not belong to you!"

"Oh, yes it does!" said Kitty; "I dreamed, like the boy in my story book, that such a funny little man came to me, and told me the money was buried behind our barn, and Benny and I went out yesterday morning, and dug, and dug, all day, till oh! we were so tired, and we did n't find anything; and then we asked God to help us, and He did, for right after tea, when we went out to dig for the last time, I saw the corner of this bag sticking up, and we pulled, and pulled, and found this! Aren't you so glad, papa?"

"It is so very strange," said Mr. Crane, "I can't believe it. Are you sure that is all? Some one must have hidden it there. We must try, before we touch it, dear children, to find the owner. Here is a good deal of money, and it would not be right for us to touch it, as it is not ours. Did the ground look as if any one had been digging there?"

"No, indeed," said Kitty; "it was just as smooth and green; I began to dig under

a flat stone—the only one there was. I thought that might mark the place, and the roots of the grass were so thick I thought we should never get through them. But, papa, is n't it ours, after all? Must we go away, just the same?"

"I hope," said Mr. Crane, drawing her tenderly to him, "that my little girl would prefer to leave even this dear home, rather than stay in it by using money that did not belong to her."

Kitty gave a little sob, and made no answer—her disappointment was too great.

"Stop!" said 'Squire Mather, who had been quite forgotten during the excitement, rising from his chair; "do n't make the little girl feel bad. She's right; the money is hers—hers and the boys'. I put it there myself for them," and he drew his hand across his eyes, and sat down rather heavily.

Mr. Crane started from his seat.

"You, 'Squire Mather! What does this mean? I do n't understand."

"I do n't wonder," said 'Squire Mather, in a broken voice. "I've been a hard old wretch all my life; I've been hard on you, and I meant to turn you out if you did n't pay. But the other day, as I went down to my fruit trees, I saw your children digging, and heard all they said; and your little girl looked so kind of delicate, just like my little sister that died, and she worked so hard, and kept up so bright and cheerful, that it made me feel kind of badly. And I heard her pray that they might find the gold, and that the Lord would melt me (did n't you, little girl?), and all that night I kept thinking, and thinking about it, and saying to myself, 'they call you a hard old man, and that 's all the good your money's ever done you;' and the next morning I went out, and there they were digging away; and I heard 'em say how tired they were, and how they must dig hard, for it was the last day; and I went home and thought about it; and in the afternoon I thought I'd just take the money down, and if I wanted to I could bring it back. But there they were still, and the little girl lay on the grass there, and looked so pale, I thought I could

never meet my little sister if I disappointed her; so, when they were gone in to tea, I just jumped over and buried it there, and waited till they came back and found it; and then I ran up here to be here when they came. Now, I hope you'll keep it, and stay, and have just as nice a time as you can. The money's for the children to put in the bank—all but the gold pieces, which they're to keep; and in the bottom of the box you'll find a receipt for what you owe me."

Mr. Crane sprang up and grasped his hand.

"This is too much! How can I ever repay you?"

"Pay! I do n't want any pay; I've got enough; only let me come and see you, sometimes, when I am lonesome, and get acquainted with your children."

"Our house is yours, and all we have," said Mrs. Crane, warmly; "come whenever you feel like it; you will always find a place in our hearts."

"Why!" said Kitty, "'Squire Mather is our fairy after all! How funny! But I do believe his face is just like my dear little green man's—the one who told me where to dig—but I did n't know it then, for I never came so close to 'Squire Mather before."

"Do you think you could come close enough to him to give him a kiss?" said the old man.

"Oh, yes!" said Kitty; "I have n't thanked you yet for giving us the money. What should I have done if you had n't?" and she climbed up very lovingly into his lap to kiss him, and laid her head down on his shoulder. "Do you suppose," said she, a minute after, "that your little sister would have minded if I had been disappointed?"

"I do n't know, my dear," said the old man, with a tear in his eye, as he looked down upon the golden curls; "I do n't know what the angels do think about such things, but I rather think she would."

Little Kitty did n't get up the next morning, or for several mornings after that; the work had been too much for her. But if

you had climbed the narrow stairs to her little room, you might have seen 'Squire Mather sitting there by her bed, watching her eagerly, as she talked to him, while some of the pears from those choice young trees lay on the window sill to ripen in the sun. And many a day after, when she was able to run about again, she and her brothers would follow the 'Squire down his garden walk, and sit on the fence while he pruned the trees, talking of the time when their persevering efforts melted his heart, and discovered a treasure.

APRIL SHOWERS.

BY MRS. L. M. BLINN.

Patter, patter, the rain comes down
Over the shingles and leaves so brown;
Running in streams along the street,
Where the boys are playing with bare little feet;
Opening the eyes of the sweet spring flowers,
That have slept all the night of the winter hours;
Splashing and dashing in fitful way,
The soft rain falls on this April day.

A dear little face at my window pane
Looks out with frowns at the falling rain;
A sweet little face, now sad, now bright,
Like an April day in its changeful light;
Cheeks wet with tears from the great blue eyes,
Lips puckered and curved with disconsolate sighs,
As she sobs, "Oh, dear! it's *always* the way!
It's *sure* to rain if I want to play!"

Dear old grandma, with wrinkled face,
And dim eyes lit with an inward grace,
Smiles as she sees the teardrops fall
Down through the dimples and fingers small;
Her withered hand is fondly laid
In the flaxen curls of the little maid,
As she whispers, "Dear heart, 't is *your* April day,
And sunshine will soon drive the clouds away."

WISE LITTLE BUILDERS.

BY MRS. E. J. NICHOLS.

Late in last May we noticed a couple of birds fluttering about the dining-room in our Texan home; and, supposing that they had lost their way, we endeavored to put them out. But finding their visits repeated, we resolved to let them alone. They soon made known their errand, which was to build a nest on our cloth ceiling. They tried two places (each time leaving a half

circle of mud) before they found the right place. Then the male bird—clinging with his little feet—began to lay the foundation. The female made many ineffectual attempts, but from some cause could not cling well; and, disheartened, would flutter to a picture-frame and look discouraged. The male would seat himself beside her, chatter away, scolding her soundly for not helping him, when the poor little wife would try again, but only to fail.

At length he seemed to be convinced that she was not "playing off," and went manfully to work until he had plastered a resting place, projecting about a quarter of an inch; when Mrs. Martin became an assistant, and the work went merrily on. They would build undisturbed while we ate, so that we saw the house raised atom by atom. They would go to a spot where waste water was thrown, fill the back part of their bills with mud, while the tip held a dry piece of grass. The latter was first put upon the foundation, and then the mortar was placed upon it, and well patted down. Of course they had to curve it up as they went along, and when done it was somewhat funnel-shaped. The furnishing of the house was left to the wife, who industriously gathered chicken feathers to make a soft bed for her expected family. Three cunning little speckled eggs were deposited in this; and, ere very many days, the tiny birds were hatched. But the parents' joy was short lived; for, owing to some error in judgment, they had not built their house high enough in front; so, one by one, the mites of birds fell out and died. The parents seemed much troubled, but put their little heads together, guessed what was deficient, and actually went to work and built the edge half an inch higher! How marvelous is the instinct that God has given them!

Just about this time I was absent from home for a few hours, and returned to find the male bird dead. He was found lying under the clothes line, perfectly whole, so kitty was not to blame. I have always suspected that some naughty boys who came while I was gone, did the deed. The birds

were in the habit of resting upon the line, and I suppose offered such a tempting mark that the fatal stone was sent home. Here was Mrs. Martin, with a well-furnished house on hand, and no one to occupy it. She fluttered about for a day or two, roosting at night over the door, and I suppose kept the allotted time of mourning set apart for birds, until she found it was not good to be alone. So one day in she came, bringing another husband, a much larger and finer-looking bird than the other, and introduced him to us.

All went on nicely now. Three more eggs were laid, and the new husband faithfully fed her, occasionally coaxing her to take a little exercise; but in a few moments she was back again. This time all went well, and we watched the young birds day by day, until fully fledged, they took their first flight. They came back to the nest for one night, and then the whole family bade us adieu.

The nest still clings to the ceiling, and I have a curiosity to know if next spring will bring them back to us.

TWENTY-FOUR THOUSAND EYES.

BY AUSTIN Q. HAGERMAN.

This is not a fairy story, but a bit of sober science.

We conceited human-folks think two eyes enough; but there are creatures not larger than a ten-penny nail, that have twenty-four thousand eyes. Real eyes they are, too, and not make-believes. Though they are solid and shiny, they are not glass eyes. For men only make glass eyes, and they are very convenient for those who have been unhappy enough to lose an eye. There is a factory in Paris, where they make and sell about four hundred glass eyes a week; and they keep a one-eyed man to try them on when buyers come, so that they may judge how they look. I should think he would get tired of taking out and putting in so many eyes, day after day. But as it is his work, perhaps he does it bravely, patiently, cheerfully, as we all should do our daily tasks.

But about those twenty-four thousand eyes. They belong to the dragon-fly. We, in our school days, used to call them "snake doctors," or "snake feeders," for there was a curious rumor current among us school boys that these swift-darting creatures, flying about the brooks and marshes, were in the habit of "doctoring" and feeding snakes that had not been very thoroughly killed. Of course they do no such thing. They eat insects, and thus do good to us. And as for their surgical work among snakes, that was all "made up" by ignorant, or superstitious, or foolishly funny persons. But we a great deal more than half believed it, and were unsparing in our treatment of the poor, innocent dragon-flies.

Since the dragon-fly feeds upon small insects, it needs a keen and ready eye to guide it, as with rapid flight it sweeps after its prey. Its eyes are called compound, or composite; that is, each eye is made up of a very great number of wee bits of eyes, all closely joined together, so that they form one good-sized eye on each side of the insect's head. These stick out like "goggles," and give the creature a very wide-awake look. With these eyes standing out so, it can see on every side—up, down, behind, before (for insects cannot roll their eyes or turn their heads); and woe to the buzzing insect that comes within the field of its vision.

But without a strong magnifying glass, you cannot see the little eyes, or "facets," as they are called. These facets are not round like our eyes, but are six-sided, like cells of honey-comb.

In this we see the wisdom of the good Creator; by this shape they can be most closely packed, and have the greatest seeing surface. Upon the side nearest the insect's brain, each facet tapers down, like the sharpened tip of a lead pencil, and then each point sends down a nerve-fibre to the insect's brain, or large optic nerve. Each tiny eye has to look out, or rather has an outlook, for itself. It must do its own share of seeing, regardless of its mates; for no ray of light can cross over from one to another, because packed in the spaces is a

sort of black paint, which shuts off all rays of light from going anywhere except straight back along the nerve to which they belong. If it were not so, the poor insect would get things strangely mixed up in its little head.

Besides these two compound eyes, there are two or three simple ones in the front or top of the head. These are called stemmata, and appear to guide the insect in a straight, level flight; for if these be covered with paint, the insect's flight is constantly upward.

The common house-fly has four thousand eyes; and some beetles have twenty-five thousand, being a little more abundantly supplied than even the dragon-fly.

Some puffed-up, conceited men would have you believe that these curious eyes "developed," or just grew of themselves, without being made. Is not that an owlish bit of wisdom? Only One all-wise and loving could have planned an instrument so wonderful and beautiful. We believe the Book which says, "In wisdom He hath made them all."

LITTLE GRETCHEN.

BY KATE CAMERON.

Simple little Gretchen,
With her quiet ways,
Fears not the world's censure,
Seeks not the world's praise.
Just to do her duty
Is her only aim;
With no sigh for fortune,
And no wish for fame.

Busy little Gretchen,
Sitting by the fire
Plying her bright needles,
With no vision higher;
This her steady purpose,
Each day's task to do;
Faithful little Gretchen,
I half envy you.

With no foolish fancies
Of a brighter day,
At her work contented,
Happy in her play;
Useful little maiden,
If we could but tell
That our own life-labor
Would be done as well!

The Little Corporal.

—♦♦—
AN ORIGINAL MAGAZINE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS, AND
FOR OLDER PEOPLE WHO HAVE YOUNG HEARTS.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER, EDITOR.

CHICAGO, APRIL, 1873.

WHAT AILED THE PINE?

We all wanted it to grow. To be sure there were plenty of trees on the lawn—oaks, and maples, and a splendid great chestnut, but no pines; and grandma, who remembered so well the great piney woods of South Carolina, said we must have a pine. So the tree was bought, and a fine, thrifty little thing it was; dark green, with a bluish tinge at the roots of its tassels of stiff leaves. Grandpa himself set it out in the very best manner, and the way grandma's pine was coaxed, and petted, and mulched, must have astonished the hardy young savage whose ancestors had as much as they could do to keep a foothold in the barren soil when the terrible north-easters took hold of them. The little pine lived, but it never took kindly to its new home. The stiff green tassels always looked the same, summer and winter, and though after a time the tree added a few inches here and there, it gave no hope of ever being an honor to the vigorous race of giants from which it sprang. Even the birdies gave it the cold shoulder, and left it uninhabited, while they built their pretty straw houses in almost every other tree about the premises. One spring a new walk was laid out on the lawn, and the little pine stood right in the way, but the gardener had pity on it and curved the walk close around the roots. Then the soil was taken out several feet deep, and filled up with oyster shells, and sand, and gravel. It was a beautiful walk, and everybody liked to go that way to the garden. But what do you suppose happened to the pine tree? Why, it started at

once to grow, and grew so wonderfully that we all saw that it must have been starving before. And so it had been. There was no food for the pine in the rich black loam that the maples loved. Its clusters of slender leaves are sharp like needles. They wear a complete coat of mail, and the tree must manufacture fresh armor every year, for the new leaves that come into the world as soft and tender as babies. This coat of mail is *silica*, and there is not a particle of it in the loam. But a grain of white sand is nearly pure silica, and so is quartz; and if you want your pine to grow, you must give it food which contains silica. We live in a world full of wonders, and we only need to keep our eyes open to find them out. Let us have a

SOCIETY OF INQUIRY!

All subscribers to **THE CORPORAL** shall be considered members, and we will give up these editorial pages, for a while, to reporting progress. Let any one who finds out an interesting fact in the natural world, or who has any inquiry to make in regard to it, write a short letter to the editor, marking it on the *inside*, "Society of Inquiry."

Who will help to make this the most interesting and profitable department of the magazine?

HOW WE TAKE COLD.

Come here, Miss Lily, and give me your hand. It is white and dainty as a snow-flake, and as smooth as a piece of satin. But take a peep through this microscope. There's a fine hand for a lady! Coarse and rough, and seamed all over with deep lines! That bristling forest is made up of the downy hairs that lie so close to the skin, and those deep pits are the mouths through which your skin breathes. You did n't know it breathed? Very likely, but it does; it is sending out all the time a kind of moist breath from its millions of mouths—a very bad breath, for that is the way in which your body gets rid of a great deal of troublesome matter.

Now, this matter must be disposed of in

some way; so whenever you stop up those mouths, Nature goes to work to contrive some other outlet. She carries the waste matter to your lungs, your throat, and the air passages of your head, and so you grow hoarse, and cough, and sneeze, and "*can't think how you got such a horrid cold!*" I can tell you. Perhaps you were very warm with skating or sliding, and sat down *just a minute* to rest. Or you came out of a warm room into the cold air, and did not walk briskly enough to send the blood tingling all over your body, and so the skin got a sudden chill and stopped breathing. Or may be you took cold from sitting in a close, hot, ill-ventilated room; plenty of people do that, and "*can't think how they took cold, when they have n't been exposed a minute.*"

Keep your skin at its work, and you will not take cold; or, if you have already been so unfortunate, you must open the little mouths again by bathing and rubbing, and then Nature will quickly repair the damage, and take you off the sick list.

THE EARLY SONGSTER

Is the title given to the beautiful frontispiece found in this number. The first birds of spring have already made their appearance, and are filling the air with their songs. We trust no reader of **THE CORPORAL** will harm or molest the dear creatures, as they peer about the trees and the bushes, selecting a site for their summer home. Will the boys and girls notice the coming of the birds, learn their names and habits, and make out a list of all the different kinds, and send them to us sometime during this month? Give us the names only of those found during the month in your locality; and, as **THE CORPORAL** goes to all parts of the country, and many places in foreign lands, we shall expect many lists, giving a large variety of birds. We will print the names of those who send us the largest lists. Address **EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER**, Editor "**Little Corporal**," Chicago, Ill.



Here are two letters which will help to solve the mystery of that hole in the pocket, which troubles some of you so much. Please read them carefully.

"Dear Prudy: I never saw any letters from our town in your pocket. I have written you three letters before, and you never printed any of them. You must have an awful hole in your pocket. I am ten years old. I have taken THE CORPORAL two years. I have two brothers and three sisters. Be sure not to let this letter fall out of your pocket.

"JENNIE B. W."

"Dear Prudy: We have got a new baby and a little red calf. I think it is very queer that the calf knows more than the baby. The calf can walk, and the baby can't even hold up his head. Johnny caught a mouse in the china closet. He put it in a big fruit bottle. We are going to tame it for a show. I saw a mouse once that would fire off a cannon, and dance, and play on a fiddle. How do you guess they trained him? I wish I knew, for our mouse don't learn much yet. I go to school, and I like it pretty well, but I like play better, and to read stories. I printed this myself. My name is Rudie Northrop, and I send my love to Prudy."

Now, there is no need to ask you which of these letters is best worth printing. Every soul of you would vote for No. 2, yet there is nothing remarkable in it. Just a simple child's letter, telling in a very simple way of the things the writer was interested in. There is not an eight-year-old in all THE CORPORAL's army who could not write one exactly as good, yet out of every month's letters, at least one-half are like No. 1, which has nothing in it of any interest to other people. Suppose we have a change in style, and see how it will work. Try to tell something in your letters.

Warrenton. **"Dear Prudy:** I tried to send you a club for THE CORPORAL. There are plenty of boys and girls here, but the boys do not like to read, and the girls are all tom-boys. My smallest sister does not go to school, but sister Nannie teaches her evenings. She tried to teach her dolls to spell B, E, K, Baker. My paper is directed Fannie, but my name is TOMMIE."

St. Catharines. **"Dear Prudy:** This is a very pretty town in summer, for most all the gardens are filled with flowers of every hue. We have plenty of roses, lilacs, violets, geraniums and verbenas. We live on the banks of the Welland Canal, which you know is the largest on the continent. There are

four mineral springs in the town, which are visited by people from all parts of the world, and they cure many diseases. Two pairs of wrens built their nests in a shrub honeysuckle in our garden. They had each four bluish eggs, and after a few weeks they each hatched four dear little birds.

"LULIE WINCHESTER."

East Bethel. **"Dear Prudy:** Mamma said I might have THE CORPORAL for a birthday party, and of course I chose THE CORPORAL. The ten cents I earned by shooting flies and combing papa's hair.

"MAY."

South Bend. **"Dear Prudy:** I am so sorry for little Willie Pearson, since he has no father. I don't know what I should do if I had no dear father to love me. I wonder if some little boy or girl will not write me a letter? I should be so much pleased if they would.

MATIE E. WHEELER."

Addison. **"Dear Prudy:** I want to tell you about my dog. He is a big black fellow, and his name is King. He has churned all the butter this summer, and he will sit up in a chair and shake hands, and do a great many other nice things.

H. T. ALBEE."

Prudy would like to shake hands with such a nice old King.

Robert College, Constantinople. **"Dear Prudy:** I am a boy ten years old, and live way out here in Constantinople, in a village called Roumili-Hisjar. I am attending Robert College. Some one has sent us THE CORPORAL for five years. I will now endeavor to tell you a story about a Turkish teacher, who was a rather foolish man. One day this Turkish teacher was going along the road, when he saw some people trying in vain to get a man out of a well. So he went up to them and said, 'Bring me a rope!' So they brought him a rope, and he threw it into the well, and the man took hold of it and was saved. And another time there was a man who was repairing a minaret, when the scaffolding fell down and he was left up there. Then the Turkish teacher said, 'Bring me a rope!' So they brought him a rope, and he threw him the rope, and he caught hold of it, and the Turkish teacher pulled him down and killed him. Please do not let this letter fall out of your pocket. From your friend, ALBERT H. PRATT."

Bradford. **"Dear Prudy:** I write long letters every week to my Aunt Helen, but I do not know as I can tell you anything interesting, unless you want to hear about my pets. I have five white fan-tailed doves, and a Seabright hen that lays eggs every day, and a beautiful kitten, that I like best of all. Mam-

ma sends her love to you, and says she thanks you for the pains you take to interest and instruct little children.
JENNIE LUND."

Readington. "Dear Prudy: About two weeks ago we had a silver thaw, and my little cousin thought it was so pretty that she asked if that was what people walked down from heaven on.
"ANNA THOMPSON."

Greenburg. "Dear Prudy: We have a calf at our house which has a bob-tail, and a pig that is bob-tailed, too. Don't you think that is funny? We shall have a railroad right through our meadow before long, and then I shall see the cars every day.
"BETTIE."

Hazel Green. "Dear Prudy: My little cousin says 'Little Runaway' is a picture of a boy that ran away before he got up. She is only five years old. I have a donkey to ride around the farm, but she is so slow she cannot hurt me.
ARUBA."

Pekin. "Dear Prudy: I have a little coon named Dick. He is so tame he will follow me like a dog. We had a cat and a squirrel, and the coon used to chase them so I had to chain him up. In summer we let him run loose in the house, until he began to steal our chickens. Once when my sister was making rolls, he grabbed a handful of dough and ran away with it.
WILLIE G. BURDETT."

Manchester. "Dear Prudy: I live close by great Mount Equinox. Every summer some nice people from Chicago come here. One man gave us a large bell for our new church, and another gave us \$500 to help pay for the organ; so you see we have good friends in your city and we love them very much. Won't Mr. and Mrs. Miller come here next summer? I want to see them and talk with them.
"CHARLIE L. COY."

Glens Falls. "My Dear Prudy: Last year Charlie Osborn wrote you that he went to a girl's school, and when I read it I thought I would like to write you all about that school, for it is the very one I attend, and there is only two or three boys, but plenty of girls. It is a select school, and we girls call it 'Woodbine School,' because it is all covered with woodbine. Do n't you think it a pretty name? We used to have a paper in our school, and we called it 'The Woodbine Leaf,' and the girls wrote for it. We put Charlie's letter in it, and wrote at the beginning, 'From the Corporal.' It was read once a month, and sometimes our mamas would come to hear it read; and such funny things as we would write for it! Last summer we had a post office, and would write letters to each other at home, and when we came to school we would mail them at our post office, which was under the stone steps. But one day we found some one had taken our letters and thrown them all about the yard. So we put in our paper, 'Great mail robbery! Reward of ten cents for the thieves!' and it made everybody in school laugh. But the reward was not large enough, for we did not catch the thieves. Now, I am afraid my letter is so long you cannot get it in your pocket; but I hope you will, dear Prudy, if you have to leave one end sticking out, and by doing so you will make happy one of your new little friends.
BESSIE ROBINSON."

There it is with both ends sticking out.

Plomer. "Dear Prudy: I am a little boy eleven years old. Myself and brother have taken THE LITTLE CORPORAL two years, and I like it very much. I have a little sister about two years old; she fell down and bumped her nose on the floor. I have got a dog which my uncle brought from Green Bay on the cars. We have got a new barn; it was finished the day before Christmas; we have got three horses,

two cows and four pigs. Please put this in your pocket, and do n't let it drop out. So good-bye.
"HARRY RAYMOND."

Raleigh. "Dear Prudy: I used to live away up in Minnesota, and I like the country better there, for there I had plenty of ice to skate on, and snow to slide on, and we could go sleigh-riding. I love to hear the bells jingling.
ROBBIE LANE."

Trout Creek. "Dear Prudy: I noticed a picture about the milk peddlers in your last number. Now, Prudy, I don't want you and the readers of THE LITTLE CORPORAL to think all of the milk peddlers are dishonest; for I have been peddling milk to the miners for two years, and I never put one drop of water in it. Prudy, I have been looking over my gold to find a piece to send you; but the gold dust is so fine here I scarcely ever get a piece large enough to send in a letter. But I will save the next piece I get for you. Your friend,
WILLY."

Niles. "Dear Prudy: I am very much interested in the articles about birds and insects, and I wish Mrs. Hathaway would write more about birds. I am very fond of them, and want to know more about them. Is the nuthatch the small black and white woodpecker that stays with us in winter? And what is the slender, mouse-colored bird that sings three clear, ringing notes before sunrise, and on cloudy days in summer?
A YOUNG FRIEND."

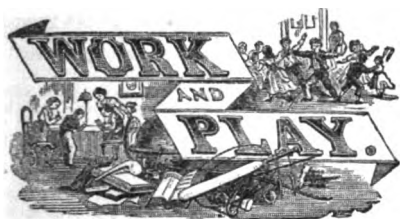
Who can answer the questions?

Dayton. "Dear Prudy: I am nine years old. I go to school, and read in the Fourth Reader. Our school had vacation during the holidays. The day before vacation we had a prize spelling match. I spelt my whole room down, and got Aesop's Fables for a prize.
DOREUMS HAYS."

Kalamazoo. "Dear Prudy: I am six years old. I want to see my letter in your pocket. I had a pet owl; last night he broke his cage and got away. Ain't you real sorry? I am.
GEORGIE SEELY."

Americus. "Dear Prudy: We live near the Cow Indians. They come here nearly every day; bring calico, or a cup and saucer, or such like, to swap for 'honey meat,' as they call it. We used to be afraid of them, but we find them harmless, lazy, and dirty. They say 'pesia' for bad, and 'yolley' for good. Dear Prudy, did you ever see an Indian? They all wear blankets, which look as though they were washed in the Chicago river. There are wolves here, also; we hear them howl often. WILLIE HOWARD."

Woodford's Corners. "Dear Prudy: I have taken THE LITTLE CORPORAL since July, 1870, and want to tell you that I love it better and better the older it grows and the older I grow. I am a little girl nine years old, and go to the grammar school, and have recited many pieces out of THE CORPORAL, most of which were written by Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller. I rather think you know her, don't you? I have a pair of shell Seabrights, of a beautiful bright orange color and black; and last summer, when the sun was hot, they staid in the apple trees, and looked so funny peeping out from the thick foliage. Their names are Dolly Dutton and Billy Button, and another pair is called Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee. They are very tame, and will not do any damage in the garden. We sold one pair for a little girl's Christmas present. Please find room in your pocket for this letter, as we seldom see any in it from Maine, and many of your little friends look eagerly every month, and wonder why no more are printed. Were you ever in New England, Prudy? Please excuse my questions, and accept much love from one of your many friends.
EMMA E. PERRY."



CONDUCTED BY PRIVATE QUEER.

No. 28—RIDDLE.

I am firm, hard, and solid; yet very easily broken.
If you use me well, I am everybody; but if you so
much as scratch my back, I become nobody. Pretty
people delight in me, ugly ones abuse me, and all
seek my company, though they prefer meeting only
themselves. *F. R. F.*

No. 29—ENIGMA.

I am a word of four syllables, easy to spell, but
rather hard for little folks to pronounce. My first
and second united produce confusion; are nearly as
old as the flood; and stood for a long time the mon-
ument of man's sin and God's justice. My third is
dearer to God than the child to his parent. My
fourth is used in describing a spot in the river Nile,
that all travelers wish to see; and my whole is the
name of a narrow strait uniting a famous sea and a
beautiful ocean, and the name also of an island and
a mountain in the strait. *F. R. F.*

No. 30—ENIGMA.

I am composed of 34 letters.
My 12, 6, 1, is a vegetable.
My 5, 19, 23, 10, 7, 13, is a vegetable.
My 11, 6, 24, 10, is a delicious fruit.
My 5, 18, 10, 8, 7, 9, 19, 34, is a delicious fruit.
My 4, 21, 29, 15, 32, 22, is a species of fish.
My 5, 21, 28, 9, 5, 25, is dress goods.
My 34, 21, 24, 2, 22, is dress goods.
My 5, 21, 34, 18, 1, 19, 8, 10, is dress goods.
My 34, 22, 2, 4, 19, disturbs many people.
My 29, 16, 3, 17, 19, 22, requires attention.
My 5, 18, 8, 30, 3, 17, 15, 12, 23, the time for St. Nick.
My 6, 8, 30, 24, 18, 15, 10, 17, 38, 5, is one of our
school studies.
My 10, 20, 6, 22, 14, 30, 9, 38, 29, 19, is a city in the
State of Indiana.
My 2, 22, 11, 37, 12, 26, 23, is a race of people nearly
extinct.
My 28, 35, 20, 10, 32, 26, 19, 12, 32, 17, 18, 10, 7, is
a new commandment given by Jesus to his
disciples.
My whole is the name and residence of a young
Miss who received a Christmas present of one year's
subscription for THE LITTLE CORPORAL.

No. 31—CHARADE.

I am a word of two syllables; of which my first is
a portion of bread; my second has been made by my
whole on the destinies of his country; and my whole
is the most distinguished statesman of his day.
F. R. F.

No. 32—CHARADE.

I am composed of five syllables. My first is used
as an exclamation; my first and second united de-

scribe one of the attributes of God; my third is a
measure; my fifth signifies but one; my fourth
and fifth united make the name of a fine building;
and my whole was founded in 1501, though not com-
pleted till three-quarters of a century after. It was
the residence of one noted for her beauty and her
misfortunes; and contains full-length portraits of
two famous sovereigns of different countries.

F. R. F.

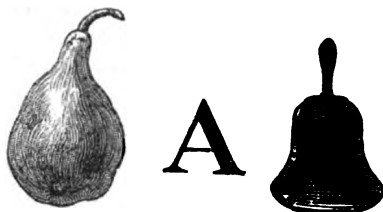
No. 33—INITIALS AND FINALS.

Take for the first word a wee, crying thing;
Of the next, a few years past, did Tennyson sing;
For the next, what the spiders so constantly do.
And men oft use the fourth, as do elephants, too.
The fifth is a fruit for which epicures call,
And the sixth and the last is just nothing at all.

Six initials, six finals; the first form the name
Of a place, which the finals would crown with all
fame.

Six finals, the people who constantly boast
That the first is the place all are bound to love most.
Minnie B. Stada.

No. 34—ILLUSTRATED REBUS.



No. 35—CHARADE.

Without my 1, 2, 3, 7, 8, I am a piece of wood.
Without my 1, 4, 5, 6, 9, 8, I am an animal.
Without my 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, I am an enemy.
Without my 3, 5, 6, 7, 8, I am a vapor.
Without my 1, 2, 3, 6, 7, I am a part of the body.
Without my 1, 2, 3, 4, I signify affection.
Without my 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, I signify to torment.
Without my 1, 2, 3, I am an article of dress.
Without my 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, I am an animal.
My whole is the name of a flower. *M. M. H.*

No. 36—CHARADE.

First.

Turn the wheel, turn the wheel, Dolly,
And finish your skein to-day;
It is easy, when young, my daughter,
To be light-footed and gay.

Second.

For granny is old and feeble,
And must keep to her cushioned chair,
While the light from her eyes is faded,
And silver crept into her hair.

Whole.

Now, Dolly, go bring from the garden
The plant, you know, fresh and green;
We will have the leaves boiled for our dinner,
And make a dish fit for a queen.

No. 37—ENIGMA.

My first is in mouse, but not in rat.
My second is in dog, but not in cat.

My third is in one, but not in two.
 My fourth is in boot, but not in shoe.
 My fifth is in gay, but not in sad.
 My sixth is in good, but not in bad.
 My seventh is in moon, but not in star.
 My eighth is in pole, but not in bar.
 My ninth is in run, but not in mope.
 My tenth is in lye, but not in soap.
 My whole is a city in Alabama.

Willie W. Coe.

No. 38—WORD SQUARE.

A pain.
 A garment.
 To stop.
 A girl's name.

Arthur O'Brian.

No. 39—ENIGMA.

My first is in man, but not in boy.
 My second is in play, but not in toy.
 My third is in ruby, but not in pearl.
 My whole is the name of a little girl.

May F. Tennant.

No. 40—CHARADE.

I am composed of five syllables, of which my *first* is the abbreviation of a boy's name; my *second* a small particle in frequent use; my *third* means a city or town; my *fourth* is found in every case; my *fifth* makes three-quarters of a tile; and my *whole* is nearly four hundred feet high, standing on a huge rock, in the midst of a great European city. I was built eight hundred years ago, but am yet in my prime. I was once the dwelling-place of a queen famous for her beauty; and the birth-place of a king, who inherited one crown when he was but a few months old, and another in his thirty-sixth year; and I am now the receptacle of the crown and regalia of a race of kings already extinct.

F. R. F.

No. 41—HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of twenty-two letters.
 My 17, 5, 8, 6, 13, 21, 17, 22, 11, 20, was a British vessel captured in 1814, by Captain Stewart.
 My 10, 16, 15, 20, 14, 11, 13, 1, 9, 6, 21, 17, 9, 11, 20, was a Spaniard who, in 1512, attempted to conquer Florida.
 My 22, 12, 9, 8, 4, 15, 13, was a very able Union General.
 My 8, 9, 22, 1, 16, 21, was a vessel sent out in search of Sir John Franklin, in 1840.
 My 15, 17, 3, 15, was a battle fought between the Turks and Russians, in 1854.
 My 3, 15, 1, 19, 13, is a city in Georgia captured by Sherman.
 My 3, 15, 10, 19, 8, 15, 20, 6, 8, 21, was a British spy captured by the Americans.

My 18, 15, 4, 9, 22, 3, 11, 20, 8, 11, 21, was a President of the United States.

My whole was a very distinguished American naval officer during the Revolution. A. P. Walbridge.

CORRECT ANSWERS.

Correct answers were sent by the following persons: Howard Dodd, F. O. Maxwell, A. P. Walbridge, Clarence F. Moore, Robert Keith, Florence L. Yost, Eva M. Platt, Don. Marsh, Mozartina Hateschek, Kate McNeil, Earl H. Reed, Eddie S. Peck, Willie Reeve, S. G. Perry, Johnny Culbertson, Hattie Sleeper, Florence Paul, Jennie Williams, Frank B. Stitt, Allen J. Mason, Lucy M. Vinacke, Kate S. Washburn, Jennie M. Day, Nellie Vose, Arthur O'Brian, Anna Jernson, Annie C. Marston, Annie Ryall, May Ferris, Anna Ormsbee, Herbert N. Beall, John C. Keeler, Vinnie Johnson, Charlie F. Wheldon, Sidney K. Pratt, Ella Smith, Ora Thompson, Rena Johnson, Emmons A. Snow, Annie Edman, John Tenny, Carrie Chapel, G. W. Hicks, Jennie Swift, Maggie Bogue, Lizzie Freeman, Edgar C. Rose.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES, ETC., IN MARCH NUMBER.

No. 17.—Puzzle—Cherry.

No. 18.—Charade—Carnation.

No. 19.—Riddle—Bark.

No. 20.—Word Square—S O L D.

O V E R.

L E N A.

D R A M.

No. 21.—Initials and Finals—Chili; Orleans; Louisiana; uncurb; Maine; Bengal; Ural; St. Helena. Columbus; Isabella.

No. 22.—Charade—Iowa.

No. 23.—Charade—Dew-drops.

No. 24.—Enigma—Mud.

No. 25.—Sports.

No. 26.—Charade—Monkshood.

No. 27.—Charade—Light-house.

TRANSLATION TO PICTURE STORY

No. 3.

"Barking dogs never bite," is an old saying. You would think by the noise that they were ready to eat you up. The very earth trembles with their fury. But now the danger comes nearer, and you see them skulking back to their hiding places. They are as still as mice while the danger is passing by. Then when all is past, their courage suddenly returns, and they are braver than ever. But a really brave dog waits until it is time to strike, and then makes for the enemy. He does not waste time and strength in useless barking. He boldly faces the danger and at once grapples with the foe, resolved to do his best. The best way to meet danger is to face it boldly.

W. O. C.



The Little Corporal.

TERMS—\$1.50 a year Single Numbers 15 cents.

JOHN E. MILLER,

Publisher and Proprietor,

No 165 West Washington St. Chicago, Ill.

THE POSTAGE on the LITTLE CORPORAL is three cents a quarter, or 12 cents a year, payable quarterly at the P. O. where the magazine is received.

CHICAGO, APRIL, 1873.

THE SPRING CAMPAIGN! A GRAND SUCCESS!

The work of canvassing goes briskly on, and we are receiving a large number of names every day. This month is still a good time to canvass, for there are yet a great many who have not subscribed for any periodical for their children. If each of our present subscribers would send us one name during this month, our list would be doubled, and we would be prepared to make, if possible, a better magazine. Show your premium pictures, dear friends, and you will have no difficulty in securing one or more names. How many will send us one name during the month of April?

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

The price of THE LITTLE CORPORAL is \$1.50 per annum, including our pair of oil chromos, "MOTHER'S MORNING GLORY," and "LITTLE RUNAWAY." When the pictures are to be sent by mail, 10 cents extra must be sent, or \$1.60 in all. When 25 cents extra is sent, or \$1.75 in all, the pictures will be sent, post paid, mounted, sized and varnished, ready for framing. This is the most desirable form to have them, as but few persons are able to prepare chromos properly for framing.

CLUB TERMS.—To clubs of five or more names received at one time, and all from the same place, we will send the chromos, mounted ready for framing, for 15 cents extra from each subscriber, instead of 25 cents. In such cases the chromos for the entire club will be sent in one package, pre-paid, to the agent who sends the club, or some other person designated, who will agree to distribute them to the proper subscribers. In this way the chromos will not only cost the subscribers less per pair, but will also be less liable to receive injury in the mails than when sent each pair by itself.

Remember that no additions can be made in single subscriptions, afterwards, at the club rates. Single names must be accompanied with \$1.75 to secure the mounted chromos.

THE CHAMPION GYMNAST, advertised in another place, will be sent as a premium for two names, or sent by us, post paid, upon receipt of price, 25c.

A PRIZE PICTURE STORY.

Private Queer wishes us to announce that he offers a prize for the best Picture Story, designed and drawn by any boy or girl who is now a subscriber to THE LITTLE CORPORAL.

FIRST PRIZE—The chromo, Prang's Barefoot Boy, or a pair of Gold Sleeve Buttons, or Webster's National Pictorial Dictionary.

SECOND PRIZE—Solid Silver Napkin Ring, Case of Drawing Instruments, chromo Cherries are Ripe.

CONDITIONS—The story must consist of a series of six pictures only—size about one by one and a half inches, drawn upon paper.

The drawings must reach us by the 15th of April.

CROQUET PREMIUMS.

The season for out-door games and amusements is at hand, and we would call attention to our Croquet Premiums. The terms we make are so liberal that every family in the land may possess one of these popular games. They are manufactured by Milton Bradley & Co., Springfield, Mass., which is a sufficient guarantee that they are first-class goods. We offer only two styles, but if parties desire one of a higher price, we will give them terms upon application to us.

TERMS.

For ten names, at \$1.50 each, we will send a set of Bradley's Croquets, price \$6.00; and for a club of fifteen names, at \$1.50 each, we will send a set worth \$9.00. The Bradley Croquets are all put up in *Fine Chestnut Boxes*, warranted *Rock Maple*, and accompanied with *Patent Sockets* for Bridges.

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The pictures are 8x11 inches in size, and at the usual price of chromos at the art stores, they are worth about \$5.00 for the pair.

They are not merely cheap colored prints, but real Oleographs or Oil Chromos, made by the same artist who made our beautiful *Red Ridinghood and the Wolf*, and *Cherries are Ripe*.

It will be hard for a lover of children to decide which of these pictures is most to be admired. "MOTHER'S MORNING GLORY" is a lovely little girl, with her head crowned with flowers; one hand holds up the skirt of her dainty dress, which she is busily filling with buds and blossoms, and altogether she looks as sweet and fresh as her namesake. "LITTLE RUNAWAY" has evidently just crept out of bed to start on his travels, and is as bewitching as possible with the one little garment in which babies look their best. He peeps out through the tall wheat with blue eyes and dimpled cheeks, full of fun and

frolic. Taken altogether, the pair are enough to captivate the hardest heart.

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We can furnish all the numbers of *THE LITTLE CORPORAL*, bound in neat style, at the following prices:

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THE GLOBE MICROSCOPE, advertised in this number, and offered as a premium on our new list, is one of the best low-priced instruments we have ever seen. In a family of children it will afford an endless amount of amusement and instruction. Objects for examination can easily be obtained and prepared in a few minutes. A few prepared objects, however, will be found very interesting and desirable to have on hand for ready examination. We can send one dozen mounted objects by mail, post paid, upon receipt of \$1.50, or we will send the microscope and one dozen mounted objects, prepaid, by mail or express, upon receipt of \$3.75. When you send your order, please state whether you wish the instrument to be sent by mail or express.

IRREGULARITIES.—It would be a great favor to us if subscribers would notify us at once of any failure in receiving the regular issues of the magazine. Every number is mailed previous to the first of the month for which it is issued, but the mails sometimes fail to reach their destination, for reasons which are above our control. Subscribers will sometimes wait months, and even a year, before they make known any failure or irregularity in the service of the magazine. We are always willing and anxious to make any corrections in the address, and to supply lost numbers, if we are informed in proper season. It is to our interest to have every subscriber get every number of the magazine he has paid for.

Subscribers changing their place of residence, and neglecting to inform us of any change required in the direction of the magazine until several numbers are lost, must not expect us to make good the loss, as we mail every number to the address as given, until a change is ordered.

DELAYS have occurred in sending back numbers and chromos, but it was unavoidable, and we trust that our subscribers will cultivate patience, as we are doing our utmost to have every one served as promptly as possible.

INSURANCE FOR THE COUNTRY.

The American Insurance Company, of Chicago, confines its business exclusively to detached dwellings, barns, farm property, churches, and school houses, avoiding strictly city risks, and certainly offers a very safe and desirable security. We would call attention to the Company's annual statement, given in our advertising department, which showing is certainly a flattering one for the management, and proves conclusively that the system inaugurated by this Company is a success.

J. V. FARWELL & CO.

The attractions of the Chicago market in Dry Goods was never so great as this spring. In addition to the immense stock of new goods on sale, Messrs. Farwell & Co. will, on the opening of the spring trade, place the balance of their immense retail stock on sale in job lots, having determined to devote their entire energies, and their immense building, to the wholesale business.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Rudie's Goat is another of the series of *Kitty and Lulu* books, from the pen of that best of writers for children, Miss Joanna H. Mathews, who also is one of our contributors. Price \$1.10. Robert Carter & Bros., New York.

The Wonderful Lamp, by Alexander Macleod, D.D., is a series of short chapters, each of which consists of some story or incident, illustrating some moral truth. Price \$1.00. Robert Carter & Bros., New York, and for sale by W. G. Holmes, Chicago.

Scribner's Monthly maintains its past popularity, and is surely worthy of a large patronage. Dr. Holland's story, entitled *Arthur Bonnicastle*, is growing in interest, and is alone worth the price of the magazine. Published by Scribner & Co., New York. \$4.00 a year.

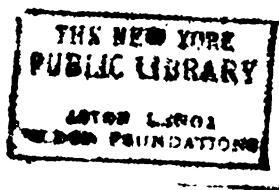
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Sunshine for Sunday-Schools, by P. P. Bliss. Published by John Church & Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Songs for Worship, by T. C. O'Kane. Published by Hitchcock & Walden, Chicago and Cincinnati. The above are two excellent new singing books, and will undoubtedly meet with a large sale.





RURAL NOTES.

THE LITTLE CORPORAL.

FIGHTING AGAINST WRONG; AND FOR THE GOOD, THE TRUE, AND THE BEAUTIFUL.

VOL. XVI.—MAY, 1873.—No. 5.

DAISY'S CHRISTMAS STOCKINGS.

BY JOANNA H. MATHEWS.



DAISY! Daisy!"

"Esh, mamma, I tomin'."

But she did not come at once. No; there she still knelt upon the chair by the window, tiny bare pink feet peeping out from her white night-gown; bright, eager eyes peeping through the frosted panes, out into the street.

"Daisy! Daisy! you will take cold. Go back to your crib in the nursery, or else come here to mamma's bed, till it is time for you to get up."

Over the floor pattered the little feet, and Daisy clambered up to mamma's bed. Did mamma think that she was going to doze any longer, now that she had invited that small, restless elf into her bed? I think not. Mamma knew right well what she had brought upon herself.

"Mamma, I so told! Tuddle me up warm."

And so mamma did, drawing the little chilled figure into her arms, and "tuddling" it up close and warm in a loving clasp. But mamma had to find a little fault, too; for it was against the rules for Daisy to jump out of bed without leave, and run from room to room in bare feet.

"I fordoot. I not do so adain. Mamma, Tim's dirl has bare foots, and it's so told out in de stweet," said Daisy. "It's all snow. Tim is spadin' de snow off de sidewalk, and his dirl b'ooms it."

Tim was the boy who came to Daisy's home every morning to black the boots, carry up coal for the fires, and to shovel the snow from the stoop and sidewalk when there was any to shovel. He was always ready for a job of any kind—poor, industrious Tim.

"What girl?" asked mamma.

"Tim's dirl. I saw her anoder day, mamma. Toot dave her some pieces of wittal, and she ate 'em all up. Tim's dirl so hundry and so told. I solly for her."

"Poor girl," said mamma, "out in the snow with no shoes or stockings. I am afraid a good many poor children have no shoes and stockings this cold weather."

"Poor chillens!" repeated Daisy, with a whole heart full of pity in her soft little voice. "Mamma, le's dive 'em all my shoes, 'cept on'y one, and den I will hop de oder foot. You dive 'em all yours, too, mamma, 'cept one, and you hop too. Oh, mamma! mamma! Tismas is tomin' to-morrow! Nurse said so, and Tim' dirl has no stottin to han' up for Santy Taus!"

"Shall we hang up a stocking for Tim's

girl to-night, and see what comes in it?" said mamma.

"Esh, esh!" said delighted Daisy, clapping her hands, and then covering mamma's face with kisses.

So that night—Christmas eve—when Daisy hung up her own stocking, she hung one for Tim's girl, too. Then she put her little head over the fender and called up the chimney,

"Santy Taus! Santy Taus! fill up dis stottin for Tim's dirl! Fill it full up!"

Mamma had the nursery well warmed early Christmas morning. She knew right well that with the first streak of daylight the bright eyes would open, the little feet have hard work to be obedient and keep in bed, the busy, restless fingers be eager, oh! so eager, to thrust themselves into the depths of the Christmas stocking. So the moment Daisy was awake nurse was ready for her. Little wrapper and slippers were put on in haste, and away went Daisy for her stocking.

Her stocking? Her stockings, I should have said.

But when she came near, she stood still upon the hearthrug, and looked from one to the other. That she had put up for herself hung full—so full, with many a pretty toy lying beneath. There was far too much for the little sock, and Santa Claus' good gifts had overflowed upon hearth and rug.

The other stocking hung empty—nothing inside, nothing below. Daisy made sure of that, even before she touched her own. The fat, dimpled fingers clasped themselves about the empty sock, and a troubled look came over the merry, eager face.

Away went Daisy into mamma's room; and, without waiting for an invitation this time, she scrambled upon the bed. Mamma had quite expected her, but the merry, happy face she had looked for was not there. Daisy looked ready to cry, and broke forth in a loud, angry voice,

"Suts a dweedy Santy Taus, mamma! suts a dweedy, hollid ole Santy Taus! Did n't lef' nosin for Tim's dirl, an' I tole him, too! Lef' on'y one stottin full for me!"

And the tears were in Daisy's eyes—tears on this "happy Christmas" morning.

"Has he put many things in your stocking?" asked mamma.

"Esh; lots an' lots. I dess I better dough bat an' loot at 'em. My stottin is tammed full, but Tim's dirl's is tammed empty." (*Tammed* stands for crammed in Daisy's English.)

"Perhaps Santa Claus filled your stocking so full so you could put some things in Tim's girl's," said mamma.

"Oh, esh! I b'lieve he did!" And, all smiles and good humor once more, Daisy slid down from her mother's bed, and ran back to the nursery. Mamma came too, to watch and see what the little one would do.

The chubby fingers had already fastened upon the full stocking, and were pulling forth all that it contained, the sweet, crooken tongue chattering the while as fast as it could go. Will you listen to her as she talks—partly to herself, partly to any one who will heed?

"Ady-apples—two—one for Daisy, one for Tim's dirl. Pitty bots wis tanny in it; noder pitty bots—one for Tim's dirl, one for Daisy; dis is de pittiest, Tim's dirl sall have it. Tunnin 'ittle pencil—oh, my! I *did* want a pencil—it opens an' s'uts lite mamma's! Well, I dess dis pencil better be for me; but den may be Tim's dirl would lite it. Poor chile! s'e does be so told an' so hundry! I will pit it in her stottin. I sint Santy Taus meened her to have it. Dat's all!"

The little stocking which had been "crammed full," now hung "crammed empty," while its neighbor was more than half filled; and Daisy turned to the heap of larger toys which lay below in the corner by the fire-place.

"A tea-set—a tully, tully tea-set—tups an' saucers, an' tea-pot, an' sudar-bowl, an' spoons, an' all! Oh, mamma! mamma! An' a new dolly—a dolly what s'uts its eyes—an' a woolly ba-a-lamb!—an' a new sash, oh! what a pitty sash! an' a new 'ittle chair! Mamma, what sall be for Tim's dirl, an'

2 what for me? Why did n't Santy Taus dive two dollies, an' two lambies, an two ev'ysing?"

Here was a puzzle. Daisy wanted all these pretty things so much for herself; but her generous little heart would not let her keep them all, when "Tim's dirl" had none. She stood a moment looking from one to another of the pile of toys, not able at first to make up her mind which she would give away.

Presently down she plumped upon her knees on the hearth-rug and fell to work. The tea-set was divided, half of the cups and saucers, spoons and plates, going into one heap, half into another; tea-pot to one, sugar-bowl to the other. Daisy hesitated long over the cream-pitcher. At last, with a little sigh, it was set down for "Tim's dirl."

"Mamma, will s'e lite de dolly or de lambie bes'? I sint I sall dive her de lambie. I 'faid dolly will twy if I dive her away to a stwanger. An' de chair, an' de sash! S'e sall have de chair to sit in, tause s'e's too tired, I dess. No; may be s'e better have de sash to teep her warm—s'e's so told. Well, no, I dess I better dive her bof two, de chair an' de sash, tause I have noder chair an' many sashes, an' s'e *does* be so tired and so told. Now, mamma, won't Tim's dirl be glad?"

And the little night-gowned figure jumped to its feet, and turned flushed and eager to its mother.

Mamma caught the darling to her arms, with a blessing and many loving kisses. More than half the toys and pretty Christmas gifts had been laid aside for the poor girl whom Daisy pitied so much, and no wish to keep or take them back was allowed to lodge in the tender, unselfish little heart.

Washed and dressed, Daisy with her new doll in her arms trotted down stairs to the breakfast-room beside mamma, papa following with the new chair in his hand, for Daisy said she would "tate one 'ittle sit in it 'fore it went to Tim's dirl. S'e won't tare, will s'e, mamma?"

But what was that which hung beside the fire-place in the breakfast-room?

"Hallo!" said papa; "what a great big stocking! Full, too! Did you ever see a stocking so full? Santa Claus has made a visit down this chimney, too, I should think. Let us see what this paper says. 'For Tim's dirl. Daisy's stocking not big enough. If there is any little girl here that is sorry for Tim's girl, she may give her all this. Merry Christmas from Santa Claus.'"

To see Daisy's eyes! Oh, what treasures were before her for Tim's girl! One could hardly see the stocking, large though it was, for all the things that were pinned around and over it!

A dress—a nice woolen dress—two flannel petticoats, and other needful clothes, two pairs of thick, warm stockings, and a pair of stout shoes, with a hood and sacque. "Tim's dirl" might be warm now.

Nor was this all. A tea-set and a doll, not quite so pretty as Daisy's own, perhaps, but very nice, were inside the stocking, Miss Dolly's head staring out over the dangling garments.

And a good suit of clothes, with warm shoes and stockings, a cap and mittens for Tim himself lay near.

Tim was in the kitchen now, having just finished the good breakfast which mamma had bidden the cook to give him this Christmas morning. So he and his "dirl" were called up stairs, and from Daisy's hand they received the welcome Christmas gifts which were to make them warm and comfortable. And the doll and the tea-set! "Tim's dirl" had never seen anything so pretty except in the shop windows, where she could do no more than look and long for them; and when she heard they were to be her own, she "forgot her manners," her brother said, and clapped her hands and laughed aloud with surprise and pleasure. The ba-a-lamb, too, with the pencil-case, lady-apple, and box of candy, were given to her by Daisy, who said,

"Me an' Tim's dirl mus' have halves an' halves. I will teep all my tea-set, tause s'e has one, too. An' mamma says I better

teep de chair, tause danmamma did sen' me it; but s'e mus' have de lambie, to love it an' tuddle it."

Over her breakfast Daisy paused with uplifted spoon.

"I do n't b'lieve Santa Taus hanged up dat bid stottin. I dess Santy Taus do n't

know so muts. I dess it was Dod, or nelse Dod telled somebody to do it, an' telled 'em what to pit in it, tause He so sowy for Tim's dirl. He do n't leave poor chillens' Tismas stottins *tammed* empty. Dod knows bes' how to fill Tismas stottins."

MY LITTLE NEIGHBOR.

BY ROSELLA RICE.

I sat in the doctor's office, waiting for a prescription to be filled. He was busy telling me how young Darby bore the amputation of his leg, when we were startled by a rumbling and a tumbling down stairs, and the bumping of children's heads and joints against the balusters and the steps.

The doctor hurried to the door. There stood his baby daughter, Caddy, bending over the prostrate form of a little boy, a good deal bigger than herself. She had made little round, hard fists, and was pecking away at the head and back of the foe lying at her feet.

"See here, Caddy, hold on! What does this mean?" said her father, pushing her back.

"Why, he wants to go home, and I do n't 'low him to!" and the child looked up at her father as though she were the most aggrieved baby in the world.

"Well that is not the way to make him stay; you should coax and pet him, and let him play with your kitty, and then he'll like to stay," said her father.

"He won't; I have to make him stay; I have to pound him!" and she looked up, and her little fists were still clenched.

"See here, Lenny, you and Caddy may play marbles;" and the doctor lifted a panful of marbles down from an upper shelf, and gave them to the child.

"Caddy is so strong, and so positive, that she makes all the children in town obey her; and if moral suasion won't do, she tries her fist," said the doctor, by way of explanation, returning to his table, and

leaving the children playing together amicably.

The very next day I had to go to the doctor's for papa's medicine. It was Sunday, and I went across lots in a quiet way, not to attract attention. As I climbed up the railroad bank a half dozen children were gathered under a clump of haw trees, and I heard one of them say,

"Be still; there's Mith Rithe, an' she'll fink we're a lot o' little hevens, whoopin' round thith way on Thunday!"

When I came up they were still, and had demure faces and folded hands. Just then my attention was caught by two little ones running toward the haw trees with all their might. One was my little neighbor, Caddy, with ready-made fists, and she was chasing Charley Reed. Oh! they made their legs fly like drum sticks! Cad was in swift pursuit; poor, scared Charley, with parted lips and wide, white eyes, looked back over his shoulder, and seeing his bold pursuer gaining ground, he ran up on the fence like a squirrel, and escaped.

Caddy was baffled. She allowed her fists to loosen, and make dear little, dumpy, puffy hands. Her lower lip fell, and quivered, and conquered, she cried right out, and started home on an easy dog-trot, with the cry coming out in convulsive jerks.

She was so odd, so strong, and determined—with such a strange, rare baby, that I was interested in her. She was always doing something strange, like no other baby. Once her father came in from visiting a patient, and left his overcoat and

medicines on a chair while he ate his dinner. When he was quite done eating he happened to notice Caddy talking to herself in an adjoining room. She was saying,

"Now, Miss Smiff, you must take one powder every two days of the hour, and one drop out of the bottle, and if the pain comes on your leg any more, you must boil it in hot water, and baive it wiv calamint; and you may eat a little of everything in the day and night, and you 'll soon be well again, Miss Smiff."

The doctor rose and peeped through the door, and there sat Caddy on the floor beside the chair, busy making powders. She had opened the different papers of medicine, and taken a little out of each one and put them in the small bits of paper that were lying all around her. She had folded some and laid them aside.

He found her once with one of her dear little legs quite nicely bound up after the manner of a broken limb; she lay on her back, groaning and pretending to be really in pain.

Once she shut her cat up in the doctor's cupboard among his bottles, closed the glass doors, and then began snapping the lash of a whip at it to scare it away. The poor cat squalled with fear.

If you 'd see Caddy, the first thing you 'd say to me would be:

"What beautiful brown eyes she has! and what a firm, well-knit, plump frame! She appears so substantial for a three-year-old baby, only it is *such* a pity that the little dear has that scar on the end of her nose! How did she do it? with the scissors, or her father's razor?"

No, not with the scissors, though they have to be stuck in a corn cob all the time, to keep her from doing mischief; nor with the razor, although she took it once and sharpened it on the hone, and whittled the strop like a piece of soft pine, and then made a lather and shaved her legs nicely. No, that scar was n't made by any common means.

When the small-pox was raging in the cities last winter, and there was danger in

all our railroad villages of that dread disease, nearly all the people were vaccinated. Caddy's father did such work every day, more or less, for months. She would stand by and watch him, and when any of the little children were vaccinated and would cry out, she would cry, and catch the doctor around his legs and try to pull him away. It hurt her to have frightened little children cry with pain and fear.

Cad would n't be vaccinated. She would bare her arm, and make up her mind to stand it like a little woman; but as soon as her father would come near, he would pity her, and he would kiss her beautiful, large white arm, to let her see how precious she was to him, and that he did not inflict pain willingly. Just before he would begin, Caddy would flip her fat legs forward, and slide down off the chair, and be out of sight as quickly as a cunning, bright-eyed mink.

She knew she ought to be vaccinated, and was quite willing; but it did seem as if she were made up of two Caddies, and one of them was willful and naughty, and would n't mind the good Caddy. That *seemed* to be the way of it.

One cold day, sled-load after sled-load of families—old folks in mufflers, and boys, and girls, and babies—drove up to the doctor's and were vaccinated, and then the sleds circled round and drove away again. Caddy sat in her rocking-chair and watched them. She seemed thoughtful, and was very quiet. When her father went out to dinner she lay on the lounge, and they supposed she was sleepy, and paid no attention to her.

As soon as the way was clear, she rose and took a bit of a broken mirror and leaned it on the stand, where her father had left all his things. She bared her arm, and pinched it to see if it hurt. It did hurt. Then she thought the arm was the tenderest place on the whole body. She bared her leg and gave it a pinch, and found that it hurt, too. She tried herself in different places, but no place quite satisfied her. At last she looked in the glass, and bethought herself

of the end of her nose. She took up the needle her father had used, and gave herself a pick on the nose and found that it did n't hurt so very badly. She dipped the point of the needle several times in the liquid virus, and vaccinated herself very prettily on the end of the prettiest little nosey in the doctor's family. She said nothing about it. In a few days folks began to say,

"What do you drink, Cad?" "You're getting a rum blossom on your nose, Cad-dy!" "Why, Cad Johnson! what a nose!" Her mother said, "Poor Caddy! she's so unfortunate! always stubbing her toes, or cutting her fingers, or getting bumped; and now she's gone and got a bruise or something on the tip of her precious nosey!"

Cad said nothing, but she grew crosser and crosser, and her head ached, and her nose grew swollen and purple, and her eyes blinky and bloodshot; and the good, cool, creamy milk with bread broken in it, did n't taste good any more.

One night she fretted and tossed all the

long hours, and the next morning her nose looked like a big ripe purple plum. The doctor said there was every appearance of malignant erysipelas; but if it was on her arm he'd call it a splendid case of vaccination.

"What made it get sore, dear?" said her mother; "how did it get hurt?"

"Oh, I 'spect it's my baxinate!" said she, putting up her lip and beginning a pitiful cry.

So the story was out. Cad told all about it. Poor Caddy! they laughed at her in a sly way, but they did not let her even see them smile. In spite of all they could do she would pick at the sore place. They wanted her to let it alone, so it could get well and not leave a scar; but she would pick it. She said it was her own baxinate, that she made herself.

When it healed a white scar was left on the end of her dear little pug nose; but her father says she is a growing young child, and there will not be any of it left to disfigure her brave, bright face when she will have arrived at womanhood.

LITTLE NELLY.

Bright little Nelly sits in the sun,
Counts on her fingers, one by one,

"Twelve o'clock, one o'clock, half past two.
Oh! but I wish I'd something to do!"

Poor little Nelly, sad little girl,
Lazily twisting her flaxen curl.

"Oh! where are you going, little breeze?"

"Down in the meadow, under the trees."

"Please little breeze, won't you stay and play?
There's a butterfly we can chase away."

"Oh, but my poor little crippled Jane
Is waiting for me to come again;
So I must hasten, and fly away,
Take her the scent of the new-mown hay."

Bright little Nelly! What sad surprise
Has hidden the laughter in her eyes?

Away to her mother—sudden thought
Back to her eyes has the sunshine brought.

"I dreamed in the sun, and something said
'Janie, the cripple, has no bread.'

"And, mother dear, I've nothing to do,
May I go and see if this be true?

"May I take my doll and picture book,
For Janie, you know, will like to look

"At the pretty birds, and flowers, and things
In my biggest books the Christ-child brings."

Bright little Nelly, merry and wild,
Carrying food to the crippled child;

Bread for the body, and heart-food, too!
Dear little Nell! that's something to do!

HIDDEN TREASURE.

BY MARY A. DENISON.

CHAPTER V.—A STRANGER IN THEIR MIDST.

Can I depict the anguish of that little household, when the shameful burden was brought in?

Shameful, for Tom, bright, beautiful Tom, was not dead, but worse—drunk. Yes, there was no disowning the fact, as Mrs. Meadows stood heart-broken above the unconscious body, after the men had laid it upon the lounge. The children huddled together by the fire, tearless and speechless. Sally's face burned like a coal for very mortification. Hers was the grief of anger—of outraged pride.

The men had said but little. They had found him lying by the roadside, and at first thought he had been injured by a fall. They felt for the poor mother, who had had such a hard time of it since Meadows' death, with that graceless son of hers, and were no doubt inclined to be very pitiful.

"You won't speak of it," said the agonized eyes, looking pleadingly in their faces. But does such a matter ever fail of being bruited abroad? It did not in this instance, though it seldom came to their hearing.

"Girls, go to bed," said Mrs. Meadows, turning towards them; "I shall sit up awhile, but you had best go," she added, in tones almost of entreaty; and still silent, they moved reluctantly away.

Anne threw herself on her knees, when she had reached her room, and burying her face in the bed-clothes, wept passionate, bitter tears. Sally walked the floor, her hands clasped behind her, her step quick and harsh, her impetuous nature clamoring for an outlet.

"I wish he was dead!" she said, at last, with set, white lips.

"O, Sally, that is awful!" sobbed Anne, looking at her with wet eyes. "Suppose he should die in such a condition as that! Do n't say such terrible things, or it might be sent upon us—that wish—sometime, when we might long for his life."

"He is continually disgracing us!" said Sally, hotly, "and I won't bear it! I'll leave this place! People sha'n't point to me as drunken Tom Meadows' sister! Sixteen years old! and in a state like that! Think of it!"

"O! Sally, dear, I know it is dreadful; but what are we to do? Isn't it better to stay and comfort poor mamma, than to run off and leave her in her sorrow to struggle all alone?"

"I can't think of anything, now, but the disgrace. Everybody will know it, and the children, poor little things, will be taunted more than ever. I don't want to show my face out doors; and as to Aunt Jack's croquet party—that's out of the question. I did look forward with a little pleasure to that, we have so few amusements!"

In this state of mind Sally continued for hours before she went to bed, listening now for her mother's step, and now walking back and forth like an angry lioness.

"We can't have Stella here, that's certain!" she said, as Anne lay with wide open eyes, wiping the tears that slowly fell from time to time.

"Why not?"

"I would n't insult ner so much."

"This may never happen again."

"It will happen again, of course! Tom's a millstone, and he'll hang on all our necks!"

"Do n't you love him a bit?"

Poor Sally! At this question her lip trembled. She did not know how deep—how almost idolatrous—her love for this erring brother was. It was wounded love that cried out so passionately.

"I wish I did n't love him! I only wish I could hate him, then I should n't suffer so!"

"But you do n't hate him, dear; you can't; I can't; mother can't, though she

suffers more than any of us. Only think how lonely she must be, down there with him! May be he will feel so mortified that he will never do so dreadful a thing again!"

"I wish I could think so," sighed Sally.

In the morning the shadows of the past night had not been dissipated. Every young face wore a quiet and a sadness that proved how close was the sympathy between them all. No one ventured into the parlor till Mrs. Meadows sent Anne in; and, to her astonishment, Tom was not there.

He had come to himself, she supposed, and had gone up to his own room.

This was the day of the funeral. When the procession left the graveyard, Stella Martello walked on with Anne Meadows, casting many longing, lingering looks behind. She showed no disposition to return to the deserted house, now that her mother was there no longer. Her heart ached to lie down on that fresh grave, and spend the long, silent night there. But there was no alternative, and the stranger entered the doors of a home that was henceforth to be to her a haven and a refuge.

The girls were very quiet that first night. They had worked hard all day, preparing the apartment that was to be Stella's; and Lily had arranged some mosses and flowers in saucers and vases, and said good-bye to her pretty little room.

Stella sat back in the shadow, very quiet, listening, perhaps, to the low hum of the questions and answers that were now and then given.

Tea was put off till a late hour, and when they gathered about the table, poor little Stella, glancing round once, burst into tears and left them wondering.

"Never mind, my dears, her sorrow must have its way," said Mrs. Meadows. "By and by she will grow calmer, and the best way is not to notice her at first. Sally, will you take up some tea and toast for your brother?"

Sally held her lips together and nodded yes.

"He must have some of my jelly, sister," said Aunt Meadows, reaching for a dish in

which the golden conserve quivered till it looked like a globe of liquid amber. "Brother Josiah always said he never tasted jelly like mine, anywhere. I remember once when he was sick—that's before he was keeping company with the lady he married—why, Dora Meadows! do you mean to frighten my seven lives out of me?"

At that moment Dora had accidentally knocked over the spoon-holder.

"Only cats have seven lives, do n't they, my precious?" queried the girl, mischievously, of the black cat in her lap.

"Well, I declare, I've forgot what I was saying!" added Aunt Meadows, and the conversation became general.

Sally went up stairs with the tea and toast very slowly. It was not a pleasant errand to the impetuous girl, who felt in her heart that she had not forgiven her brother—that it would be very hard to forgive.

Steadying the tea on the little tray, she paused on the landing, with quick-beating pulses. Then she opened the door, expecting to see Tom up and dressed. No! he was not there, and the curtains of the bed were drawn.

"Tom!" she cried, in a frightened voice.

"Is it Anne?" queried the boy, pulling the curtains aside.

"No, it's me."

"Sally!" he said, in a constrained voice, and then was still.

Sally arranged the tea and toast on a little stand that Dora called the grandmother-table, and drew it up by the bed.

"I did n't know you were sick," she said, timidly, touched at the sight of his hollow eyes and pallid cheeks.

"I've got an awful headache," he responded.

"Shall I do anything for you? Shall I raise your pillows?"

"No—I guess not—I do n't want the tea," he added, in a choking voice, and turned his head away.

Sally stood there, irresolute, all her strong, passionate little heart going out towards him.



"Tom, try to drink it," she said, without touching the hot tears that were slowly dropping from her eyes.

There was no reply.

"Tom! *dear* Tom!" pleaded Sally, bending over him.

"Do n't say *dear* Tom!" muttered a voice smothered in the pillow; "You must hate me, every one of you!"

"No, Tom, not I! I do n't hate you, Tom! O! do get well and stay home with us! we would be so happy!" She was down on her knees now, by the bedside, holding his hot hand in hers.

"Mother is a widow, you know, Tom, and—"

"Do n't do n't torture me!" and he flung her hand off.

"I did n't mean to torture you, Tom; I was only going to say how much she loves you, and wants to depend upon you."

"I'm a crooked stick, I guess," said Tom, his voice unsteady; "depend on *me*!"

"You are all the world to her, Tom!" He turned round.

"Did mother tell you how it happened?"

"No," said Sally.

"It was all cousin Lem's doings."

"Tell me about it."

"I was coming home that day and met him. He said that Uncle Jack had received a present of a basket of champagne, and had given him a couple of bottles; wanted me to go in the barn with him and taste of it. Well, I did. I'd never tasted champagne, but it was nice, and I suppose the first drink I got went to my head. I do n't remember much after that, only Lem leading me out of the gate, and along the road, and then giving me such a push that I fell down. The fall stunned me, I guess," he lifted his hair, and disclosed a large, discolored swelling; "and I was in that condition when they found me."

"Poor Tom!" said Sally, tenderly; then, her eyes blazing, "that mean, lazy Lemuel Meadows! I should like to tell him just what I think of him! and I will, too!"

"Nobody 'll know that part of the story, though—they 'll think I went to the tavern and drank it; but I've promised mother I'll never touch liquor again; and I won't, if I have to go before the justice and take my oath."

"O, Tom! then you 'll be my own dear brother again! You *will* leave those bad

fellows, who go to Green's, and smoke, and swear. Stay at home with us, and we 'll try to make you happy; won't you, Tom?"

"I hope so; I ought to," he murmured, feebly.

"Now eat a little toast."

Tom shook his head.

There was a knock at the door. Lily's bright face peeped in.

"I'm not to stay, but please hand him this letter."

The dear little letter! How Tom cried as he read it! What could he give up? Why, his evil companions, his bad habits, anything, everything, to please these sweet, good sisters! His mother found him writing an answer with pencil and paper, not long after, which she herself said she would give to Lily.

"What do you think is coming here, to-morrow?" whispered Dora, as the girls bade each other good night.

Lily looked up.

"What is coming?" she repeated, wonderingly.

"Yes; I sha' n't tell."

"Now, Dora, that's mean of you!" pleaded Lily.

THE IRISH TRAMP

BY MRS. E. D. KENDALL.

It was nine o'clock when Mrs. Sawyer and Willie came down stairs. Ann had made the coffee, and was just taking the steak from the gridiron, when Willie darted into the kitchen, and the sitting-room door closed behind his mother. The mealy gilliflowers cracked open as she rolled them out of the oven, and she uncovered on the back of the stove a most tempting plate of toast.

"Ann," said Mrs. Sawyer, "how good everything looks and smells! If only some poor creature who needs food would drop in this very minute and share it with Willie and me, how happy it would make us, would n't it, Willie? for we have enough

and to spare, and there are many hungry ones this morning—hungry and cold; many to whom our glowing fire would be a luxury, and our simple meal a feast fit for a king. And so it is fit for a king; for everything is good, and God himself spread our table. Ann, this coffee is delicious! Now let me tell you what to do. After you've eaten your breakfast—"

"I've had mine," interrupted Ann.

"Well, then, when Willie and I have finished, set the coffee-pot into the tea-kettle. The milkman will be here before long, and a cup of hot coffee will be just what he wants after his long, cold ride, and perhaps will keep him away from the liquor sho

on the street. Invite him into the kitchen and have him get warmed through before he starts on again."

"I will, Mis' Sawyer," replied Ann. "Them liquor places is a cuss to this taown—that's what they be."

Just then the front door bell rang, and Ann hurried to answer the summons. She was gone a long time—so long that her mistress wondered who the visitor could be, particularly as Ann's tones sounded sharp and peremptory, and the person with whom she was talking appeared to be urging some request which she was unwilling to grant.

At length there was a bang more expressive than words, and Ann whisked through the sitting-room, letting in such a blast of cold air that it seemed as though the mercury must have suddenly dropped several degrees.

Mrs. Sawyer stepped to the front window and looked out. A man was just hobbling off the stoop—a man cleanly but thinly clad, and with no covering for his hands, the fingers of which were white, as though frozen.

"What did that man want, Ann?" she asked quickly.

"He wanted to see you, mum. But he's drunk, an' I warn't a-goin' tew let any sech folks inter the haouse. He was baound to come in, an' I was jes' baound he should n't. Said he slep' in a barn-las' night, an' walked six mile this morning. A likely story! An' he could n't stan' straight to save himself; he was so full o' rum or suthin' else."

"Slep't in a barn last night, and walked six miles this morning, with no more covering than that old coat, and no mittens on his hands?" repeated Mrs. Sawyer. "Go call him back, Ann, instantly! He shall have the milkman's coffee, and something to eat! The poor creature is n't drunk—he's freezing!"

"But, Mis' Sawyer—"

"Not a word! Call him back!"

Ann obeyed.

"Here, *you man!* Mis' Sawyer wants you tew come inter the haouse! Stir your stumps lively, an' do n't keep me a stan'in'

at the door any longer 'n you mus', for I'm jest about dead with the cold naow, a dilly-dallying with you when I ought to ha' been doin' my work. Do n't stan' for manners; you kin wipe yer feet inside, an' I'll brush aout bimeby, when I git tew it."

It was an ungracious invitation, certainly; but the man—who had stopped when he heard her call—turned about, and hobbled painfully back. Mrs. Sawyer threw a thin shawl about her shoulders, and went herself to meet him.

"Come in, my poor man," she said, kindly; "it's a bitter morning."

"It is, thin, God bliss ye, ma'am, for a kind leddy!" was his greeting, as the tears sprang to his eyes. "It's not dhrunk I am, ma'am, as the other leddy says, but I can't walk by raison of me boots bein' frozed."

"And your feet, too, I'm afraid," said Mrs. Sawyer, opening for him the sitting-room door. "Come right in here, where it is warm," leading the way to the kitchen.

"Thank ye, ma'am; an' it's to get warrum is what I've been afther wantin' to do since yisterday; but there's no Christians hereabouts, ma'am, savin' yer prisence. They all turns me away wid, 'Get out, ye thramp!'"

"You're a traveler, it seems. Ann, draw that chair up near the fire. Where do you come from? Have a seat."

"I'm only thravelin' from L—," he replied, dropping into the chair, rather than sitting, for his limbs were stiff with the cold. "It's a matter of twinty miles, they tills me, an' I'm thyring to get to A—, four miles beyant this place. It's to the mills, ma'am, I wants to go, for w'avin' is me business, an' I got out o' work in L— this day fortnight. The mother, she died better than a month ago, an' thin the baby. The ould ooman, she got took with the rheumatis, an' there's three little chil'en to look afther. I spint the last cint for some shoes for Maggie—she was bare-foot—an' thin I tould the granny I'd go down to A—; mebbe there'd be work for me in the woolen mill, for I'll not beg,

ma'am, while there's a chance o' work anywheres, an' a man that wove wid me got a place at A—— on a loom, last week a Friday."

"And you started from L—— yesterday?" asked Mrs. Sawyer.

"Yisterday marnin', ma'am; an' foine weather I had, though it was hard thraveling in the road, by raison of the shnow bein' so deep. I got my boots soaked, an' thin it came on could, an' they shtiffened on me. I had a bit morsel o' cold mate an' some crackers for dinner, that I brought along wid me; but when it came on night, I began to be hungry again, an' niver a mouthful had I left to ate. But it was not for that I minded, but where would I be shtoppin' for the night? For the hate wint away wid the sun, an' it frozed hard, an' I had walked in the shnow thirteen mile since daylight. So I wint to a house an' asked them respectful would they let me in for the night? But the ould ooman shut the door in me face, telling me to 'Be gone!' The nixt house was half a mile furdur on. I knocked, but nobody came, an' so I thramped on, it growing colder an' colder ivery blissed minute, an' meself thinkin' I would jist perish. I thraveled mebbe another half mile, ma'am, whin I comes to an ould place wid a big barn to it. The folks was jist going to bed for the night, an' a big black dog lay on the hearth. Whin he sees me, afther the man had opened to me, he gets up, waggin' his tail, an' comes up to me to smell me hand. They all looks sharp at me shtandin' in the firelight, an' I had n't the bouldness to ax thim might I shlope in the house. So, bein' I was in straits, ma'am, I said might I shlope in the barn the night, for I was thravelin' from L—— to A—— afther work, an' had no shelter, and was nearly shtiff wid the could. The mian suspicious me severely, but he says, 'Sure, if ye'll be contint wid me fastenin' yese into the barn along wid the dog, yees may shlope there.' 'Sure,' says I, 'it's plazed I'll be to lie there the night, an' thank yees kindly for me company.' So he eyes me again, and tills the boy for

to light the lantern. Thin we goes down to the barn together, an' whin we gets there he lades me up to the loft, an' I makes me a foine bed in the hay, wid the dog lyin' forninst me back all night. I shlept till the break o' day, an' thin the man came an' lit me out. But I had n't the face, ma'am, to ax him would he give me a bit breakfast, for that was like begging, an' I niver begged in me life before for a mouthful. So I thramped on in the could, hoping all the time that it would grow warmer wid the sun. But, indade ma'am, it was meself kept growin' colder an' colder. An' thin I chared meself up wid the thoughts that I was getting on nearer an' nearer to M——. Dear leddy, I've been to twinty houses in this place, an' the twintyeth was the first one to lit me in; an', indade, but for your blissid self, ma'am dear, I'd not have got in here. I was jist like to give up, an' was saying to meself that I could walk no furdur, an' I might as well sit down in some shpot where nobody would see me, an' freeze to death, whin I hears the other leddy a-callin' of me back; an' whin I sees yer swate face a-welcomin' me at the door, I jist thought, 'God has sint His angel to yees, John Dugan, like he sint it to Saint Pether.

"I've tould yees my shtory, ma'am, an' it's the thruth, an' the whole thruth, an' ye's the bist leddy I iver saw; an' now I've done talking, thanking yees kindly, ma'am, for yer attention."

While the poor wayfarer had been narrating his experience of travel and suffering, Mrs. Sawyer had been quietly getting together a substantial breakfast; and Ann, whose sympathies, now she was sure the traveler was not intoxicated, were thoroughly awakened, hurried into her bed-room—it led from the kitchen—and brought out a pair of thick woolen hose which she had just finished knitting for her brother, and a warm Cardigan jacket, which she had been intending to send him for his birthday that very week.

"There, man!" she exclaimed, tossing them upon the floor beside him; "put *them*

things on! I know you've gone twenty miles of your journey a'ready, an' hain't got but four tew go, but they'll git you over them four a sight spryer an' easier than you went the twenty. Ther's a mystery about providences, I think. Help turns up mostly when folks has got pretty well out o' the woods, an' do n't seem tew need it so much. Naow, ef you'd a hed that ere jacket an' stockings when you'd *ben* four mile, 'stead of when you hed n't but four *tew* go, it would ha' been suthin' like. I 'prove of takin' time by the forelock, an' not taggin' on ter his cue. Mis' Sawyer, that man'd better hev suthin' hot inter his stomach, fust thing, I sh'd think!"

"His breakfast is ready, Ann," returned Mrs. Sawyer, quietly; "and you may pour the coffee for him, if you'd like. Now, sir," to the man, "if you will put on these stockings and slippers, I think your feet will feel a little more comfortable, and your boots will dry nicely behind the stove. We will go into the other room, and you can eat whenever you get ready. There is more coffee in the coffee-pot if you want it, and I hope you'll make a good hearty meal."

"The Lord bliss you, ma'am," wiping his eyes with his worn coat sleeve. "'Dade, there is n't the likes of yees in this town, nor in any other. An', Miss, ye're as generous as ye're rough spoken, so ye are; but, sure, I could n't be afther takin' this foinc jacket from yees. I'm not that nadin' it. But if ye'll kindly lit me dhrav the stockin's over me hands whin I goes away, I'll be obliged to yees. It's me hands that suffers most wid the could."

"Stockin's on your *hands*!" burst out Ann. "Good gracious! who ever heard of sech a thing? Put 'em on ter your feet, where they b'long, an' I'll baste up a pair o' mittens for you, ef that's what you need, 'fore you get through eatin'. Mis' Sawyer," confidentially, "do you think it's safe tew leave him with them silver spunes an' things, an' nobuddy in there?"

Mrs. Sawyer smiled.

"Why, yes, Ann, I do; do n't you?"

Ann shook her head doubtfully.

"Kinder resky, seems to me. I'll set where I kin keep my eye on him, I guess; there is sech lots o' scamps raound naow-a-days."

So Ann watched without appearing to, all the time humming softly to herself, while she cut out and stitched up a pair of warm, flannel-lined cloth mittens.

"There, Mis' Sawyer! them mittens is ready at last, I believe, an' they're a fust-rate pair for made ones, tew, ef I dew say it. They fit me, an' ef they fit me, they'll fit any man alive, for I've got a mo'sous hand." Then she added, in an undertone, "The poor critter *was* hungry, I dew vum, for he hain't lef' a mossier—not a mossier! Talk about Lazarus' livin' on crumbs! He's ate everything there was sot afore him, an' the crumbs besides! He ain't no common tramp, an' I guess he told the truth this time, ef he is an Irishman. Ef you'll give him the mittens, Mis' Sawyer, I'll jes' run over them spunes an' forks, tew make sure they're all there. He's got threv with everything but the dishea, I b'lieve."

John Dugan drew back his chair, and, turning as Mrs. Sawyer came into the kitchen, showed her an honest face beaming with a gratitude which even he could never put into words, voluble as he was upon occasion. As she handed him the mittens, into the thumb of one of which she had tucked a greenback, his eyes again filled, and for the third time he had recourse to his coat sleeve.

"Bless me!" exclaimed Ann, "the man hain't got so much as a hankercher! Here!" drawing one from her pocket, "take thi's! It ain't noo nor han'some, but it's clean, an' it answers the pu'pose it was made for. It's better 'n woolen stuff, any way, for *thet* use—an' neater."

The object of her solicitude was a little loth to accept it; yet he did so, feeling that Ann, rough as she was, meant it for a kindness, which she certainly did.

Then Willie crept up to the poor wayfarer.

ma'am, while there's a chance o' work anywheres, an' a man that wove wid me got a place at A—— on a loom, last week a Friday."

"And you started from L—— yesterday?" asked Mrs. Sawyer.

"Yisterday marnin', ma'am; an' foine weather I had, though it was hard thravelin' in the road, by raison of the shnow bein' so deep. I got my boots soaked, an' thin it came on could, an' they shtiffened on me. I had a bit morsel o' cold mate an' some crackers for dinner, that I brought along wid me; but when it came on night, I began to be hungry again, an' niver a mouthful had I lift to ate. But it was not for that I minded, but where would I be shtoppin' for the night? For the hate wint away wid the sun, an' it frozed hard, an' I had walked in the shnow thirteen mile since daylight. So I wint to a house an' asked them respectful would they let me in for the night? But the ould ooman shut the door in me face, telling me to 'Be gone!' The nixt house was half a mile funder on. I knocked, but nobody came, an' so I thramped on, it growing colder an' colder ivery blissed minute, an' mesilf thinkin' I would jist perish. I thraveled mebbe another half mile, ma'am, whin I comes to an ould place wid a big barn to it. The folks was jist going to bed for the night, an' a big black dog lay on the hearth. Whin he sees me, afther the man had opened to me, he gets up, waggin' his tail, an' comes up to me to shmell me hand. They all looks sharp at me shtandin' in the firelight, an' I had n't the bouldness to ax thin might I shlope in the house. So, bein' I was in straits, ma'am, I said might I shlope in the barn the night, for I was thravelin' from L—— to A—— afther work, an' had no shelter, and was nearly shtiff wid the could. The man suspicioned me severely, but he says, 'Sure, if ye'll be contint wid me faatenin' yees into the barn along wid the dog, yees may shlope there.' 'Sure,' says I, 'it's plazed I'll be to lie there the night, an' thank yees kindly for me company.' So he eyes me again, and tills the boy for

to light the lantern. Thin we goes down to the barn together, an' whin we gets there he lades me up to the loft, an' I makes me a foine bed in the hay, wid the dog lyin' forninst me back all night. I shlept till the break o' day, an' thin the man came an' lit me out. But I had n't the face, ma'am, to ax him would he give me a bit breakfast, for that was like begging, an' I niver begged in me life before for a mouthful. So I thramped on in the could, hoping all the time that it would grow warmer wid the sun. But, indade ma'am, it was meself kept growin' colder an' colder. An' thin I chared meself up wid the thoughts that I was getting on nearer an' nearer to M——. Dear leddy, I've been to twinty houses in this place, an' the twinteth was the first one to lit me in; an', indade, but for your blissid self, ma'am dear, I'd not have got in here. I was jist like to give up, an' was saying to meself that I could walk no funder, an' I might as well sit down in some shpot where nobody would see me, an' freeze to death, whin I hears the other leddy a-callin' of me back; an' whin I sees yer swate face a-welcomin' me at the door, I jist thought, 'God has sint His angel to yees, John Dugan, like he sint it to Saint Pether.

"I've tould yees my shtory, ma'am, an' it's the thruth, an' the whole thruth, an' ye's the bist leddy I iver saw; an' now I've done talking, thanking yees kindly, ma'am, for yer attintion."

While the poor wayfarer had been narrating his experience of travel and suffering, Mrs. Sawyer had been quietly getting together a substantial breakfast; and Ann, whose sympathies, now she was sure the traveler was not intoxicated, were thoroughly awakened, hurried into her bed-room—it led from the kitchen—and brought out a pair of thick woolen hose which she had jist finished knitting for her brother, and a warm Cardigan jacket, which she had been intending to send him for his birthday that very week.

"There, man!" she exclaimed, tossing them upon the floor beside him; "put *them*

things on! I know you've gone twenty miles of your journey a'ready, an' hain't got but four tew go, but they'll git you over them four a sight spryer an' easier than you went the twenty. Ther's a mystery about providences, I think. Help turns up mostly when folks has got pretty well aout o' the woods, an' do n't seem tew need it so much. Naow, ef you'd a hed that ere jacket an' stockings when you'd *ben* four mile, 'stead of when you hed n't but four *tew* go, it would ha' been suthin' like. I 'prove of takin' time by the forelock, an' not taggin' on ter his cue. Mis' Sawyer, thet man'd better hev suthin' hot inter his stomach, fust thing, I sh'd think!"

"His breakfast is ready, Ann," returned Mrs. Sawyer, quietly; "and you may pour the coffee for him, if you'd like. Now, sir," to the man, "if you will put on these stockings and slippers, I think your feet will feel a little more comfortable, and your boots will dry nicely behind the stove. We will go into the other room, and you can eat whenever you get ready. There is more coffee in the coffee-pot if you want it, and I hope you'll make a good hearty meal."

"The Lord bliss you, ma'am," wiping his eyes with his worn coat sleeve. "'Dade, there is n't the likes of yees in this town, nor in any other. An', Miss, ye're as generous as ye're rough spoken, so ye are; but, sure, I could n't be afther takin' this foine jacket from yees. I'm not that nadlin' it. But if ye'll kindly lit me dhraw the stockin's over me hands whin I goes away, I'll be obliged to yees. It's me hands that suffers most wid the could."

"Stockin's on your *hands*!" burst out Ann. "Good gracious! who ever heard of sech a thing? Put 'em on ter your feet, where they b'long, an' I'll baste up a pair o' mittens for you, ef that's what you need, 'fore you get through eatin'. Mis' Sawyer," confidentially, "do you think it's safe tew leave him with them silver spunes an' things, an' nobuddy in there?"

Mrs. Sawyer smiled.

"Why, yes, Ann, I do; do n't you?"

Ann shook her head doubtfully.

"Kinder resky, seems to me. I'll set where I kin keep my eye on him, I guess; there is sech lots o' scamps raound naow-a-days."

So Ann watched without appearing to, all the time humming softly to herself, while she cut out and stitched up a pair of warm, flannel-lined cloth mittens.

"There, Mis' Sawyer! them mittens is ready at last, I believe, an' they're a fust-rate pair for made ones, tew, ef I dew say it. They fit me, an' ef they fit me, they'll fit any man alive, for I've got a mo'sous hand." Then she added, in an undertone, "The poor critter *was* hungry, I dew vum, for he hain't lef' a mossle—not a mossle! Talk about Lazarus' livin' on crumbs! He's ate everything there was sot afore him, an' the crumbs besides! He ain't no common tramp, an' I guess he told the truth this time, ef he is an Irishman. Ef you'll give him the mittens, Mis' Sawyer, I'll jes' run over them spunes an' forks, tew make sure they're all there. He's got threw with everything but the dishes, I b'lieve."

John Dugan drew back his chair, and, turning as Mrs. Sawyer came into the kitchen, showed her an honest face beaming with a gratitude which even he could never put into words, voluble as he was upon occasion. As she handed him the mittens, into the thumb of one of which she had tucked a greenback, his eyes again filled, and for the third time he had recourse to his coat sleeve.

"Bless me!" exclaimed Ann, "the man hain't got so much as a hankercher! Here!" drawing one from her pocket, "take this! It ain't noo nor han'some, but it's clean, an' it answers the pu'pose it was made for. It's better'n woolen stuff, any way, for *thet* use—an' neater."

The object of her solicitude was a little loth to accept it; yet he did so, feeling that Ann, rough as she was, meant it for a kindness, which she certainly did.

Then Willie crept up to the poor wayfarer.

"I's g'ad you 's had a nice bekfus'," said he. "Ask yous 'tittle dirls to come here, too. My mamma's dot lots o' sings for 'em, dood to eat."

"Ah! bliss the dear child! he has his mother's kind heart—so he has! Swate little one! May the Virgin Mary and all the blissed saints watch over yees, an' kape yees, givin' yees long life an' good health. An' ma'am, dear, an' you, too, Miss, may yees niver want for shilter, or fire, or clothes to cover yees, or thim to love yees

that 'll love yees well; an' Jasus Christ an' the blissed Virgin grant yees ivery desire of yer hearts, whatsoiver it may be; for, sure, He said that doin' for the shtranger that was in nade, was doin' for His own blissed self. An' now, good-bye to yees all."

He drew on his boots, and then his mittens, and Ann opened the door for him—not quite as she had done before, but with a "Good luck to you, Mr. Dugan!" as he walked briskly away.

BARN-ROOF PRISONERS.

BY CAROLINE MARSH CRANE.

"Dora, I'm getting 'fraid, more 'n' more every minute," said a plaintive voice.

"Nonsense! what's the use of that, May-blossom? 'Fraid' will never help us down from this horrid old roof. Let's think a minute, and we shall find some way down."

"But, Dora, you've been finking more 'n an hour, almost."

"Well, May, I've thought of something now. Do you see that hay-stack just below us, that's been all pulled to pieces and scattered round? Well, now, you hold your breath and watch me, 'cause I'm going to jump down on it, and then I shall get a ladder and lean it up against that barn door, and climb up here again, and then carry you down on my shoulder."

"Oh! no, no, Dora!" cried little May, terrified at thought of the fearful leap her six-year-old sister proposed taking for her sake; "you mustn't jump. I'm not so mitch 'fraid now. May be sometime somebody 'll fink of us if we wait long enough." And the baby-philosopher pressed her one clumsy little shoe, with its stubbed-out toe, closer against the edge of a rough plank which had been loosely nailed across the shingles to stop a leak in the old barn-roof out upon which the two naughty children had crept, May having been tempted, coaxed and encouraged by the adventurous Dora to come to "just the nicest place in all the world."

Dora looked uneasily about, wishing her mother would sound the dinner-horn, and then all the men would come up from the tide-meadow, and some of them would be sure to hear her shout, and see her scarlet jacket waving from the top of the barn. But there was no hope of that for a long time yet; and to tell the truth Dora was becoming more frightened than she cared to confess. An hour before their mother had sent her out into the yard and garden with May, as she did almost every morning, that they might play together in the bright sunshine, while she was busy in the house. As she tied on their sun-bonnets she said,

"Do n't wander away, Dora; do n't even go far down the orchard, or mamma may think you are lost. Be sure and not go where you can't see the house; and take good care of our little Blossom."

She watched them till she saw them busily engaged in bursting milkweed pods, and sailing the light down through the air. Then she turned away, believing Dora would prove, as usual, a trusty little guardian for her baby sister.

The milkweeds furnished sport for a short time, and then a three-days-old chicken came hopping along, with its "peep! peep!" and both the children followed it to the gate. Instead of stopping there, the little thing—which had strayed away from the brood—crept under the gate, ran across

the road, and into the barn-yard. Chick's mother was not allowed to stay in the barn-yard, and Dora did not believe that chick's own little self ought to be there; so, taking May by the hand, she said resolutely,

"Come, May, mamma would like to have us catch that chicken."

They pushed through the gates, May rarely hesitating to follow Dora's guidance. Dora looked prudently round to assure herself that there were no cows in the yard, and then hurried after the runaway chicken as fast as May's fat legs would allow. Back and forth the frightened chicken ran, round and round the yard, the breathless children in hot pursuit, until at last it hid itself under the barn. May sat deliberately down on the ground to look under, and Dora for a few seconds stared through the narrow opening, lost, apparently, in deep thought.

"May!" she exclaimed at last, "that silly little thing thinks we can't get it now, but *I can roll under!* see if I can't!" And, tossing her sun-bonnet into May's lap, she threw herself flat on the ground and attempted to squeeze herself in. "There 'll be more—room, you know, May, when I—once get—under!" she explained, squirming about, and growing purple in the face from her violent efforts to accomplish her purpose.

"But, Dora, look, 'e chicken's come out!"

Hearing this, Dora struggled out from the uncomfortable position where she had almost crushed herself between the earth beneath and the sleepers above; and, shaking the dirt and straw from her dress, exclaimed indignantly,

"Such a chicken as that! It's not worth being looked up and taken care of! I'm not going to catch it any more!" Then, surveying the field in search of new occupation, the little out-generaled commander, careless of a first defeat, proclaimed, "I'm going to climb up on the barn!"

"Oh, Dora!" gasped May, opening her eyes wider than ever at hearing this startling announcement.

"Now, May, don't be a coward," said

Dora, her determination growing stronger every minute; "you can come too, and then you 'll see that there is n't any danger. Dick goes up there, and so can we. Don't you see what a nice sunny place it is? It's just the nicest place in all the world! I should n't wonder if mamma sends us there every day after this, 'cause we can see every speck of the house from there; and then if mamma wants to know where we are, all she 'll have to do is just to go to the front window and look up on the barn-roof, and there we 'll be."

May yielded, and followed a few steps, though reluctantly; but when, after entering the barn, she saw Dora mounting the steps which led up to the hay-loft, her faint courage failed her, and again she hung back.

"Oh, Dora!" she pleaded, "do n't go! do n't go!"

"Hush! May, I'm coming down in a minute to help you up," replied Dora, authoritatively. "Do n't be afraid; I 'll take care of you."

May was silenced, and curled herself down beside an old saddle which careless Dick had left on the barn floor. Dora scrambled up the steps, and succeeded in reaching a small, low window. She thought she could step out from this upon the roof without any trouble, and told May so.

"This is a delightful window, May! I can see as much as a hundred miles, I should think!" And Dora leaned out as far as she dared. "I can see all the trees, and the houses, and the clouds, and the pond, and—do n't you want to come, May?"

Chubby May stood herself up on her feet before she answered.

"N-n-n-no," she said at last, but not very resolutely.

"Well, I'm coming down for you," was Dora's cool rejoinder. "The window is open, and we can get out there on the roof and see a great deal farther than from here. I should n't wonder if we could see a thousand miles!"

Dora came down, and found May ready to try the ascent. By dint of vigorous tug-

ging, pushing and rolling on Dora's part, and exhausting effort on May's, the two little people succeeded in getting half way up, and stopped there to rest.

"Aren't you glad you are so high up, May?" asked Dora, encouragingly.

"Y-e-e-s, not very," answered May, looking first up and then down, frightened at the distance below her, and almost ready to cry. "I fink we ought to go home," she added, her courage quite gone, as she looked up again toward the window.

Dora's face clouded over.

"But, May, we are almost up there now," she said; "let 's hurry."

Still May hesitated. Suddenly she had a brilliant thought, which fairly shone out through her eyes, and she began sturdily pushing her plump feet down to the step below her.

"May must go now, Dora," she said, rapidly, with a most important and dutiful air. "Help me down, Dora—it must be 'most time for me to take my nap!"

Now, Dora knew that "taking a nap" was the one trial of baby May's life—the one thing to be evaded, if such a thing were possible; and so when she heard this excuse for going down, she laughed heartily. May looked ashamed, and when Dora again proposed climbing higher she made no farther resistance. They reached the window without any mishap except that one of May's shoes came off and tumbled down into the manger. Dora jumped out on the roof, which was almost flat, and reached in for May. As she was lifting May over the sill, May's dress caught on a wooden peg, and Dora, not seeing that the peg held the window open, snatched it out and threw it away. She had hardly succeeded in pulling May through when down came the window with a crash, leaving them on the barn-roof, without any possible way of getting down.

May sat down, too terrified to move, though too proud to cry, while Dora crept back and forth on her hands and knees, clinging to the shingles, and assuring May

that "there never was such a nice place in the world—never."

At last May, tired out with the unusual exertion, became very sleepy, and then dauntless Dora grew exceedingly anxious lest her little sister should fall asleep and slip off. She thought first of one way of getting down, then of another, but all seemed impracticable. Finally she proposed jumping off, to which plan May refused to listen.

"May," said Dora, suddenly, bracing her feet also against May's plank, "let 's tell stories. We can imagine we are in a balloon, and are n't ready yet to come down."

"Well," replied May, who always enjoyed Dora's stories, "if you 'll tell a good one."

"You must tell one first," said crafty Dora, who foresaw that May could not keep awake through even a very short story, unless she herself were telling it.

"Oh, no!" begged May.

"Yes," said Dora, decidedly; and then she waited for May to begin.

May sighed, and rubbed her eyes, and sighed again, and yawned, and looked up at Dora, and still Dora waited.

"Well," said May, at last, feeling assured that no story would be forthcoming until she had told hers; "I 'll tell you 'bout two little girls. Vey went to walk. No, 't was a little girl and a little boy."

"How old were they?" interrupted Dora.

"'Bout my age; and vey walked, and vey walked, and vey came to a river, and vere was a bridge, and ve little boy went over, and ve little girl went over, and ven vey walked some more, and ven vey came to a gate, and ven vey stopped and looked at ve gate, and ve little girl said, 'Oh!'"

May's eyes were shining, all sleep having been driven from them in the excitement of the thrilling story she had been telling. Dora waited, supposing that the chief interest of the tale would lie on the other side of the gate, and only suspected the truth when May asked naively,

"Is n't that a nice story, Dora?"

"Is that all?" cried Dora, in amazement.

"Is n't it *nuff*?" asked May, in alarm.

"You dear little precious May-blossom!" exclaimed Dora, throwing her arms round the little one; "of course it's '*nuff*.' Did you make it all up your own self?"

Happy May, fully reassured, smiled and nodded complacently.

"Now I'll tell one," said Dora; "but it won't be so interesting as yours. Mine's about a whole town full of people, who lived near the river, not very far from an old mill. The mill did n't belong to anybody, 'cause there were ghosts in it, and nobody likes ghosts very much. One day—May, do you see that speck over there?"

May looked very hard, holding her limp sun-bonnet with both hands back from her face.

"I think it's father's hat, coming to find us," said Dora. "Well, one day," she continued, going back to her story, "the—"

"No, it's a dog," interrupted May, whose faint hope of deliverance grew fainter, though she could n't yet turn aside from it altogether.

"You are n't listening to my story, May! One day—"

"Dora! Dora!"

"Mamma's calling! It must be time to take my nap!" said little one-ideaed May.

"Mamma!" shouted Dora, in reply.

"Dora! Dora!"

"Mamma! mamma!" cried Dora, again, "mamma!"

The children's mother, hearing the cry, which was almost a shriek, hastened out into the yard. She called Dora, and Dora replied; but for a long time she did not think of looking off the ground for her little ones.

"Mamma, look up in 'e sky!" called May, finally.

Mrs. Gould looked up, and there she found them. If they had been floating about in mid-air, she could hardly have been more surprised. She hurried to their release, and brought down first one then the other.

"Could see 'e house all 'e time!" said May, as she trudged through the yard, holding her mother's hand, and knowing that they had been very naughty, but wishing to give her mother their own view of the case.

Dora walked silently along, rebelliously thinking over how she could best argue the matter with her mother, and convince her that she had not done wrong. But Mrs. Gould said nothing, and Dora did not dare to speak first. Dinner was almost ready when they reached the house, and when her father and brother came home there was so much to talk of that her exploit was not mentioned. After dinner May climbed into her cradle and went to sleep, and when everything was still Dora sat by the open window thinking for a long time. At last she came over beside her mother, who was sitting at work.

"Mamma," said she, gently, quite subdued by the long talk she had had with her conscience, "I think you will not want to trust May with me again."

"Do you think I ought to, Dora, when you have once led her into so much danger?"

"No, mamma. I do wish you would try me again. I'll try harder than ever to take good care of baby. Won't you trust me just once more?"

Looking into the earnest face, Mrs. Gould believed that the little pleader would henceforth be more to be relied on than ever before.

"Yes, darling, I will," she replied, taking the child on her knee; "and I want my Dora to remember that when mamma can't trust her little girl one of her chief happinesses will be gone. There is no greater sorrow for a mother than to know that she has a child whom she can't trust. You are a very little girl now, Dora, but unless you learn to be faithful, you can never be happy yourself, nor hope to make others happy. You must remember, too, that little May wants to do just what you do; and if you do wrong, think of all the trouble you may bring upon her."

Dora is a grandmother now, but she still remembers her mother's gentle words as she held her that afternoon on her knee, and she often tells the story to May's little Dora, who wishes she could see her mamma's old shoe, which fell down into the manger.

THE LEGEND OF ST. FREDA.

BY MRS. SARAH D. HOBART.

There once was an ancient city,
Beside the silvery sea,
Where the white ships lay at anchor,
And the glad waves tossed in glee.

And down by the wharves the houses
Were low, and dark, and small;
But beyond the streets were spacious,
And the mansions grand and tall.

Here loathsome vice was hidden,
There virtue walked secure;
And those were the homes of the wealthy,
And these were the haunts of the poor.

In a dark and lonely garret,
Where the sunlight's radiant flame
Through the narrow, cobwebbed windows
Feebly and faintly came;

Alone in the rosy morning—
Alone in the twilight shade—
With God and her precious lily,
Dwelt a little orphan maid.

All day, through the crowded city,
She begged her bitter bread;
And at night in the lonely garret
She laid her weary head.

And as one eve she lingered
By the old cathedral grim,
Where swelled the organ's music,
And rang the holy hymn,

Amid the roll of anthems,
And wailing of the psalms,
She heard the old priest pleading,
"Bring, bring to the Lord thine alms!"

Through sounding aisles and arches
It rang like a trumpet call;
"Who gives to the dear Lord Jesus
The holiest gift of all?"

"I am small and poor," said Freda,
"No offering can I bring

Save my flower, within whose petals
Are folded angels' wings—

"My lily, with snow-white blossoms,
And green leaves arching o'er;
But life will be darker than ever,
When it blooms for me no more."

The wind from the distant forest
Came with a dirge-like moan;
"Why should I fear?" said Freda,
"Will the Lord not keep His own?"

Then home she ran through the darkness,
And out from the garret's gloom
She brought her beautiful lily,
With its fragrant, rare perfume.

Her eyes were sadly tearful
As she passed through the wondering throng;
But she thought of the Holy Savior,
And her fainting heart grew strong.

And she said, while her blue eyes brightened
With the light of a love divine,
"I give to the dear Lord Jesus
The only treasure mine!"

Gold gleamed upon the altar,
And gems of richest cost,
But the priest said, bending rev'rent,
"This child has given the most!"

Then lo! a beauteous marvel!
The dew-drops pearls became;
Each flower was a golden lily,
Each leaf was a leaf of flame;

And there beside the altar
The Christ-child seemed to stand,
And the crown reserved for the sainted
Gleamed bright within his hand;

And His voice in silvery accents
Rang through the lofty hall,
"A crown of light for Freda,
Who gives the Lord her all!"

Ah! richer than gold or silver,
And wealth and rank above,
In the sight of the dear Lord Jesus
Is a child's unsullied love!

With heavenly store forever
Doth He repay our gifts;
And when we take our burden,
Its weight from our hearts He lifts.

For thorns He gives us roses,
Bright smiles for earth's cold frowns;
For moans the harp's glad music,
And for crosses golden crowns!

UNCLE DICK'S LEGACY.

BY MRS. EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

CHAPTER IX.

Neither Raymond nor Archie had any idea that it was a serious thing to lose the trail, even at nightfall, when they were sure of being within a mile or so of the settlement; but Belle knew better, and like a brave little woman, instantly set her wits at work to find a way out of the difficulty.

"If we can find which way the land slopes," she said, promptly, "we can easily make our own trail to the timber road."

Raymond looked around; but to his inexperienced eye everything was a level of underbrush.

"You stay here, Hattie," said Belle, "and we will go in different directions, only keeping in sight of you, and see if we can find any little gullies where the water ran down from the ridge in the spring rains."

In a very short time a loud whoop from Archie announced that he had found a gully, and the whole party ran to him, to find a small channel nearly filled with dead leaves.

"Now which way?" said Archie, curiously.

"Why, this way, of course," said Belle, rapidly following the gully, and proving she was right by bringing them out upon the timber road, though it was much further off than any of them would have believed.

"Three cheers for the guide!" said Archie, swinging his cap, as they came into the road; "but I should just like to know why you said 'of course' this was the way, when I was sure it was the other direction?"

"You can always tell by the sides of a gully which way the water ran," said Belle, and Raymond felt vexed with himself for not having thought of so simple a thing.

"Papa was lost in the woods beyond Big Bottoms, once, and he walked more than

an hour, and then came back to the very tree he started from. People always travel around in circles when they are lost."

"I do n't see why," said Archie.

"Neither do I, but it's true," said Hattie; "and so papa determined not to waste his strength. He tore off a bit of his handkerchief and fastened it on the side of the tree, and then fixed his eye on another tree in a straight line with it and walked for it. He put another mark on this, and then sighted again; and after a long time he came out all right, though he was so tired and lame he could not walk for a week."

"Suppose he had taken the wrong direction?"

"He did," said Belle; "he came through the woods the longest way; but when you are lost in the woods, the main thing is to get out, in almost any direction."

"What if you had not found a water gully to-night?"

"There are other ways," said Belle; "but if I could not have found out the way to the road we should have had to sit down and wait till they came for us. We should have heard them calling, and known which way to go. Papa always tells us not to keep on walking, and make matters worse by getting further away."

Before they reached the settlement, Steve and Mr. Douds came down the road to meet them.

"You are out too late," said Mr. Douds, shaking his head at Belle; "we were afraid something had happened."

"Something did happen," said Hattie; "we lost the trail," and she told her story as they walked along.

"You might have done worse," said the old man. "We saw Sam John and one of his cronies go through the settlement, and we started right after them, for fear they might be drunk enough for mischief."

"Would they hurt us?" asked Archie, beginning to feel very glad of his escort.

"Probably not; but they would like nothing better than to give you a scare; they belong to the meanest race on the face of the earth. Not the Indian race," added the old man, as Archie looked at him in wonder; "but a race which I am sorry to say, a good many white folks who ought to be ashamed of it, belong to—the race of contemptible cowards, who find amusement in tormenting anything weak or defenceless that chances to fall into their hands."

Raymond drew himself up a little, as if he did not quite fancy being called either weak or defenceless, and thought that if the opportunity had offered he would have liked to show Sam John what a Yankee boy could do. Archie, however, decided without hesitation that he was glad the kitten led them off the trail, and that he would even prefer being lost one night in the woods to an encounter with a couple of drunken Indians.

It was so long after sunset that in most of the houses lamps were already lighted, and an ugly red lantern on a pole marked the door of the saloon, where a group of men were lounging. The village looked better in the twilight, and the stream made a pleasant sound as it tumbled along over its little falls. The sweet tones of a flute came from a small cabin in the edge of the woods, and close by a mother was singing to her baby a quaint old German ditty:

"Night comes down the mountain,
All the sheep are in the fold;
Every tender blossom
Shuts its heart against the cold;
Hush thee! rest thee!
Little baby, on my breast."

"How would you like to live here?" asked Mr. Douds, suddenly.

"I should n't like it at all," said Raymond, decidedly. "I do n't see how people can live here, when there are plenty of other places to go to. I should n't care so much if it was just woods; but those people," and Raymond surveyed the rough cabins with a look of disgust.

"The people are well enough in their way," said Mr. Douds; "and there must always be a beginning. It takes a good many workmen to finish up things properly, and I have a great respect for the men who do the hard, rough work, that other folks shrink from."

"They are just fit for it," said Raymond, wisely, with a dim recollection of some of Aunt Rachel's social theories; "and it only makes them discontented to meddle with them."

"That is just what I want to do, young man; the first thing to accomplish is to make these people dissatisfied with their ignorance and degradation. I fancy the Lord had a harder job with the fellow who thought he was about as good as they made 'em, than with the one who had found out he was a miserable sinner."

"Do you think it is worth the cost?" ventured Raymond, not quite liking to abandon his position.

"That is not for me to decide. If it had been left to me, I dare say I might have thought the world was n't worth the cost of saving; but the Lord thought differently, and I do n't set up to be wiser than He is. The older I grow the better opinion I have of other folks, and so will you have, young man."

He looked at Raymond in such a kindly fashion that he felt quite ashamed of himself. Mrs. Lester was waiting for them at the door, and if she had been anxious she said nothing of it until Belle had a chance to explain matters, and then she kissed the little girls so tenderly that Archie's heart swelled with a sudden longing for the mother whose memory was already growing dim to him.

The supper-table was spread, and on the clean white cloth were set four tin basins with old-fashioned silver spoons, a large yellow pitcher of milk, and a loaf of brown bread.

"It's so nice to have milk," said Hattie, as they drew up to the table; "our Daisy is the first cow ever brought to the settlement, and you ought to have seen her arri-

val. Papa bought her in February, of a German at Big Bottoms, and he agreed to bring her over as soon as the calf was three weeks old. How do you suppose he managed it?"

"Why, drove her, and led the calf," said Archie, who saw nothing difficult in such an arrangement.

"No, indeed!" said Hattie; "why, it's ten miles, and the snow was two feet deep, and the thermometer away down to wherever it goes such times. Papa did n't think he would bring her, but one day he came driving up with a sled made of a wagon-box on runners. The Dutchman was perched on a seat in front, and the cow and calf were standing in behind, tied to the seat by their heads. They were all pinned up in red and blue quilts, and they did look so funny with just their heads and tails sticking out. Mamma laughed till she cried."

"I laugh now whenever I think of it," said Mrs. Lester. "When she was put in her new barn, the man insisted that I should give her a piece of bread and salt out of my hand, and while she ate it, he said in her ear, 'Dese is de house mutter; you sthays mit him?' and Daisy nodded her head as if she agreed to the arrangement. 'She geefs you milk,' said the man, with an air of satisfaction; 'my vooman he tinks mooch dese coo.'"

"Mamma 'tinks mooch' of her, too," said Belle; "but she can't milk her and I can; papa taught me in a week."

Raymond was examining his spoon with a great deal of interest, for he had never seen one at all like it. The small, round handle was flattened at the end, and had once been ornamented with some device, of which Raymond could only make out a faint outline, and the letters S. E. L.

"I must tell you about the spoons," said Mrs. Lester; "they have quite a history of their own."

She took up her knitting-work, and while she told the story, Belle and Hattie quietly cleared the table, and Mr. Douds, who had heard it all twenty times before, brought out a queer little trunk covered with horse-

hair, settled his spectacles, and began to examine the papers and letters it contained.

"The story goes back almost two hundred years, to some very stormy times, when my great, great grandfather was a young Scotch curate, and was turned out of his office for refusing to read the proclamation which acknowledged William and Mary the sovereigns of Scotland. His wife came of a grand old English family, but she stood by her husband bravely, and when they could do no better, went with him into a poor little cottage, where she did all the work with her own dainty hands. She was willing enough that William should govern Scotland, but she did not like his trying to govern her husband. So when the royal collectors demanded the payment of a tax for the support of the government, the wife said boldly,

"'We will never pay it; for that would be to acknowledge their right to rule.'

"'But they will take thy spoons and silver candlesticks, dear heart,' said the husband.

"'I'll see about that—only let them try it,' said the wife.

"She set the great porridge pot on the fire, and put her spoons and candlesticks into it with some pieces of charcoal, and soon had the whole melted into a dingy, shapeless mass, which she tossed out in the cow-yard. Mistress Brindle smelt of it, but concluded she could not make anything of it, and so went on chewing her cud. The next day the collectors made their appearance and demanded the tax money.

"'I shall not pay,' said the curate; 'you have taken my living from me.'

"'Then we must have it in some other way,' said the men; 'where is your dowry, Mistress Lester?'

"'Out there,' said the wife, pointing to the cow-yard; 'take it if you choose.'

"'We cannot take the cow that feeds the children; but where are your spoons and your silver candlesticks?'

"'I parted with them since my husband became a poor man,' said the wife. 'Cottagers have no need of silver candlesticks.'

"They searched the house, but found no trace of the silver, and were forced to go away without it, and the precious lump lay in the mud of the cow-yard for a long time, until matters were peacefully settled, and the curate went back to his parish. Then Mistress Lester sent the silver to her father, who had it made over into spoons and a massive pitcher, all engraved with a porridge pot for a crest, and marked, in the fashion of those days, with their joint initials, 'S. E. L.', for 'Samuel and Elizabeth Lester.'"

"Yes," said Hattie, who never tired of the story; "you can see the top of the pot on this one, and mamma does n't let us rub it, for fear it will all be worn off before our great, great grand-children come to see it."

"My great grandfather brought the spoons to America," said Mrs. Lester; "and they came down to my father after having been once buried to hide them from the Tories, so you see they have a right to give themselves airs by the side of their pewter neighbors."

Mr. Douds had completed his search to his own satisfaction, and having spread upon the table a rude map, and several old yellow letters, he said,

"Now, my lads, if you'll give me your attention, I'll tell you just how you stand with your Uncle Dick's Legacy."

The boys drew up to the table in great excitement, anxious to know what was to be the result of their journey; and Steve followed, with his pleasant face for once unnaturally solemn.

BIRDS OF THE SEA.

BY THOMAS W. KNOX.

There are many mysteries connected with the ocean, and scientific men have devoted a great deal of time to unraveling them. To a traveler who does not care much about science, and only notices what comes directly before him, there is, perhaps, no greater mystery than the movements, and lives, and habits of sea-birds.

Their breeding places are generally on rocky islands or cliffs, remote from the habitations of men, though it sometimes happens that the birds make their nests and resting places quite near to fishing villages and other settlements. There were formerly many sea-birds on the rocks and cliffs near San Francisco; but they have gradually retreated to the Farralone Islands, which lie out in the Pacific ocean, about thirty miles from the Golden Gate. Hundreds of thousands of these birds—gulls, gonies and others—make their homes at the Farralone islands, and lay their eggs there in the spring of the year. The eggs are an important article of traffic in the San Francisco market, where they are sold in great numbers. Parties go out from San

Francisco to collect these eggs as a regular business; and almost every year it happens that they fight for the possession of the islands. Occasionally a man is killed; but this does not prevent another fight the next year.

I was one day visiting a friend who lived on one of the hills overlooking the bay of San Francisco. As we went out of his house to visit his garden, he pointed to an adjoining garden, where a man was at work.

"I have long wanted," he said, "to buy a part of that garden, but the owner would not sell it. But I think I shall get it now; he went away one day last week with a party of men to get eggs at the Farralones, and next night he was brought home dead, having been killed in a fight. A party was there ahead of them, and they used their rifles to defend their rights."

Going up the Pacific coast from Panama to San Francisco, one will see a great many sea-birds. When I made the voyage, the passengers used to spend a great deal of time watching the birds; and after dinner we used to give them whatever was left on

the table that they would eat. Somehow they seemed to know when it was dinner-time, as they always appeared then in greater numbers than between meals. When a crumb of bread was thrown into the water they would dive for it, and if we threw a large piece, there would be a great struggle to get it. One day we persuaded the cook to bake a loaf very hard, and when the birds were thickest just behind the steamer we threw the loaf into the water. There was a great rush for the bread, and for a few minutes the birds looked like a flock of pigeons settling upon a tree. They dashed at the bread, but it was so hard that they could not seize it; and as the steamer was steadily going forward, we left them struggling for their food. They probably continued striking it until it was soaked and broken by the combined action of the water and their bills. In the evening we organized a court, and tried one of the passengers for wasting our provisions by throwing them away upon the birds. He was convicted, and sentenced to pay for the loaf he had wasted; but the judge ordered that the sentence should not be executed until the birds that had eaten the bread could be arrested.

It is rather odd to talk about sea-birds getting sea-sick, but such is really the case. There are several varieties of birds that suffer from the motions of a ship, just as a person suffers, who is not accustomed to the water, although they will settle down upon the water, and appear perfectly comfortable on the rocking waves.

One day the sailors caught a white gull, covered him with red paint, and then released him. His companions at first avoided him in astonishment, but only for a minute; then they chased him, and he flew out of sight, with the whole flock following him. The captain told me that the gulls always do this when a bird has been painted, or anything is hung to his neck; and that if he does not fly faster than they, or rid himself of his incumbrance in some way, he is in danger of being killed. If I had known this before the bird was caught,

I should have begged the sailors not to trouble him, and so cause him to be avoided or put to death by his friends. After all, gull nature is not unlike human nature; there are many men and women who treat with the greatest cruelty those of their fellow-beings who have been unfortunate, or whose characters have been stained through no fault of their own.

The largest sea-bird is the albatross, which is chiefly found in the Southern ocean. Notwithstanding its great size, it can fly a long distance from shore, and is frequently seen two or three hundred miles from the nearest land or other resting place. Around Cape Horn the albatross is found in large numbers, and at their breeding-places there are sometimes many acres covered with their nests, which are simply little depressions in the earth.

Another bird peculiar to the Southern hemisphere is the penguin, which has small wings and short legs. The legs are set very far back, so that when the bird walks he stands erect like a dog on his hind feet. The penguin cannot fly, but it dives and swims very fast. When it is swimming it uses its wings as if they were fins. Many thousands of these birds are frequently found together, and when they have made their nests and deposited their eggs, the ground seems to be paved with them. The noise made by the screaming of the birds is very great, and enough to deafen a person whose nerves are sensitive.

There is a small bird like a swallow, only much larger, which is called the petrel, or Mother Cary's chicken. It used to be said that nobody had ever seen a petrel on the land, or found its nest; but this is not true, as its nests have been discovered, and the birds have been seen on the rocks near the nests. Sailors are superstitious about many things, and among others about these birds. They think a petrel is the spirit of a sailor who has died, and they will not harm one of the birds, through fear of dishonoring a dead shipmate. It is well for a passenger at sea to respect all the superstitions of the sailors, and if he is inclined to practice his

rifle upon the birds that fly around the ship, he should be very careful not to injure a petrel. If a passenger kills a petrel, any accident to the ship afterwards is sure to be charged to him; and in case of a wreck it is quite possible the sailors would refuse to take him in their boats on leaving the ship.

How the birds live at sea is not well understood. Some of them have their bills so shaped that they can catch fish; the others must depend upon what they find floating on the water. Half way across the Pacific ocean our ship was followed by sea-birds, and they certainly obtained very little from what we threw overboard. They constantly darted around us, and occasionally settled in the water; but it was very rarely that I saw them eating anything. Where they found enough to keep from starving I could not imagine. But they always appeared in good condition, and never flew as if weak or tired. We could never see them sleeping, but it is pretty well understood that they rest on the water at night. Frequently the ship disturbed them, and we could hear them screaming and rising out of the water, just as if they had been waked from a comfortable sleep. They must sleep somewhere, and as they were five or six hundred miles from the nearest land, their only resting place would be on the water.

One day, when we were approaching the coast of Kamtchatka, though more than a hundred miles from shore, and quite out of sight of land, a small bird resembling a sparrow lighted in our rigging. A minute later a hawk pounced upon him and began eating him. It was plain that the sparrow had been chased from land by the hawk. Both of them were weary, but the fright of the sparrow, added to his weariness, made him much weaker than the hawk. He saw the hawk coming upon him, but he could not fly to another part of the rigging, and so lost his life. One of our officers climbed up within twenty feet of the hawk and shot him while he was taking his dinner,

which he doubtless wanted after his long flight.

It frequently happens that land birds are blown out to sea, where they light upon ships when they are so exhausted that the sailors can catch them in their hands. An officer of our ship told me that a bird once came to them in this way. The sailors caught and fed him, and he soon became very tame. They supposed that when they approached land again he would fly away; but he had become so fond of the ship that he would not leave it. They put up a box for him to live in, and he went there every night to sleep. In the day time he hopped and flew around the ship; when they were in port he would sometimes fly away an hour or so, as if he wanted to look at the country, but he never staid away long. One day he was caught and killed by a terrier dog that a passenger had brought on board, and the sailors were so angry at the loss of their little pet that they threw the dog overboard. At any rate the dog disappeared, but nobody could or would tell what had become of him.

UNDER THE LEAVES.

BY MISS S. P. BARTLETT.

The hidden May-flowers bloom
Under the leaves;
It is the same perfume
On the warm breeze,

That in all other years
Came back to me;
But now it brings the tears
Too tenderly!

So cold, so sweet, so fair,
O! pink-flushed spray!
I lift to the soft air
And sunny day!

But colder, fairer still,
My Blossom lies
Low in her grave—nor thrill
Of Spring's surprise,

With warm and joyful breath
Renews her bloom
To rosy life, from death
And prisoned gloom!

UNCLE JOHN AND HIS FOLKS.

BY MRS. ANTOINETTE C. M'LEAN.

Having found I could take such a long walk as to go to Uncle Bige's and back again in the same day, I became urgent that I should be sent to school.

"But you are too little," said mamma; "you are only three years old!"

"I walked to Uncle Bige's and back the same morning, and it did not hurt me one bit; and when we go to school, we won't come back until night!"

"But you will be tired and sleepy in the day, and there are no beds at school."

"Mamma!" spoke up my sister, "that won't make a bit of difference, for Miss Strong makes a pillow out of her shawl, and lets the littlest ones lie down when they are sleepy, and sleep it out, and Miss Strong wants Ninette to come to school as bad as anything."

"And, mamma," said I, "the days are so long in summer, it seems to me as if they are most as long as forever!"

"Well, I will let you go a little to try it," at last said mother, and so I went; and some day I will tell you all about the school, and the creek, and the little fishes, and the field of great rocks that we played were houses, and the wild cherry trees, and strawberries, and our rambles in the woods at noon; but now I shall tell you about Uncle John.

Just after you passed the first creek, on your way to Uncle Bige's, there was a hill on the left side of the road. On the side of the hill nearest the creek was a road leading to the mill. On the top of the hill lived Uncle John. Uncle John was sickly, and Uncle John's folks were sickly, and so they did not do like any body else in the town; they did not work half as hard, because they could not, and they were so poor that everybody felt like giving them as many kind lifts as they could on the uphill of life, while they were not so poor as to be actually in want of the necessities of life.

Uncle John had the poor man's blessing

—an abundance of children. All the children were grown up, however—or nearly so—except the youngest, whose name was after some revered Connecticut minister that the parents loved; but for short was called by only the first two letters of the preacher's name, and was known as "Ed." This "Ed" was not at all revered, however, like his namesake, nor at all like him, as in time I will show.

The big girls, or women of the house, not being strong enough for much spinning or weaving, did not do much work at home, nor were they often employed abroad. The old mother was called Aunt Becky, and several of the daughters were old enough to be called aunty, and were called so. Aunt Becky, junior, attended to the house; Aunt Polly looked after the garden, or went with kind motherliness among the sick or dying neighbors. It was her soft voice that soothed many a fevered pillow; her gentle hand that closed many loved eyes that would never more open until the resurrection morn; and her tender care that robed many a dear one for the grave, so you may be sure every one knew and loved Aunt Polly. Sarepta was a person of consequence in her household, and in the town at large, for she had so much learning that she could keep school, and every summer she did keep school somewhere abroad, and "boarded around," and knew a great many people who lived miles from home. In short, Sarepta was not only literary, but had traveled over several townships, and was regarded at home as the pride of the house.

Uncle John's house was the object that met my eyes the first thing in the morning, and the last thing at night. It was a little brown cottage, with an addition that had a roof sloping nearly to the ground; but it peeped from the tall trees growing near it in a very grim, mysterious way, that impressed me like an old castle surrounded by

armed warriors. Uncle John's folks kept bees, and I could see the bench where the hives sat, and about the hives I could see the red tops of hollyhocks, the great, grim faces of yellow sunflowers looking out over all, and watching our house—ever watching in a way that made me afraid. Then there were red peonies that here blazed in a crimson flame, or there peeped through the surrounding leaves like red eyes hidden in the bushes to keep watch.

I was full of fancies about Uncle John's house, and full of fears, until one day my mother took me to see Aunt Polly, and Aunt Polly took us into the garden, which was so beautiful with roses, and pinks, and violets, and marigolds, and many other flowers, that for a long time my thoughts of the Garden of Eden were centered in that of Aunt Polly, while the flaming cherubim were no more awful to the imagination than those grim-faced sunflowers towering so far above my head, and forever watching. Thus I had delightful thoughts of Uncle John's garden, but many undefined fears of its surroundings.

But the magician of this weird place, which by my fancy was robed with as many terrors as in olden times the untutored sons of men ascribed to their wide-spreading forests, was Uncle John himself, who was always creeping about—winter or summer—with his face muffled in a huge red woolen comforter, exploring barns and old attics, which to the best of my belief were the secret haunts of terrible forms, and hunting there for spider-webs! Yes, actually facing the big bloated spiders, brown, spotted, and gray, and taking from them their webs in a manner most astonishing to behold. How or why any mortal man should do such a thing was more than I could imagine; and Uncle John, as a kind of demon-king of spiders, seemed to me something more than mortal.

There was a girl in our school whose name was Kate. I do not think there are many girls in the whole world like Kate, and I am sure there was no one like her in school, or in the whole town. She was a

natural born captain; but her dauntless soul being for some reason put into a girl's body, of course she was not educated for the army. She could only be a school captain, and in all that required nerve, daring, moral or physical, there was Kate, defying consequences, and tempted by that which made other children afraid. So you may be sure Kate was not appalled by Uncle John or his house; and when, before school one day, he appeared with his red comforter and a long stick, on a cobweb hunt, "Oh, there's Uncle John!" cried Kate; "he's after spiderwebs, I guess. See, he is going to the old house across the road! Let's go and see him!"

How I admired Kate's courage! for my curiosity was all the greater for my fears, and, headed by Kate, and surrounded by the whole school, I had for once the courage to follow Uncle John.

By the time we had reached him, he was already in the old house, peeping and poking with his stick, and talking to himself in a low voice.

The old house was of itself to me an object of terror. The wild vines clambering over the windows darkened it, the walls were dingy, the plastering fallen over the floor, and in many places bending from the ceiling, just ready to fall, and of course it was full of spiders and cobwebs, while it was said that snakes had been seen gliding across the floor. It was a place that seemed such an one as Uncle John would delight in; but Kate was to be daunted neither by snakes, spiders, or Uncle John. It was said that in a feat of daring, Kate once took a garter snake in her hands and ran after the children, and afterwards even tied it around her neck like a ribbon, and put its head and tail in her bosom. I never believed that story, or I should have been more afraid of Kate than of Uncle John; but I must say that the snake story fitted her style of actions, and I do believe if she could have caught the snake, nothing would have suited her better than making the story true.

"I say!" cried Kate, "Uncle John, are you hunting cobwebs?"

"Such a web!" muttered the old man to himself; "it is as big as a dozen common webs!" And he peeped and poked at an immense web, that was just beyond the reach of his stick.

"Your stick is too short, ain't it, Uncle John?" pursued the dauntless Kate.

"I could e'en a'most make a whole pill of that!" muttered Uncle John, tip-toeing, and making long and fruitless reaches at it with his stick.

"You want a longer stick, don't you?" persevered Kate.

"If I had uthin' to stand on, child, it would be just the thing!" for the first time noticing Kate, who stood boldly in front, while all the children, big and little, hovered in her rear. "A barrel or a box, you know!" said the old man; "but there's not a trace of folks about this old house."

"We've took 'em all for our play-houses," said Kate; "but I know where there is a longer stick, and I'll get it for you in a minute!" and away ran Kate, all of us this time taking the lead, and all of us in a wild hurry, seeking to be the first one to find a stick long enough for Uncle John's purpose. Of course captain Kate had the advantage; for, knowing better how to look, she soon emerged from a grassy tangle with a long mullein stalk, which like a standard she bore before her in triumph, while the rest of the crowd, armed with shorter sticks, gathered like a disorderly band of soldiers in her rear.

"Forward, march!" cried Kate. "Go slow, now!" and when she had us in a demure walk, she started off on a run into the old house. Of course we ran after, and were just in time to see Uncle John bringing down the coveted web.

"Do you want any more?" questioned Kate.

"Oh, yes; I want a plenty; I want to make three pills."

"Pills!" echoed Kate, her own daring for the moment quite cast into the shade; "you do n't make pills of them, do you?"

"Sartain! sartain, child! What else should I make of them?" replied the old man.

"Do you take them?" questioned Kate.

"Nice old place for webs!" muttered Uncle John, poking into another corner, and seemingly quite lost to all thoughts of Kate and her little rabble of followers.

"Say, Uncle John, do you take them like other pills?"

"Sartain! sartain!"

"How much does it take for one pill?" queried Kate, edging nearer, and quite intent on learning the entire secret of this new horror; "and how do you make 'em?"

But Uncle John was too intent on his business to answer the curious Kate; but, nothing daunted, she determined to keep a sharp watch, and learn how he did by seeing him do it.

"Can't we help you?" she asked; "there must be a plenty up stairs. Sha'n't we look up stairs?"

The old man glanced at the rickety stairs, and nodded.

"Only do n't get any dirty webs."

"No!" cried Kate, and darted up the creaking and shaking staircase, with all of us children at her heels.

I had a terrible fear of old chambers stretching under the roof, but I was still more afraid of cobweb-eating Uncle John; so I tried to get as near in the middle as possible of the crowd that surged up stairs. Once up there, the others scattered in search of cobwebs, and I tried to follow suit; but at the first touch of my stick on a shiny fresh cobweb, out ran the great white and green owner of the house, looking like a huge waxberry on legs, and away ran I in greater terror than the spider himself could have been, and stood trembling at the head of the stairs.

"Why do n't you hunt webs?" asked Kate.

"I can't," said I; "the spider is in it!"

How long, and loud, and jolly she laughed, holding both her plump sides with her chubby hands, and making the old attic ring again.

"Just to think of Ninette being afraid of a speck of a spider that she can put her foot on?" cried Kate. "Well, what ain't you afraid of? I dare say you are afraid of this old attic!" And with that came a wicked thought into her head, and that was to manage so that I should be the last to leave its shadows; which, to my desperate terror, she soon accomplished.

If all the ghosts, and witches, lions, bears, snakes, and spiders that attic could hold, had been after me in reality, as I believed them to be in my horror, I could not have shrieked louder, nor hurried faster, than I did to get into the crowd, while Kate held back my sister as she hurried to help me, and filled the house with laughter, which seemed to me more like the glee of a hobgoblin than the merriment of any thing human.

"What now? What now?" queried Uncle John, rushing forward.

"Nothing, only Ninette is scared!" cried Kate, and I instantly became quiet through my terror of Uncle John.

"Here are the webs," said Kate. "How do you make the pills?"

Uncle John made no reply, but taking a paper from a side pocket of his coat, put the webs Kate gave him carefully inside.

"I'll get you some water if you want to take one now!" said Kate; and all of us gaped, open-mouthed, for the reply. We had paid for the show, and now we wanted to see it; but Uncle John only shook his head.

"What do you take 'em for?" queried the crest-fallen Kate.

"Neuralgia," said the old man.

What horrible thing that could be, even Kate could not guess.

"And what is that?" questioned Kate; "that new—new—that thing you said ailed you?"

"It is old enough; nothing new, child. I have had it nigh on to twenty year now."

"What is its name, Uncle John?"

"Neuralgia."

"Do the cobweb pills do you any good?"

was Kate's last query, for the school-mistress rapped the window with her ferule.

"Sometimes I think they do, and then I think they do n't," said the old man; "and thank you for helping me!" and the old man went off in his red comforter—to me more weird and terrible than ever, with his "new" something that ailed him, and his cobweb pills!

THE SHEPHERD BOY.

FROM THE GERMAN, BY MARIETTA KELVIN.

One beautiful spring morning a merry-hearted shepherd boy was watching his flock in a blooming valley between woody mountains, and was singing and dancing about for very joy. The prince of the land was hunting in that neighborhood, and seeing him, called him nearer, and said,

"What makes you so very happy, my dear little one?"

The boy did not know the prince, and replied,

"Why should n't I be happy? Our most gracious sovereign is not richer than I am!"

"How so?" asked the prince; "let me hear about your riches."

"The sun in the clear blue sky shines as brightly for me as for the prince," said the youth; "and mountain and valley grow green, and bloom as sweetly for me as for him. I would not part with my two hands for all the money, nor sell my two eyes for all the jewels in the royal treasury. Besides, I have everything I really need. I have enough to eat every day, and good warm clothes to wear, and get money enough every year for my labor and pains to meet all my wants. Can you say the prince really has more?"

The kind prince smiled, made himself known, and said,

"You are right, my good boy. Keep fast hold of your cheerful spirit."

Contentment makes one happy and rich as the greatest king.

The Little Corporal.

AN ORIGINAL MAGAZINE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS, AND
FOR OLDER PEOPLE WHO HAVE YOUNG HEARTS.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER, EDITOR.

CHICAGO, MAY, 1873.

COMPOSITIONS.

Did you ever have your picture taken? Then you will never forget how the operator patted you down, and shook you up—enjoined you to raise your chin a trifle, then to drop it a hair's breadth—to turn the least bit to the right, until at last, with one hand on the awful mystery in front of you, and the other holding the watch that ticked off the dreadful seconds, he blandly observed, "Now look perfectly natural, and wink all you please."

How did the man expect you to look natural, when he had done his best to make you feel unnatural, until you could n't even laugh at the absurdity of his remark, and every eyelash was too stiff to wink. No wonder the picture was so unlike your merry, laughing self, and the stony eyes had not a gleam of the brightness that comes into them when you sit flushed and happy to chat with a friend. If the artist could only catch you unawares, and not let you know you were sitting for your picture, that would be something worth seeing.

Do you wonder what all this has to do with compositions? A great deal, I assure you. There is the same difference between the lively, sensible talk of a real boy or girl and the dull, stupid stuff they put into compositions, that there is between the living person sitting at ease, without a thought of how he is looking, and the miserable being in the artist's chair. If you want a good picture you must forget all about yourself; if you would write a good composition, you must forget that there is such a thing as a composition. How shall you

do this? Well, in the first place, remember that the whole object of your writing is to improve yourself, and not to interest other people. It is not of the least consequence that you interest any one else; you are to learn to express your ideas in writing. What if you have no ideas? That is not possible; the only trouble is you try to express the ideas of some one else, and you can no more do it than you can sit for his picture. Write about real things; objects that lie about you; facts in your own history; things you have learned by personal observation. It will do you a great deal more good to tell in a plain, straight-forward way how many tradesmen were needed to make a horse-shoe, from the time the ore lay in the earth until it was nailed upon the horse's foot; how the canary went to sleep; what different games are played with balls; what you did on a rainy day; what you saw in the woods; how you went fishing; how to make a kite, or a sled, or a work-basket; in short, almost anything that you really know, than to get off any number of fine sentences about faith, and hope, and patience, and self-denial. Lay up your facts first, and build your theories afterwards. Write for your own improvement now—by and by you may try to edify other people. A good way to start a composition is to talk it. Sit down, two of you boys and girls, and have a free-and-easy talk about something. Say all the funny things you please, and all the wise ones you can. By all means laugh over it. Then sum up your talk something in this fashion:

"SNAKES.—Mary is afraid of 'em. I had one buttoned up in my jacket once; a green one. Snakes like milk. I read that in a book. There are no snakes in Ireland. Bridget says so, and she says St. Patrick turned 'em all out. Mary wishes he would go to Uncle Tom's farm and turn the snakes out, because she dares n't go after blackberries on account of snakes. I've seen a picture of a man swallowing a snake, but I do n't believe it. Some snakes can swallow a man. Will says there's a story in his book that people used to believe about a

woman named Medusa, that told so many lies her hair turned to snakes. Snakes sleep all winter, curled up in knots, somewhere, and crawl out of their skins in the spring."

Now, I will venture to say any two young folks of ten or twelve would sit down by themselves, and talk up a dozen different subjects in half an hour. The only thing to learn is first to note down the facts, then arrange them a little, and you have a *real composition*.

DID N'T-THINK.

I should like to put his picture right here; an ugly little dwarf, with mischief and malice in every feature, yet so small you never would suspect he could make so much trouble in the world. He seems to have the faculty of being everywhere at once; and I could not begin to tell you the mischief he can do in five minutes. *Did n't-think* threw the end of a match on the floor and burned up a whole block of houses; he shook the ashes from his pipe into the dead prairie-grass and started a fire that swept away the barns and harvests and homes for half a township. He dropped a fire-cracker on Fourth of July, and left a great city in ashes. He played with a railroad switch, and sent a crowded express train to destruction. He pointed a gun at a playmate, for fun, and killed him instantly. He left an open knife where the baby found it, and crippled one soft little hand forever.

Did n't-think loses things by never putting them in their places; breaks and ruins things by taking them for improper uses; comes late to church and late to school; in fact, is always in trouble and disgrace, and considers himself abused and badly treated.

If you'll take his word for it, he never in his life meant to do a wrong thing; and ugly as he is, the boys and girls of whom he takes possession will always defend him, and make excuses for him. They do n't believe *Did n't-think* is a bad fellow at all; he's only a thoughtless, good-natured idler, who means well enough. How the wretch-

ed little cheat must laugh as they try to screen him from blame! He knows well enough he is a shabby rascal, and his only chance of keeping up his power lies in persuading his subjects that he is a good fellow. I am going to expose him. He does not belong to the royal family; he has no right to rule over a single subject. He is the son of *Do n't-care*; and I can tell you, boys and girls, if you submit to be ruled by him, the first thing you will know he will bring you under the dominion of his father.

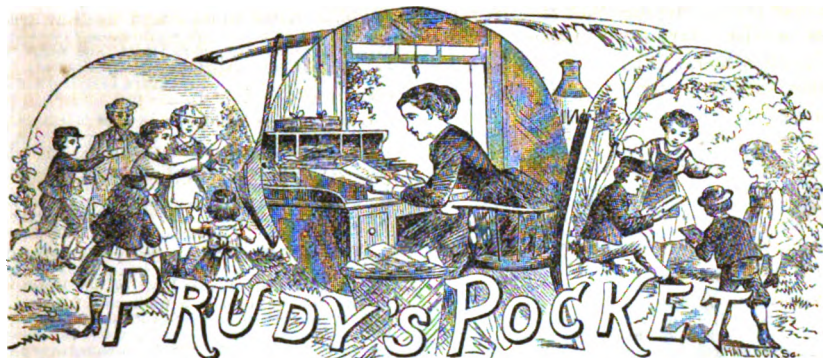
A PRETTY EXPERIMENT.

A friend writes us from St. Louis, about the middle of March, "Our rooms are all fragrant with plum blossoms. Do you know that if you take branches of plum or cherry and put them in vases of tepid water in some warm nook, they will blossom in a week or so? Ours are as sweet as if grown outdoors in the orchards."

This is a new thing to us, and we fancy it will be to many of our readers, but the experiment is easily tried by any one, and will doubtless succeed, as it has with our friend Mrs. Wyeth. We are trying it with branches of the wild crab apple, the loveliest and most exquisite in fragrance of all fruit blossoms.

MORE ABOUT BIRDS.

We asked you in the last *CORPORAL* to make a list of the birds which made their appearance in your various localities during the month of April. Now, let each one notice during the month of May their peculiarities of building, and tell us what kind of nests the birds make, what places they choose for them, what is the color of its eggs, and how many are found in a nest. Only be very sure that in your search for knowledge you do not harm or disturb the beautiful little builders; and remember that birds will usually abandon a nest if the eggs have been handled at all. Use your eyes, but not your fingers.



St. Louis. "Dear Prudy: I have something nice to tell you. The yellow jessamine is in bloom, and I will send you a spray of its flowers in this letter. And this is the way it came to be in bloom so early: Mamma was sick abed at Christmas, and we would not have a Christmas tree in the parlor without mamma, so papa brought the yellow jessamine up into mamma's room, that she might enjoy it with us. Of course we did not dare to put the candles in the branches of the live tree, so we arranged them around the sides of the tub; and oh! such a beautiful shadow as the candles shining through the tree made on the wall! We enjoyed it almost as much as we did the presents. We have had geraniums in bloom about half the winter, and the bird had quite a garden to sing in. We set him on the stand and put the flowers all around him. Was n't that nice? He thought it was. It is spring here now, and the tulips and violets and crocuses are up in the garden beds, and the lilacs have such large buds on them. I have had some such nice treats lately. I have been to hear Rubinstein, and Theodore Thomas' orchestra, and heard Mr. Gough lecture twice. Please, Prudy, tell Mrs. Miller that I expect to come to see her next month. Dear Prudy, when I come to see Mrs. Miller I am going to bring you a pretty bouquet. I should think you would have lots of fun reading the letters that are sent you. Do n't you laugh sometimes? I guess if I put any more in this letter it will slip out of that big hole in your pocket. So good-bye, dear Prudy. From
IRENE WYETH."

Germanatown. "Dear Prudy: The treaty of peace was made in Philadelphia, in 1693. I could tell you a whole page about it, but I am afraid you would not publish it.
EDWARD PRIESTLY."

Quite a number of answers have been sent to the question about the treaty, but this happens to be the first.

Waco. "Dear Prudy: I live in Texas. I have a nice flower garden. Do you love flowers, Prudy? I do, very much. If you ever visit Texas, you must be sure and come to see me. If this letter is too long, why leave some of it out, but not all.
"MARY CARTER."

Key Stone Valley. "Mr. Miller—DEAR SIR: I received the beautiful chromos you sent me, and I am delighted with them. I think 'Little Runaway' is the best. I have taken THE LITTLE CORPORAL four years, and every year I seem to like it better than before. I am a Sabbath-school boy, and I love to read THE LITTLE CORPORAL, the Sabbath-School Advocate, and all good, substantial reading. I live in a beautiful valley in California, and fruits of all kinds abound. I wish you could see our little valley now.

It is green and covered with beautiful flowers. It is bounded on all sides by mountains. The highest range is on the eastern side. FRANK SCOTT."

Gardner. "Dear Prudy: I am a little boy ten years old. I never went to school a day in my life, but have read Peter Cartwright, James Finley, and THE LITTLE CORPORAL from its origin up to the present time, and I like it best of all. I can work like any man. I dug potatoes last fall for a cent a palful. I dug sixty palfuls, and then took the money and bought a knife, and then lost it. Don't you think that was too bad, Miss Prudy? But do n't you take pattern after me, and let this, my first letter, fall through your pocket. From
"CHARLEY ARMITAGE."

Pearla. "Dear Prudy: I received my pictures, and think them both pretty, but like 'Little Runaway' best. I am eight years old, and will be nine on the 24th of May. I have a little niece who is very sweet and cunning. I go to Baptist Sunday-school in the morning, and Calvary Mission in the afternoon, and like both schools very much. My little niece can sit in one of my doll chairs. I take THE LITTLE CORPORAL and the Youth's Companion. I like to read them very well. Your little friend,
"SUSIE MAY BURDETTE."

Prudy sends her love to Susie.

Chicago. "Dear Prudy: I am going on ten years old, and I have a little brother who was five years old in November. For presents he got a coal cart and an omnibus from papa, mamma gave him a party, and my uncle gave him a wooden turtle. Bob would scream whenever it was put near him. I was in Pittsburgh with my uncle on my birthday, and my grandpa gave me a four-bladed knife. On Christmas I got 13 books, and four boxes of blocks.
"M. I. BRADY."

Corralito. "Mr. Miller—DEAR SIR: I received my picture of 'Grandmother's Darling' the other evening, and I was so glad that I went jumping about the room, because I think it is very cunning. Now, please accept many thanks for all the nice presents I have received from you. I think I have been fully paid for all the trouble in getting up the clubs. On my birthday, which was the 18th of February, papa gave me a nice rustic frame for my chromo 'Cherries are Ripe.' It makes the picture look so much nicer. I send my thanks to you especially for my New Year's present. I remain your friend,
"JENNIE CLARK."

Pottsville. "Dear Prudy: I have just received my March number of THE CORPORAL, and I always read

the letters first. I read a letter from Nellie Filson, who lives near the spot where the treaty was made between William Penn and the Indians. I want to tell you my great, great-grandfather came to this country with William Penn. You asked when this treaty was made. It was made in November, 1682, under a large elm tree, in Shakamaxon—what is now called Eensington. Yours very truly,

"ROBERT R. MORRIS."

Concord. "Dear Prudy: I read 'Aunt Silva's Wedding,' and I wondered what a 'back-bone pie' was; so I thought I would write and ask you.

"CARRIE WOOD."

Prudy wonders too. Will some of our little Southerners tell us?

Norwood Park. "Dear Prudy: Have you got any little boys or girls? Which do you like the best? Is 'Uncle Dick's Legacy' made up, or is it true? I want to find out the rest of the story as soon as I can.

"EARL H. REED."

Prudy likes her boys better than her girls, ever so much. Prudy's girls are all boys.

Adrian. "Dear Prudy: We live in the country, and my sister Gracie and I go nearly two miles to school. Now, Prudy, did n't you write 'Heads Up'? It sounds as though you did. I am trying to hold mine up now. Do you think that I will succeed?"

"FLOY."

Certainly, Floy will succeed, if she keeps trying; but a High School student should say, "Do you think I *shall* (not *will*) succeed?"

Sumner. "Dear Prudy: I hope you will not be offended when I tell you that I have got your name. My right name is Prudence. I was named after my dear grandma, but she has gone to heaven now; who are you named for? I am eight years old to-day. I thought I would do something smart to remember my birthday by, so I got up as soon as papa made the fire, and got breakfast before mamma got up. To-day is Washington's birthday, too. Do n't you think I was real fortunate to be born on so great and good a man's birthday? Our CORPORAL came this year for a Christmas present. We do n't know who sends it, but suspect it is grandma. He is always up to such tricks." PRUDIE DURHAM."

"Dear Prudy: I have twelve white mice, and the old grandmother mouse is blind of one eye. She turns the wheel of her cage all night.

"HELEN MARY TEMPLETON."

Delaware. "Dear Prudy: I should like to see you very much. Why can't you put your picture in THE CORPORAL as well as not? I think you might. I can't write poetry, but I like to read poetry and prose both; but I like prose the best. I live in the country, and go to school there. Oh! do n't you like to ride on horseback? Oh! I forgot you lived in the city. Pa got me a side-saddle a year ago, but I learned to ride when I was seven years old. What do you do with people when they write such long letters? Good-bye. Your friend,

FLORA B."

Flora is mistaken; Prudy does n't live in the city at all, but in the loveliest of suburban villages, right among the trees, and with all lake Michigan to keep the air fresh.

Washington. "Dear Prudy: I like the 'Hidden Treasure.' I pity poor little Stella Martello. I don't know what I would do without my mamma. Dolly Lockhart takes THE CORPORAL, and lets me read

last year's numbers. I like 'Dora.' Mamma thinks that Helen C. Weeks must have been with children a good deal, to know how to describe them so well. Won't she write a sequel to 'Dora,' and tell if 'Fatty' Bostwick got 'taken down?' Yours truly,

"VIRGINIA LEST HOPKINS."

Oseage. "Dear Prudy: I was shot last July, and have been confined to the house ever since, and have enjoyed nothing more than the reading of THE LITTLE CORPORAL. I hope Alfred Walbridge will write again; I like his letter very much. For fear my letter gets too long to go into your pocket I will close. Good-bye.

WARD EVANS."

Anderson Valley. "Dear Prudy: There is a small creek running close by our house. Its source is up among the mountains, back of our house. To-day we went out to take a walk, and followed this little stream almost to the top of the mountains, and oh! there was such a beautiful water-fall away up among the rocks. The water runs along over a steep rock for fifteen feet or more, and then falls about the same distance, to a rock covered with such pretty moss. It made a noise we almost had to hallow when we talked at each other. I thought it a nice place to take a bath. MARY L. KNOWLES."

Half Rock. "Dear Prudy: I am a little boy eight years old. I go to school. We are going to have an exhibition. I have learned several pieces to speak. My little sister Ellie says, 'Who is Prudy?' Pa says he 'specs' Prudy is a big-whiskered man. I have a cat that will tell me 'how-dy,' and shake hands as well as anybody. I love to read THE LITTLE CORPORAL. I think Aunt Silva is the funniest old woman I ever heard of. We are going to have her at our exhibition. Put this in the corner of your pocket opposite the hole. GRANT, not President yet."

Pa is mistaken for once; Prudy has n't a whisker.

Garland. "Dear Prudy: I am nine years old. I am learning to write. I have got two brothers and one sister. I live with my grandpa this winter. My Aunt Susie writes poetry, and so I thought I would try. My aunties said it was nice. My grandma was laughing so she could not say much. Grandma is sick and nervous. Grandpa said it was not exactly poetry, but it was good reading.

"JOHNNY CURTIS."

Prudy thinks Johnny would do better at prose, though she agrees with grandpa, that his poetry is very good reading.

North Weymouth. "Dear Prudy: We take THE CORPORAL, so we thought we would write to you. Why can't you send THE CORPORAL once a week, instead of once a month? We are little friends. We go to school together every day, and sit together. We are glad you sent us such pretty chromos. We think 'Mother's Morning Glory' is the prettiest. We are real glad that we have both got pictures, because we like to have things just alike. We are glad the hole is in the top of your pocket, instead of the bottom, because we do n't want this letter to slip through. Please do n't forget your new little girl.

"SUSIE AND EDITH."

Terryville. "Dear Prudy: I like THE CORPORAL very much, and the chromos are beautiful. I have taken THE CORPORAL five years. If that is a picture of you, I do n't think you grow much. There are a great many locks and keys made here, and if you will come and see us we will give you one to fasten your pocket and keep the letters from slipping out. Do n't lose this one. Your friend,

"GEORGE L. PARNBLER."



CONDUCTED BY PRIVATE QUEER.

No. 42—CHARADE.

First.

I tinge the waves of waters deep;
Where bows of sunken vessels sleep;
In me the star-ships nightly float,
Where Luna sails her silver boat;
I give the water-flag its dyes,
And often paint fair childhood's eyes.

Second.

I'm pensioned by the Hand Divine;
The hedgerow fruit or seed is mine;
In forest dense, by ocean's foam,
On fallow field I make my home;
My life, my nest, my fall, my fare,
Are in the Heavenly Father's care.

Whole.

A russet stain is on my breast;
The summer skies have dyed my crest;
My path is made through alps of spring;
I cleave my way with fearless wing;
I mount the twigs, and sing my song
To hurry apple buds along;
For every note I pipe and swell
Has tales of summer-time to tell. *D. D. H.*

No. 43—WORD SQUARE.

An indispensable organ.

A relic of fire.

To humble.

A kind of pitch.

A river in England. *H. C. Hall, Jr.*

No. 44—ENIGMA.

My first is in tape, but not in braid.
My second is in shovel, and also in spade.
My third is in girl, but not in boy.
My fourth is in laugh, but not in joy.
My whole is a country in South America.
May P. Tennant.

P. Lee.

No. 45—PUZZLE.

One-seventh of a peacock, one-fourth of a swan,
one-sixth of a linnet, two-sixths of an oriole, one-
fifth of a crane, one-fourth of a hawk, equals what
bird? *M. M. H.*

No. 46—ENIGMA.

I am composed of 12 letters.
My 10, 11, 7, and 3 is a river.
My 8, 9, 7, and 2 is a valley.
My 1, 2, 8, 4, and 6 is a coin.
My 5, 12, 7, 7, and 6 is a girl's name.
My whole is one of the United States.
Capt. Lee.

No. 47—WORD SQUARE.

A person.

A liquid.

An article for catching fish. *Capt. Lee.*

No. 48—PUZZLE.

Lay eight pennies in a row on the table, then put
them in four piles of two pennies each, jumping two
every time. *Bell.*

No. 49—ENIGMA.

I am composed of 14 letters.

My first is in ale, but not in rum.

My second is in friend, but not in chum.

My third is in ant, but not in bug.

My fourth is in stone, but not in jug.

My fifth is in village, but not in town.

My sixth is in smile, but not in frown.

My seventh is in face, but not in hide.

My eighth is in top, but not in side.

My ninth is in sugar, but not in salt.

My tenth is in stop, but not in halt.

My eleventh is in over, and also in above.

My twelfth is in turtle, but not in dove.

My thirteenth is in man, but not in boy.

My fourteenth is in play, but not in toy.

Now, if this puzzle you solve aright,

I'll will something invaluable bring to light.
Arthur O'Brien.

No. 50—LOGOGRAPH.

I am a little word of only three letters. If you
behead me, I have a strange meaning; if you cut off
both my head and tail, nothing remains; but if only
my tail is removed, a whole company will be left.
My head, when cut off, sounds like the sea, and my
tail like a broad, deep river; and in both my whole
may sometimes be found. If spelled backwards, I
remind you of ship-building; but if, when thus re-
versed, my tail is cut off, I become more active and
energetic than before. With head and tail both off,
I utter a cry of pain, yet I never spoke a word in my
life. Now, who am I, and where do I dwell? *F. R. F.*

No. 51—LOGOGRAPH.

I am large and strong; both useful and dangerous;
man's benefactor and his life-long foe. Behead me,
and I am still well; behead me again, and I become
only fit to drink; behead me once more, and I am
almost a general; but if still again decapitated, only
a vowel remains. *F. R. F.*

No. 52—WORD SQUARE.

A girl's name.

Slender.

Tardy.

Afresh.

Capt. Lee.

No. 53—PUZZLE.

I am a tangle; behead and I am pronounced the
same, but am an adverb; reverse, and I am a weight;
behead again, and I am a preposition; reverse and I
am a negative. *C. E. M.*

No. 54—ENIGMA.

Of letters seventeen my whole is made
My 4, 16, 8, 9, indicate delayed.
My 16, 18, 12, 5, 4, a month will name.
My 4, 14, 1, 6, 11, is a pretty game.
My 16, 5, 16, will flush with health each face.
My 2, 16, 12, 12, is loved by Erin's race.
My 1, 12, 16, 5, 4, all Indians follow.

My 2, 11, 4, 3, is nothing, yet something hollow.
 My 5, 15, 9, is seen when passions rise.
 My 2, 5, 4, 8, rises towards the skies.
 My 14, 15, 9, men dig with care and toil.
 My 12, 14, 13, 9, alone suits the disloyal.
 My 13, 16, 5, 8, each milking-maid employs.
 My 7, 14, 13, is a favorite with boys.
 My 10, 16, 15, 7, is useful on all farms.
 My 14, 16, 12, to use needs sturdy arms.
 My 2, 14, 13, 9, each Christian bosom warms.
 My 3, 16, 15, 7, 2, names that on which we live.
 My whole each parent to each child should give.

George B. Herbert.

CORRECT ANSWERS.

Correct answers were sent by the following persons: Matty Crissey, Anna Ormsbee, May Ferris, Clarence Kimball, Bertie F. Andrews, H. J. Hall, Jr., P. D. Yelzer, Hattie Rand, Virginia Hopkins, Ida McCreery, Addie Pratt, Lizzie M. Cone, L. H. Bull, Herschell V. Jones, M. F. Sweet, Wm. M. Hall, Belle R. Andrews, Wilbur A. Keeler, Berry Jackson, Jennie Day, Jack Masten, Arthur O'Brian, Ralph M. Hooker, Pearl Gaines, Lizzie Riddock, Sarah Rand, John Schillestad, Minnie Walker, Lula C. French, Charlie Clinton, Maria Merchant, Nellie Gray, Jostie E. Wilcox, David W. Osborne, Thomas B. Cromley, Harriet M. Clewell, Herman F. Turner, Laura Keisey, Annie L. Andrews, Henry T. Fuller, Carrie D.

Smith, F. A. Colvin, Nellie Laine, Helen R. Fry, Arthur L. Beardsley, Sidney K. Pratt, Willie H. Maggoffin, Chas. P. Lockhart, Jesse B. Contant, Estella Anthony, Sanford L. Smith, Carrie M. Clinton, Henry A. Varnum, M. H. Faria, G. H. Hicks, Ellen Eddy, Lillie F. Stone.

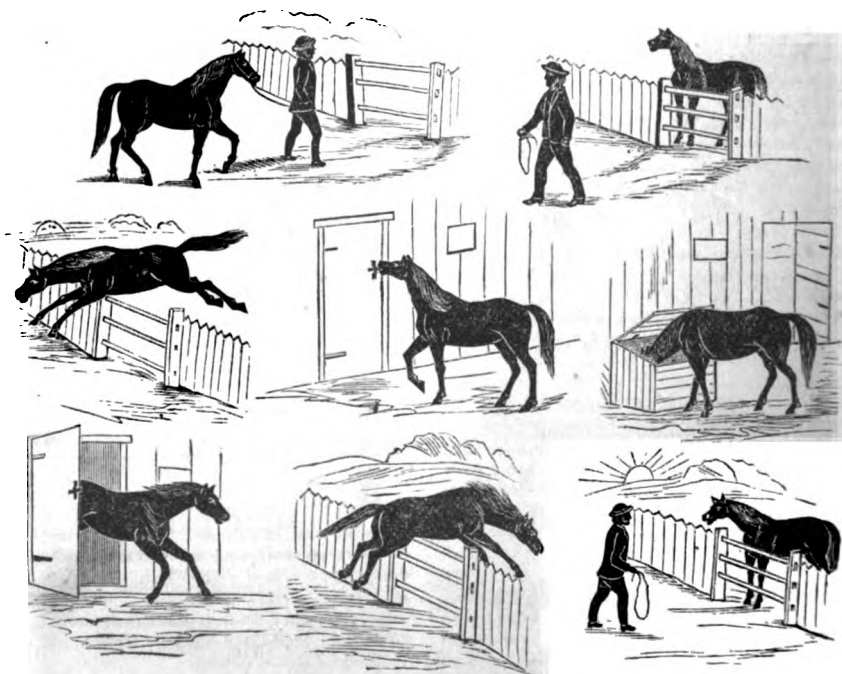
ANSWERS TO PUZZLES, ETC., IN APRIL NUMBER.

- No. 28.—Riddle—Looking-glass.
 No. 29.—Enigma—Babel-Mandeb.
 No. 30.—Enigma—Carrie Day Smith, Evanston, Ill.
 No. 31.—Charade—Bismarck.
 No. 32.—Charade—Hollywood Palace.
 No. 33.—Baby; Oriana; spin; trunk; olive; none: Boston; Yankee.
 No. 34.—Illustrated Rebus—Parable (pear; a; bell).
 No. 35.—Charade—Foxglove.
 No. 36.—Charade—Spinage.
 No. 37.—Enigma—Montgomery.
 No. 38.—Word Square—A C H E.
 C O A T.
 H A L T.
 E T T A.
 No. 39.—Enigma—May.
 No. 40.—Charade—Edinburgh Castle.
 No. 41.—Historical Enigma—Commodore John Paul Jones.

PICTURE STORY NO. 4—DOLLY AND THE OATS.

BY W. O. C.

Translation will be given next month.



The Little Corporal.

TERMS—\$1.50 a year. Single Numbers 15 cents.

JOHN E. MILLER,

Publisher and Proprietor,

No. 165 West Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

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CHICAGO, MAY, 1873.

TIME EXTENDED.

The time for closing up clubs for 1873 has been extended to July 1st, which will accommodate many who have not been able to complete their clubs and secure the premium for which they have been working. We are anxious to have all clubs closed up by the above date, and the premiums therefor claimed and delivered. May is a good time to canvass, and we shall expect to add large numbers to our list every day. Send in the names as fast as you get them, and we will credit them on your club, and when you are ready to claim your premium, it will be forwarded promptly.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

The price of THE LITTLE CORPORAL is \$1.50 per annum, including our pair of oil chromos, "MOTHER'S MORNING GLORY," and "LITTLE RUNAWAY." When the pictures are to be sent by mail, 10 cents extra must be sent, or \$1.60 in all. When 25 cents extra is sent, or \$1.75 in all, the pictures will be sent, post paid, mounted, sized and varnished, ready for framing. This is the most desirable form to have them, as but few persons are able to prepare chromos properly for framing.

CLUB TERMS.—To clubs of five or more names received at one time, and all from the same place, we will send the chromos, mounted ready for framing, for 15 cents extra from each subscriber, instead of 25 cents. In such cases the chromos for the entire club will be sent in one package, prepaid, to the agent who sends the club, or some other person designated, who will agree to distribute them to the proper subscribers. In this way the chromos will not only cost the subscribers less per pair, but will also be less liable to receive injury in the mails than when sent each pair by itself.

Remember that no additions can be made in single subscriptions, afterwards, at the club rates. Single names must be accompanied with \$1.75 to secure the mounted chromos.

THE GLOBE MICROSCOPE, advertised in this number, and offered as a premium on our new list, is one of the best low-priced instruments we have ever seen. In a family of children it will afford an endless

amount of amusement and instruction. Objects for examination can easily be obtained and prepared in a few minutes. A few prepared objects, however, will be found very interesting and desirable to have on hand for ready examination. We can send one dozen mounted objects by mail, post paid, upon receipt of \$1.50, or we will send the microscope and one dozen mounted objects, prepaid, by mail or express, upon receipt of \$3.75. When you send your order, please state whether you wish the instrument to be sent by mail or express.

SUBSCRIBE NOW!

THE LITTLE CORPORAL is published in two volumes each year—one ending with the June number, and the other with the December number. Subscriptions may begin at any time, but if no time for beginning is specified, we always take it for granted that the person subscribing wishes to begin with the current volume, so we send the back numbers from the beginning of the volume.

TERMS FOR THE CHROMOS.

The pair of chromos offered are delivered to subscribers to THE LITTLE CORPORAL for 1873,

At the office, *unmounted*, free.

At the office, mounted, 15 cents extra.

Sent by mail, *unmounted*, 10 cents extra.

Sent by mail, mounted, 25 cents extra.

In order to get the most good of the chromos, they should be mounted, sized, and varnished, when they are ready for putting into frames, or can be used without a frame. We would advise all to have them mounted, before leaving the office, for they will delight and please so much the more when they are received.

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IRREGULARITIES.—It would be a great favor to us if subscribers would notify us at once of any failure in receiving the regular issues of the magazine. Every number is mailed previous to the first of the month for which it is issued, but the mails sometimes fail to reach their destination, for reasons which are above our control. Subscribers will sometimes wait months, and even a year, before they make known any failure or irregularity in the service of the magazine. We are always willing and glad to make any corrections in the address, and to supply lost numbers, if we are informed in proper season. It is to our interest to have every subscriber get every number of the magazine he has paid for.

Subscribers changing their place of residence, and neglecting to inform us of any change required in the direction of the magazine until several numbers are lost, must not expect us to make good the loss, as we mail every number to the address as given, until a change is ordered.

DELAYS have occurred in sending back numbers and chromos, but it was unavoidable, and we trust that our subscribers will cultivate patience, as we are doing our utmost to have every one served as promptly as possible.

TO THE NORTHWEST.—Persons contemplating a trip to the great Northwest, will be interested to know that the Milwaukee and St. Paul railroad have extended their line of roads to Chicago, and are now making connection with eastern roads direct for the principal points of the Northwest. Travelers taking this line make only one change from New York to St. Paul or Minneapolis.

TO PARENTS.—Your attention is called to the advertisements of S. R. Wells, in another column—one to **MOTHERS**, and the other of Books for **BOYS** and **GIRLS**. The books will be found useful and attractive.

LITERARY NOTES.

Rev. E. P. Roe, author of *Barriers Burned Away*, who has made gardening for recreation and profit as great a success as story writing, has embodied his experience in a volume which is published by Dodd & Mead. The author received \$2,000 in one season from the sale of fruit and vegetables raised in his garden of two and a quarter acres, and in addition an abundant home supply, besides the health and recreation secured in its culture. His book is entitled *Play and Profit in my Garden*.

A new volume, by Rev. John Hall, D.D., is announced by Messrs. Dodd & Mead. "Is the Sabbath Obsolete?" "Should we Pray?" "Is Christianity to be Modernized?" "Is the Sabbath for us?" are some of the subjects discussed in the volume, which will be called *Questions of the Day*. No

part of it has ever before appeared in print. A new edition of Dr. Hall's Paper for Home Reading, with additional chapters, is also promised.

Mr. Roe's story, *Barriers Burned Away*, has proved one of the greatest successes of the season. The thirteenth thousand has already been reached, and the demand is said to be increasing. It has been highly praised by such critics as Dr. Ripley, of the *Tribune*. Dodd & Mead, Publishers, New York.

We have also received from Robert Carter & Bros. an interesting volume, entitled *Morag*, a tale of life in the Highlands of Scotland. Price \$1.25. Also, *Not Bread Alone*, from same publishers. Price \$1.25. For sale by W. G. Holmes, Chicago.

WHAT THEY SAY.

CONTRERAS, Ohio.

MR. MILLER—Dear Sir: I received the microscope in due time, and was greatly pleased. It is, indeed, all that it is represented to be. I have examined a great many things, and was surprised at its great magnifying powers. By the aid of the microscope I learned something I never before knew—that the hair of the human head was hollow; every single hair is put together in a complete net-work, something similar to hair chains. It is a cheap and useful instrument, and I wish every family in the state was provided with one. With many kind wishes for your success in the future, I remain yours,

ELIZA ROBERTS.

GREENVILLE, Mich.

EDITOR OF LITTLE CORPORAL: It must be that I have a young heart, for I hail with glad pleasure its monthly visits. Why, I can hardly teach without its pure, healthy thoughts to draw from. I wish every one would or could take it. We all love to be appreciated for our labor, whether physical or mental. Therefore I take pleasure in expressing my satisfaction in your success, and cordially bid you God-speed in your noble work. Verily, you have your reward in the happiness of the young hearts made glad by its visits. Yours truly,

R. M. D.

TERRYVILLE, Ct.

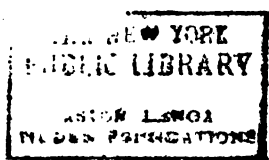
MR. MILLER—Dear Sir: The little folks' magazines have all come this afternoon, and there is great rejoicing, I can assure you, as THE LITTLE CORPORAL is a great favorite. And you should have seen our son come from the office with his premium pictures! They are beautiful, and very expressive—so true to life. I wonder how you can furnish such beautiful chromos to your little friends, and we send our hearty thanks for all the magazines and chromos. Yours truly,

P. B. P.

WARRENTON, Ga.

MR. J. E. MILLER—Dear Sir: Your premium pictures, "Mother's Morning Glory" and "Little Runaway," arrived here last Saturday. Every one thinks that they are pretty, and wants to buy mine, but they are not for sale. Nearly every one thinks "Little Runaway" the prettiest. Mamma thought that they would be some pretty prints, and we all were astonished to see such beautiful chromos. They are the best I have ever seen given with any paper or magazine. THE LITTLE CORPORAL is hard to beat. It is the best paper I know of. Papa calls me "Little Corporal," because I like it so much. I had my chromos framed yesterday evening and hung up in the parlor. They look so pretty. Accept my hearty thanks for the pictures. From your friend,

TOMMIE S. HUBERT.





POLLY, HAVE A GRAPE?

THE LITTLE CORPORAL.

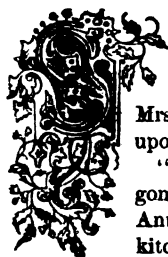
FIGHTING AGAINST WRONG; AND FOR THE GOOD, THE TRUE, AND THE BEAUTIFUL.

VOL. XVI.—JUNE, 1873.—No. 6.

HIDDEN TREASURE.

BY MARY A. DENISON.

CHAPTER VI.—LILY'S SURPRISE.



STELLA was not required to come down to breakfast the next morning.

Mrs. Meadows had enjoined upon her the necessity of rest.

"When the children have gone to school, and Sally and Anne are helping aunty in the kitchen, we will have a little talk, you and I," she said,

kissing the girl upon her white forehead. So a little table was prepared before the fire in the large living-room, which never wore so cheerful a look as it did that pleasant morning.

"How kind you are!" said Stella, as she tried in vain to eat. "Oh!" and her head dropped in her hands, "I wish I knew what was going to become of me!"

"This is going to become of you, my child," said Mrs. Meadows, smiling; "you are going to be one of us. If you like it, you shall stay with us."

Stella lifted her head, the tears still glittering on her lashes.

"Altogether? Always, I mean!" she exclaimed, her pale cheek flushing.

"Altogether—always, until you are quite ready to take care of yourself."

Stella drew a long breath. This was wonderful news. Often as her mother had planned for her future, she had never thought of this.

"You will be obliged to go somewhere, where you must work your way," she had said, when her illness increased; "I see nothing else in store for my darling Stella. But God will take care of the orphan—always remember that."

Now her heart was quite too full for words.

"We are all united in this wish," said Mrs. Meadows. "My girls, particularly, were anxious to have you come here. You are to be like one of us; you are to be to me a daughter, and to them a sister. You will share their pleasures and their duties, and Anne will be your school-companion, as soon as she is a little stronger. I have kept her at home for a while, as her studies were too absorbing for her health; but she will soon be ready to enter the academy with you, and it will be my greatest pleasure to see you both making good progress in your studies, and in your affection for each other."

"O, dear Mrs. Meadows, I seem to be dreaming!" gasped Stella.

"You are not, though—you are quite a wide-awake little girl, at this moment, and I hope you will be, with us, a happy one. To-day all your own personal effects will be brought over here, as I have ordered, and put away in your bed-room. You shall have the vacant shelf in the case yonder for your books, and whatever else you wish to use in this room, where we spend a great deal of our time, when we are together. Your piano will be here to-day, also, and I shall expect you to make good progress in your music."

"O, dear Mrs. Meadows!" cried Stella, in a transport of gratitude; "can't I do *something* for you in return for this great kindness. I could teach music, I think—I am almost sure I could—at least to Lily and Dora. Lily is so fond of it."

"We will see about all that, my dear, by and by; for the present, let me exercise my motherly prerogative, and insist that you eat a bit of this toast, one egg, and drink that goblet of fresh milk."

The word "motherly," and her sweet and tender manner, brought the tears again; but Stella tried her best to comply with her wishes, and succeeded in eating something.

Not long after came the piano, and a guitar which Mrs. Martello had played. The piano was quite an addition to the cheerful sitting-room, and occupied a niche in which Lily had often fancied her dream-piano stood. Nothing could be more delightful than the astonishment of the little girl when she came in from school that day. Her eyes grew wonder-wide, and the color went and came on her delicate cheeks.

"There's your surprise!" exclaimed Dora, triumphantly; "I knew it yesterday; so we all did but you!"

"O, how beautiful!" cried the breathless Lily. "I do n't care if I never played, that would make me happy. Where is Stella?"

"Out in the garden, dear. Let her be as much by herself as she pleases just now; by and by she will be more sociable." And then she gave her Tom's note. Lizzie went into the dining-room to look after the wel-

fare of her black favorite, and Lily and Dora cuddled down together within sight of that blessed piano, to read the note, which I will give entire:

"MY DEAR LITTLE UNSELFISH SISTERS, LILY AND DORA: I hardly know how to answer your beautiful note. It made me cry to read it, and think how unmindful I have been of the pleasure of my dear little sisters. I can't tell you, just now, what I am willing to give up, in order to make Stella a pleasant home; but I will do my part, and particularly I will try to give up some of my bad habits. Will that please my dear little sisters? I think I will have papa's old turning-lathe brought down from the garret and put in the wood-shed, and then I will see if I can't make you a set of croquet. What I can't do, Charley Wade will; he's a smart boy, and *good* company. So there's the beginning of my new resolutions. I am very glad poor little Stella is coming to be one of us; I always liked her very much. I hope my letter will please you, though my head swims so I can hardly see the letters. Tomorrow I trust I shall be able to be down stairs with you. My love to all.

"BROTHER TOM."

"Is n't it *splen-did*!" cried Lily, hugging her sister. "Just think, after all the time I've teased and teased him for a croquet set, he's going to make it now, just when we want it most. O, how nice!"

Mother must see the letter. Lily found her in the kitchen, making some gruel for Tom. Mrs. Meadows was as much pleased with the note as Lily herself. A great throb of joy almost overwhelmed her. Anne caught sight of her happy eyes.

"Mamma, I meant to tell you before," she said; "I found your *locket* the night you sent Nancy Philp over for the clothes." She drew it from her pocket, and handed it to her mother.

"Where did you find it, my dear?"

"In the spare room."

Mrs. Meadows noticed that the blood flew to Anne's cheeks, and her heart mis-

gave her for a moment, particularly as Anne's pleading eyes said as eloquently as her tongue could have spoken,

"Please do n't ask me any questions."

So she crowded back the dark suspicion that troubled her, and said,

"I'm very glad you found it, Anne. I shall lock it away after this."

"I do n't believe you will need to, mamma."

"Well, perhaps not, my dear. I'm sure I hope not."

That evening Tom joined them. He sat, with an invalid's privilege, in one corner of the lounge, which was drawn up to the fire. The girls were all busy with wools and needles, and the younger children were jubilant over the prospect of the coming party at Uncle Jack's. Stella was over-looking and sorting her school-books, every now and then casting grateful glances at Mrs. Meadows.

"Mamma, do tell about Rose Mary," pleaded Lily; "it's so droll!"

"Nonsense, dear," said Mrs. Meadows.

"O, do! it's as dull as can be. I want something to laugh at."

"Make conundrums," said Lizzie. "Why is the letter-carrier like a man of wood? I made that out of my own head."

"I should think so," laughed Tom.

"You need n't make fun of it—it's good. Give it up? Because he's a post-man."

"Exceedingly brilliant," said Tom; "but posts happen to be made of iron, sometimes; you'll have to try again."

"Well, why is my black cat like you, then?" and Lizzie's eyes sparkled.

"Because she is n't," said Tom, languidly.

"You're too lazy to guess. Well then, because she's got a *few* whiskers."

Tom's pet weakness was his whiskers, which were of an exceedingly scant pattern, and the laugh raised at his expense was not a light one. He bore it like a philosopher, however, and laughed with the rest.

"Rose Mary!" whispered Lily, entreaty in her eyes.

"What was it about her, mother?" asked Tom; "who was she?"

"Only my ideal companion," replied Mrs. Meadows, smiling. "You see I was years younger than my two sisters, one of whom was ten and the other fifteen, when I was only five. Dolls never pleased me much, and my only friend and confidante was Rose Mary. She went with me everywhere; slept with me; and if I had dared to ask, she should have had a seat and a cup and saucer at the table. But I was afraid of Anne, who considered me a spoiled and unsociable child, and really went out of her way to torment me. One day she found me in the barn, talking.

"Who have you got there?" she asked; and I, surprised out of my usual caution, answered,

"Rose Mary."

"Who is Rose Mary, pray?" continued Anne. "I don't know a Rose Mary; let me see her."

"She came in the barn, and there I sat alone, with an empty cricket beside me, on which, of course, sat the invisible Rose Mary.

"Why, where has she gone?" cried my sister.

"Gone?" said I, vaguely.

"Yes; where's your Rose Mary? I do n't see her."

"Why, she's here; on that cricket, of course," said I.

"On that cricket, you little goose! why, I see nothing on the cricket!"

"But I do," I persisted.

"What does she look like?" asked Anne, perplexed at my earnestness.

"She's got blue eyes, and white hair—as white as snow," I said; "and it curls clear down to her feet; and there's a blue bow on her head, and she's got blue shoes on, and a blue dress; oh, I guess she's beautiful!" and I actually went to fondling the empty air."

"O, mamma!" cried Lizzie, laughing.

"Anne stood looking at me," continued Mrs. Meadows, steadily knitting; "and then she burst into a laugh, and said I was the silliest little goose she ever saw. Then she gave an awful blow at the air.

"'There,' said she, 'your Rose Mary has tumbled right off the stool, and bumped her nose, and cut her forehead, and now she looks as ugly as anything!' and off she ran.

"Did I laugh? I assure you, upon my honor, I nearly cried myself ill; not because of Anne's skeptical behavior, but because of such an outrage upon my idolized little companion. I saw her poor bumped nose and scratched forehead for days; and everything that child ingenuity could devise was done by me to make her overlook the indignity.

"Well, I had made a rod for myself, sure enough. 'Rose Mary' became the torment of my life. Not but that I loved her just as dearly, but my brothers and sisters wounded me, through her, in my tenderest point.

"'O, Minnie!' Anne would say, 'coming home to-day, I met Rose Mary on the sidewalk, and she stepped on my toes, and I boxed her ears till she was as deaf as a haddock; so you need n't talk to her, she will never hear you again.'

"They say that in my rage I threw my cricket at Anne, and bruised her shoulder. I do n't know; I am only sure that such allusions to my poor favorite almost drove me wild; for I was an extremely sensitive child, and they did not understand how such allusions went to my heart; they could not, or they never would have tormented me as they did."

"What became of Rose Mary?" asked Lily.

"I think she must have died of a broken heart," said Mrs. Meadows, laughing; "for to this day I have a tender feeling for poor little Rose Mary. As the time passed on, my sisters let me alone, and I had other strange and almost living fancies; but I do not think any of them ever gave me quite as much pleasure as she did."

"O, Dora!" said Lizzie, suddenly, "I'm going to wear geranium leaves in my hair at Aunt Jack's party!"

"I do n't want to go at all," said Sally, and flushed as she caught Tom's eye.

"Nor I, either," said Tom, significantly.

"I think you will all go, dears," said Mrs. Meadows.

Anne was reading the newspaper. Suddenly she exclaimed,

"Just hear this, mamma! 'A man named Martello was picked up, insensible, this morning, and conveyed to Buckleton Hospital.'"

"What paper is that, my dear?"

Anne looked for the name.

"A Newark paper, inamma."

Stella was gazing at her, her soul in her eyes.

"Is it John Martello?" she asked. "That was poor papa's name."

"It do n't say—only Martello; but of course it can be nobody belonging to you."

"Mamma always hoped," said Stella, mournfully; "oh, if it should be!"

"Do you remember him, dear?" asked Mrs. Meadows.

"Yes, I remember him as tall and handsome, with a very grave but kind face. I am almost sure I should know him."

"There have been instances of the kind," said Mrs. Meadows, thoughtfully; "but I am inclined to think there is nothing in this case. The name, to be sure, is rather peculiar; but—oh, no, Buckleton is a charity hospital, where they take only the poorest cases."

AT BED-TIME.

BY RUTH ARGYLE.

Sweet faces, bright with childhood's trust,
Look upward into mine,
And loving arms, with warm embrace,
About my neck entwine.

Eyes, running o'er with laughing light,
Gaze happily on me,
And charm me from my sober mood,
To join their merry glee.

Pressing their dimpled cheeks to mine—
Kissing me o'er and o'er—
They beg, before to bed they go,
For "just one frolic more!"

The "frolic" over, night-robes donned,
They kneel their prayers to say;
Oh! Father hear Thy little lambs,
While earnestly they pray.

And when their weary feet shall cease
This path of life to tread,
Oh! may they walk the heavenly streets,
By guardian angels led.

THE KONIGSTEIN.

BY C. M. BENNETT.

I have heard of many strange rocks and stones. There is the "Toad-rock," so called because it looks so much like that animal, and the "Man of the Mountain," which looks like an old man's face; and there is "Napoleon's rock," that people say looks so much like him they can even see the curl of his stiff moustache in the rough stone; and now here is the Konigstein, or Kingstone, and I think it is rightly named, for it is truly a royal rock, and any king might be honored with such a throne. The best of all is, I've really seen it—walked up it, and over it, and did n't I feel royal, too, when I stood on such a mighty rock?

The polite soldier who met us at the great iron gate, told us it was 1,200 feet above the sea, and people had lived on it hundreds of years. It took us half an hour to walk around the top of it; and there were large buildings and fort-works, and bomb-proof casemates, a little grove of beautiful trees, gardens, and shady walks. We had come fourteen miles from the city of Dresden, in Germany, away out among the other strange rocks and mountains of Saxon Switzerland, to see that most famous rock, with its fortress. You can see what a little city is on the top, when I tell you there were four hundred soldiers to care for it. We climbed up the rocky way among beautiful trees, till we came near the top, when the path became very narrow and steep—cut so deep in the dark rock that we must hold on to railing on both sides to keep from falling down among the sharp stones. Then we came to an iron drawbridge built over a dark chasm many hundred feet deep. I think an army could never cross that bridge to take this fort; for as soon as it stood on it, a secret spring would swing it wide open, and hurl the enemy into the abyss below.

But I must tell you what I saw on the top. I could hardly believe my eyes, after going through such a dark, rocky path, we

found such a lovely place in the clear, bright sunshine. There were rich houses surrounded by gardens—a little grove of firs, pines, oaks and beeches. One very large oak they called "King of the Fortress," and it was as tenderly cared for as an old, dear friend. Its long, weak arms were supported by bands of iron, and an iron fence was built around its huge body. Happy children were playing among the heavy cannon that pointed over the Elbe river and the Saxon valley. German soldiers walked leisurely about with helmets on their heads and swords swung at their sides.

At a little distance from the Konigstein are two other rocks, somewhat higher, but the sides are so steep they are not as useful as this. Napoleon once tried to get heavy cannon up one of these, so as to storm the Konigstein, and then take the whole country; but after suffering great loss and hardship, he gave it up, and retreated in disgrace. They are constantly improving this fort; and this, with its strong position, makes storming impossible, and it has never once been taken through these many long years. Another reason why it is such an important fortress is that the soldiers can never suffer from hunger, even if surrounded by the enemy for years. At most forts, you know, a garrison can be starved out, when bombshells and cannon balls can do no harm; but here they raise grain, have plenty of wood growing all about them, and there are a very deep well and cistern. The well is a wonderful piece of work. It was commenced in 1553, and it took forty years to dig it. Now it is six hundred feet deep, and usually has sixty feet of water, and in the driest time of the year is never empty. Our guide let down a light, and I thought it would never touch the water.

During times of war, the court treasures, papers, etc., are brought to this rock for safe keeping. Among the buildings are three palaces. In one, called "Fredericha-

burg," are hung pictures of all the Saxon rulers and generals and commanders of the Konigstein. In another is the States prison. Poor prisoners live in a palace, but have few palace comforts. There are commanders' houses, a church, barracks, an armory, a storehouse and powder magazine. The houses for the soldiers have bomb-proof casemates, cut partly in the solid rock, but are large, light and dry, with great stone plates covering the roofs, so that rain and bombs can never go through. In them they have ovens and cupboards, and they can cook and eat, and not be harmed, if shell and cannon balls are flying all about them.

Our guide led us to the most famous place of the mountain, called the "Page's Bed." It was over a precipice, a little beyond one of the palaces. It is said a page of one of the electors (they had no kings in that country so long ago) gave the name to the place. The court and royal family were holding a festival in the palace, and they drank wine. The page drank too much, and became drunk. So he crept out to a steep projection in the rock, only about

three feet wide, and lay down to sleep off his drunkenness. Should he even turn over, he would fall and be dashed to pieces on the sharp rocks far below. Some one happened to pass that way, and saw him lying in the dangerous place; and, not daring to arouse him, went and called the elector. He very thoughtfully ordered that he be bound firmly to the rock, and then awakened. The men blew trumpets, and beat drums, and soon he awaked, and was taken away in safety—a wiser and more sober man.

After we had seen all the many interesting sights on this wonderful rock, we looked over the almost perpendicular side, and saw where a poor, discouraged young soldier had leaped over, to die. Amid all that beautiful landscape, looking over the Elbe valley—the old city of Dresden in the distance—the giant rocks and mountain groups of Saxon Switzerland—the forest streams and rich harvest homes—this young, weary soldier, with mind beclouded and overtaxed, had found his grave among the dark rocks and green ferns of the Konigstein.

O, DEAR!

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

O, dear! and oh, dear!
 And oh! is n't it queer
 That holidays come only once in a year?
 When, if I had my way,
 I should lengthen their stay,
 And have them go on for a year and a day!
 I cannot see why
 We have Fourth of July
 When the sun is so hot we are ready to fry;
 For though on the street
 Fizzle—bang! we repeat,
 Our ardor grows cool on account of the heat.

Then Santa Claus comes
 With his tops and his drums
 When Jack Frost is pinching our fingers and thumbs;
 O, dear! and oh, dear!
 And I think it is queer
 That Christmas should come at the end of the year!

I've plenty of toys
 That make plenty of noise,
 And skates and a sled, like the rest of the boys;
 And I have jolly fun
 'Till the daylight is done,
 But I wish all the days were just rolled into one!
 So I grumble, oh, dear!
 And I think it is queer
 That holidays come only once in a year!
 And I'd like to know whether
 The clerk of the weather
 Could n't put them in often, and closer together?

Between you and me—
 (Here's a moral, you see)—
 O, dear! is a foolish as foolish can be.
 For 'tis certainly best,
 And increases our zest,
 In music and mirth to have some bars of rest!

THE FOX AND THE THREE LITTLE PIGS.

BY S. H. A. HUNTER.

Once upon a time, far, far away, there lived three little pigs, as happy as they could be, under a great big persimmon tree. The tree was full of persimmons, and there was always a plenty of them on the ground; but oh! when the wind blew what a nice time the pigs had! Down came the persimmons rattling, and away scampered the pigs, each one grunting and squealing with pleasure, and struggling for the sweetest and best.

So they lived very happily, until one unlucky night a wicked red fox came by. He had been prowling about, and was just carrying off a fat old turkey to his dark den, far down in the woods, when he spied our little pigs all curled up together, close to the root of the persimmon tree.

"Ho, ho!" said he to himself, "I will know where to find my supper another night, as I can't take you now!" And off he trotted.

But the poor little pigs, though they kept quite still and pretended to be asleep, heard every word, and shook with fright.

"What shall we do? what shall we do?" said they all, as soon as he was quite gone.

Bill, the white, Dick, the spotted pig, and Jack, who was jet black, and much the smartest of them all, put their noses together and grunted until Jack exclaimed,

"I know what we must do! Let us each build a house, and then when the old fox comes we will shut our doors up tight, and then he can't catch us; but we must go to work at once."

"Yes, that is best," said the others, and started to work.

Bill, who was always fond of rooting in the muddiest place, said,

"I'll build my house out of mud, and it will soon get hard and dry, and there is plenty of it just by."

Dick, the brisk little spotted pig, laughed at him.

"You are too lazy; you are going to

build your house of ugly mud, so as to have no trouble about it; but my house shall be pretty and nice, and I will go over in the field and get straw for it." So away he scampered for his bundle of straw, whilst Bill rooted away in the mud.

Jack, with his sharp, keen black head, thought a little longer, then curled up his tail over his back, and trotted off to some iron lying near.

"That will be strongest and best," said he.

So they worked hard, and soon had their houses built, and went in to sleep; but that very night the old fox remembered the pigs, and thought to himself,

"I'll go look after them, and have a nice supper to-night."

He stole up to the root of the persimmon tree, but though there were plenty of persimmons scattered about, the pigs were not curled up there any longer.

"Why, where can they be?" said he; then looked around, and the first thing he saw was the spotted pig's house. "So you think you are safe, but I'll soon show you;" and up he ran to the door.

"Who is that?" said Dick.

"Let me in, little pig, let me in; I want you for my supper to-night."

"But I have a house, and you can't get me, and I ain't afraid of you!"

"I'll soon see how that is." And he blew, and he blew, and soon down blew the straw house, and away Dick had to run out of the back door, to the white pig's house, which was nearest.

"Let me in, little white pig, let me in, as quick as you can! The fox has blown my house down, and here he comes, to eat us both up!"

"Come in," said Bill; "my house ain't made of straw, and he can't blow it down, so we will be quite safe here."

Up came the fox just as the door was shut.

"Ah, now there are two of you here! let me in, I want you both for my supper to-night!"

"My house is not made of straw," said Bill, "and you can't blow it down."

"I'll soon see."

So he blew, and he blew, but he could not blow it down; then he took his paws and scratched, and scratched, and down came the mud wall tumbling, and away ran both the pigs out of the back door, as fast as they could go to the black pig's house.

"Let us in, Jack! let us in, as quick as you can! The fox is after us; he has blown my house down," said Dick.

"And scratched mine down," said Bill; "and here he comes to eat us all up!"

"Never mind," said Jack, as he let them in, and shut the door tight after them; "my house ain't made of straw, and he can't blow it down; and it ain't made of mud, and he can't scratch it down, so we will all be safe from him here."

Up came Mr. Fox again.

"This is just what I wanted, all three of you together—what a nice supper I will have."

"But you can't get in," said Jack.

"I'll soon see." So he blew, and he blew, but he could not blow it down. "Never mind, I have got my paws yet." Then he scratched, and he scratched, but he could not scratch it down; so up he came close to the door, and said, "Little black pig, you have got a strong house, sure enough, and I can't get in; but I wish you would let me put one paw in to see how it would feel;" so he begged, and he begged, and Jack let him put one paw in. "That is so nice, now let me put another paw in;" so he begged, and he begged, and Jack let him put another paw in. "Oh! if you would just please let me put my head in one minute, so I may see what your house looks like inside; it must be mighty nice, and I would not ask you anything more."

"No," said Jack, "I won't let you put your head in." But he begged, and he begged so hard that at last Jack let him put

his head in; and just as he put his head inside the door, in he sprang himself amongst all the pigs.

"Ho, ho!" said he, "now I have got you all! And what is that you have got in the fire that smells so nice? It must be peas! Oh, what a nice supper I will have—pigs and peas for supper to-night!"

Bill and Dick were so frightened they did not know what to do; but Jack did not seem to hear the fox, but stood as if he was listening to something without, and then stood up on his hind feet and looked out of the window.

"I thought I heard a noise," said he; "and now I see ever so many men riding across the field with dogs, and one of them is blowing a horn, and calling the dogs. What can they be doing, I wonder?"

"Oh!" said the fox, "they are looking for me! Where can I hide? Where can I hide? Are they coming this way?"

"Straight this way, and the dogs have their noses close to the ground; but you can get in the chest, and I will shut the lid down, and then they can't find you."

So the fox jumped in the chest, and the black pig fastened the lid quite tight.

"It is mighty close down here," said he.

"I will make some holes to give you air," said Jack; so he set to work to bore holes in the top of the chest.

"I don't hear anything," said the fox; "they must be gone, so let me out."

"Oh, no!" said Jack; "you don't hear them in there, but the dogs are all around the house, and the men too, so you had better keep still; and you have got plenty of holes in the top for air now." And with that he ran to the fire and seized up the pot of peas, which were boiling hot, and poured them all over the fox and scalded him to death; and the little pigs danced around the chest and sang,

"Fox and peas for supper to-night! fox and peas for supper to-night!"

And after that they were very happy under the persimmon tree, and could get as many persimmons as they wanted without any danger, and sleep curled up at the root of the tree without being afraid.

A COURT FESTIVAL.

BY FANNIE R. FEUDGE.

At this entertainment there were present not less, probably, than twelve thousand persons—all gentlemen, except the three or four ladies belonging to our American party. For you know in the East it is considered very indecorous for a lady of rank to be seen by the other sex. I have known many an oriental princess upon whom, never in her whole life, had rested a single pair of male eyes, except those of her father and her husband, if she happened to be married. But the ladies of the court are not wholly cut off from a *sight*, at least, of its festivities. Through long, thick screens of silken damask, in which are pierced apertures not much larger than pin-holes, they may get a glimpse of the gay scenes without; while the gentlemen on the other side are prevented from using these tiny loop-holes in the same way, by a strong railing, that keeps them at least ten feet from the screens.

So you see that His Siamese Majesty does not believe that ladies only are imbued with a desire to peer into forbidden secrets; but he wisely provides against the possible indulgence of male curiosity—that is, if any of his courtiers should chance to be possessed of so troublesome a commodity. But this was during the reign of the half-uncle of the young king now on the throne; and since the accession of his present majesty, more foreigners reside at the capital, and European customs are getting to be somewhat more in vogue. But the old king did not like any innovations on national usages, especially in regard to the royal harem, where dwelt his *six hundred wives*, and a score or two of young daughters. Twice, when we had declined invitations to court festivals, we were promised by the king himself, if we would attend, we should be presented to all his wives and daughters; and both times we were disappointed, though at a later day we did see and converse with many of them. But the

jealous old monarch said he half regretted the permission he had given, for when other eyes beside his own were allowed to look upon the beauteous flowers of the harem, it was like wiping the blush from the rose, and they thus lost half their value in his estimation.

But at the festival of which I am telling you, we saw no ladies at all—only princes, and lords, and nobles, with here and there a priest in yellow robes and long-handled fan, the insignia of his clerical office. As all native nobles always take off their shoes before entering the royal presence, we were requested to do the same; but it was not insisted on, when we told them that we never did this in visiting our own President, or any European monarch. One of the old nobles told us an amusing story of a British ambassador, who once, when going into the throne-room, left his shoes in the ante-chamber, as he saw the Siamese courtiers doing. When they came out, the shoes were nowhere to be found—a fun-loving young noble having from the sheer love of mischief, put them out of sight; and they all laughed merrily at seeing his excellency walking through the streets in white silk hose, minus shoes, after a recent heavy shower, that had left the court-yards in no very cleanly condition.

As we went by special invitation from His Majesty to this entertainment, we took no present with us; but had we sought the interview, either for business or pleasure, it would have been considered extremely indecorous to go empty-handed into the royal presence. The gift might be simply a bouquet, a book, or any pretty trifle, of little or no intrinsic value, but the rule must be complied with, as a matter of form; just as among the monarchs of ancient Persia, it was an offense worthy of death for any to enter the king's presence, unless the golden sceptre was held out to bid the suppliant approach.

In Siam, foreign ministers who may have treaties pending, or other government matters to arrange, are expected to bring a fresh present every time they seek an audience. But when guests are invited to the palace, the king courteously considers himself the obliged party, and sends off his visitors loaded with presents from their regal host. So it was with us; we carried home fans, flowers, and pretty trifles, in which were folded up the pleasant memory of many a gallant little compliment from the cheery-voiced, genial old monarch.

Just inside the door of the throne-room was a large screen of stained glass, so arranged that only one person could enter at a time, and those seated on the outside could not possibly see what was passing within. The saloon itself was of immense size—capable, I should think, of seating fifteen thousand people. The ceiling was inlaid in beautiful mosaics of silver and pearl, the walls frescoed, and the floor covered with soft India matting, upon which were laid strips of carpet beneath each cushion placed for the accommodation of the guests. There were no chairs or sofas, because His Majesty, preferring to sit in oriental style, on an embroidered divan, his guests must do the same, as to sit differently would seem to impeach the wisdom or good taste of the royal host. It is also considered indecorous to turn the face from or the feet toward the king; so we seated ourselves on the cushions assigned us, with such grace as we might, though finding it very fatiguing to conform to the prescribed etiquette, especially as the levee lasted full five hours, and it would be deemed absolute rudeness for any one to leave the royal presence until the king himself saw fit to close the interview by retiring. The position and attitude of the native nobles was even more tiresome than was ours; as, in addition to bending their feet under them, they leaned forward on the elbows, with hands raised to the forehead, and so sat during the whole interview. No very pleasant pastime, any one will say who has tried it for five consecutive hours!

These court festivals are so numerous, and the higher officers of state used to be kept so long and so frequently bowed before the throne, that the arms of many of the nobles became as callous to the touch as the soles of the feet among persons accustomed to go barefoot. But since the accession of the present king, courtiers stand instead of bowing before the throne, and visitors occupy chairs in lieu of cushions. In the saloon, which was brilliantly lighted with some thirty magnificent chandeliers, fed with perfumed oil, there were three thrones. The one at the extreme upper end of the apartment is conical in shape, about twenty feet high, and is never ascended by any monarch except on the occasion of his coronation. In front of this is a smaller one, of the same form, and about eight feet above the floor. This is used whenever the king gives audience to a foreign ambassador, or on occasions of great ceremony; but when he receives his friends in a social way, he sits or reclines on the luxurious cushions of the third or lower throne, which is simply a sort of raised *daie*, very richly gilt, and with a railing of exquisitely carved ivory on three sides. The steps to this, and indeed all the thrones, are superbly carpeted and cushioned, and furnish seats for the king's sons or brothers, and any others he may wish specially to honor.

At our levee each guest, native and foreign, had his place assigned him, according to the established rules of courtly etiquette, the foreigners being seated immediately in front of His Majesty, and nearer to him than any of his own courtiers, with the exception of the royal family. This precedence was no doubt given mainly for the gratification of the king's curiosity, who was seemingly as eager to inspect the features and dress of the foreign ladies, as is a child to get possession of the last new toy. With undisguised admiration the gallant old monarch scanned the faces of each of his lady guests, exclaiming, "How fair! eyes, hair, and all! How beautiful! but so different from those of my country!" He

noticed every movement, and when either of the ladies spoke or smiled, he clapped his hands with as much eagerness as did ever boyish knight at sight of his first riding-horse or miniature spurs. He chatted pleasantly, first with one and then with another, asked some amusing questions about dress, and then whether his fair visitors could sing as sweetly as the English nightingales that had been recently presented to him. Then he ordered refreshments to be brought in, and urged his foreign friends—the ladies especially—to eat freely, that he might see how they acted while taking food. There were silver goblets of cool sherbet and sparkling pomegranate-juice handed to each, and tea served in tiny tea-pots and cups of purest gold. Fruits, cakes, and confectionery in great variety, accompanied these fragrant beverages; but, unfortunately, there was neither knife, fork nor spoon—not even *chop-sticks*—with which to handle the tempting viands. His Majesty seemed quite amused that we could not eat with our fingers, and ordered

chop-sticks to be brought; but our vain attempts at using these extorted peals of laughter from the merry-hearted king, who next had us supplied with knives and forks, and watched with eager curiosity as we partook of the luscious banquet.

After this we had some music, both vocal and instrumental; then games of tumbling, leaping, and fencing; then several trials of strength by single combat; then some rare feats of jugglery, and the evening closed with a grand exhibition of fireworks.

But I have told you enough for this time. In my next, if you are not tired of the subject, I will tell you of another levee that I attended, and how unceremoniously His Siamese Majesty withdrew when dinner-time came.

You can let me know through "Prudy's Pocket," whether you want to know any more about these strange people and their court festivals. And now *bon soir*, my little friends; sleep sweetly, and be ever happy, as you will be, if you are good.

GRANDMA'S STORY.

BY A. E. WILLIAMS.

"My mother had a flight of stairs in her house, about forty years ago, that she was very proud of," said grandma.

"Was there a carpet and golden rods on her stairs?" asked Nellie; "and was there a wide hall, with a front door at each end, like ours?"

"Oh, dear, no! Instead of a hall was a narrow, dark entry, and the stairs, that led up chamber, were steep, and wound round the big chimney; but I did not mean those. I meant seven little girls. The oldest had just stepped into her teens when the youngest was able to stand alone; and when company came, mother would place us all in a row, from the tallest down; and there was just one step between."

"A very handsome flight of stairs, ma'am," the company would say, "very handsome, indeed."

"Well, how do you suppose so many lively little stairs managed to be clothed, and fed, and amused, and instructed? for our parents were not rich people, by any means. Yet we always had everything we wanted, because we never wanted anything we could not have; and there is a great deal in that, so I advise you all to remember it. We had two new dresses in a year—a calico in the spring, and a woollen one in the fall. The calico dress and sun-bonnet that we had worn through the week were washed, starched and ironed on Saturday afternoon, when we were home from school, to be fresh for Sunday."

"What did you wear while your dress was drying?" inquired Nellie, who was always asking questions.

"A petticoat and apron sufficed us," said grandma. "We generally took that time

to go up garret and dress up in long dresses."

"Just as I like to do now," whispered Nell.

"We lived in a valley," continued grandma, "and father's farm was in the valley—the hills rose high and abrupt on either side of us. A merry, noisy brook ran past our door, which each of us, I think, took our turn in falling into. A log bridge was thrown across it, where the hay wagons passed, and a winding path led in and out among the rocks and evergreens, which afforded a delightful place to play. Berries of all kinds grew on the hillsides, and to gather those was eager fun; and just the fact of living in a new world, where something strange and charming was unfolded every day, was pleasure enough for seven healthy, merry little girls like us. Then, too, we had work helping father, which we called play; riding horse to plow, going after the cows, picking up apples and potatoes, and, grandest of all, loading hay and riding on the tottering mass into the barn. One time father wished to send a messenger into a neighboring town, eight miles away; and, though I was but ten years old, he thought I could go. So he mounted me on a horse, and gave his directions. I remember sauntering along the shady road, feeling very happy and important. I performed my errand, and came home by moonlight; for, though father had said I might remain all night, I was too homesick to do so."

"Did you like to go to school?" asked Nellie, thinking what a trial that was to her.

"O, yes, always. We used to carry our lunch in a big dinner-pail, and spread it on a mossy table under the hemlocks, beside the same brook that, a little farther on, passed our door. Our teacher had a very pleasant way of rewarding the girl who had stood the highest during the week, by inviting us home with her to spend the Sabbath. That was a rare treat, and I remember, when it came my turn, with what delight I clambered upon the horse behind

her on Saturday noon, and took the seat of honor, while I knew the other girls looked on with envy. The horse was used to carrying double, so he cantered along homeward quite contentedly. The next day I went to church and Sunday-school for the first time in my life, our meetings at home having always been held in the school house. I made elaborate preparations that morning. I braided my yellow hair up very tightly, and tied it behind with new scarlet ribbons. I carefully laced my morocco shoes, and polished them with my handkerchief. I scrubbed my face and hands till they shone, and to crown all Miss Allen crimped the stiff ruffle on my pink sun-bonnet between her thumb and finger till it stood out quite perfect. The church was a great, square, barn-like structure, with two rows of windows, through which the sun glared, unhindered by curtain or blind. I gazed about me with interest and admiration, till Miss Allen motioned that I should pay attention to the minister, who was speaking from a stiff, square box, fastened to the wall half way up the ceiling. I remember feeling very favorably impressed with all I saw and heard, and told Miss Allen I wished my father would move up to Plunkettville, that I might go there all the time."

"Did you use to go to school in the winter?" asked Nellie.

"Yes, when the drifts were not over our heads. Our mother used to dress us very warmly. She spun and wove us dresses and cloaks of wool from our own sheep's backs. Our aprons were also flannel, made of one straight piece, with holes to put the arms through, and a string run in for a tie round the neck."

"My mother would not let me wear such a looking apron as that!" said Nellie.

"Bless your heart, child! what would your mother do with seven little girls to ruffle and bedeck as she does you? It is a great pity that the simple dress of old times has gone by. It would be such a saving of time, money and temper, and you would be just as happy, if every one did so. We

would never have dared to wear cotton clothing in winter, lest a spark from the huge roaring fireplaces—both at home and school—should fall on us and set us on fire. Woolen, you know, will not burn readily. I think you would have liked the caps we wore—something like your skating-caps, only they came down over the ears. They were made of scarlet flannel, quilted, and trimmed round the edge with gaily-speckled turkey feathers. We used to be very proud of them, for no other little girls had any half so nice; and perhaps the same spirit of emulation possessed us then as is apt to influence you little folks now-a-days. Father used to bring a shoemaker to the house every fall to make our winter shoes, from leather he had prepared and tanned himself. This used to be an interesting time for us girls, who watched with curiosity the cutting, fitting and pegging of each little pair. When the seven were done, even to the leather strings and tongues, and set in a row in the corner, graded down from the biggest to the least, we would view them with much admiration.

"One winter there was great rejoicing in our house—a *boy* baby came. What a fuss everybody made! and how proud father was! You should have seen him! He held up his head when he marched into meeting at the head of his line of seven little girls the next Sunday! And that brother—how we used to love to say the word!—became a great pet and lion among us when he grew big enough to play with; and I do believe if he had n't been such a remarkably good boy naturally, he would have been quite spoiled."

THE ANGEL OF THE FLOWERS.

BY MRS. L. M. BLINN.

"Where have you been, little Margie, the whole of this bright June day,
Dancing about in the meadows, watching the lambs at play?
Mocking the birds in the green wood—hearing the brook's faint song,
Or up 'mid the hillside roses, did your little feet stray so long?"

"No, mother, not in the meadow, nor yet by the singing rill,
That goes and grows till it gets so strong that it runs the old brown mill;
Not where the birds are flitting, and the hillside flowers are fair,
And the butterflies and honey-bees go droning through the air.

"I was down in the church-yard, mother, where the grass grows rank and tall,
And the ivy vine, with fingers fine, creeps over the old church wall;
Where the sunshine seems all fastened out by the trees that grow so high,
And there's never a sound to be heard all day, but the wind's soft lullaby!

"And, mother, I know what makes the flowers grow everywhere so bright,
For while I was resting on the grass I saw the loveliest sight!
I had shut my eyes to think awhile, and when I opened them wide,
A lady in white, with shining wings, stood smiling at my side!

"She kissed me with her soft, red lips, and I was n't one bit afraid!
For her face was kind, and her floating wings such pleasant music made;
Her trailing robe shone like the stars, and a crown of roses fair,
Woven with purple violets, was resting in her hair!

"Then she walked away with quiet smiles, and at every step there grew
The loveliest flowers you ever saw, of every shape and hue;
Her white, white feet, as she moved away, scarce bent the blades of grass,
And I knew, by the music in the air, I had seen an angel pass!

"And *that's* the way the sweet flowers grow; 'tis where those holy feet
Walk softly over the pleasant fields, and through the meadows sweet;
And, do n't you guess that the dew-drops are tears that the angels cry
For the roses rare, and the children fair, that grow, and fade, and die?

"To-night, when the twinkling stars come out, and the moon shines clear and bright,
I think she will surely come this way with her trailing robe of light,
And the morning show sweet blossoms, ready for June's soft showers,
Made by the noiseless footsteps of the angel of the flowers."

AMONG THE GLASSMAKERS.

BY CARRIE F. MILLER.

Going into the glassworks, let us look first into the room where the "batches" are mixed, ready for melting. Here lies the sand, in a heap, looking something like a snowdrift, it is so white. This is the principal ingredient used in glass-making, and must be the very purest and whitest that can be obtained, or the glass will not be clear and bright. As nice and clean as the sand is when brought here, it has to be thoroughly washed, to free it from anything that might injure the quality of the glass. So, too, the pearlash has to go through a cleansing process, before it will suit the very particular man who attends to the mixing of the compound. This is done in another part of the building, by leaching the pearlash in great bottles, and after it has well settled, evaporating the water. To the sand and pearlash are added litharge, or red lead, a little manganese, nitre and arsenic, and sometimes cobalt. It requires great care in getting the right proportions of the different materials. This will make a very fine quality of glass, such as is used for our finest table-ware, mirrors, and all other articles that require the greatest purity and brilliancy. For a more common kind of glass, coarser materials are used, and lime takes the place of lead.

After the batch is thoroughly mixed, it is taken to the furnace and poured into a great pot of fire-clay, that will hold a great many hundred pounds. The heat of this furnace is so terrible that we do not care to inspect it very closely, and are glad to get out and breathe a cooler air. In about eighteen or twenty hours some one opens the pot, that has been securely closed, and tries the glass. It is doing nicely, though as yet only partly melted. As it has settled down a good deal, he puts in a fresh lot of the batch, and closes up the mouth of the pot again. Once again it is tried, and is then found to be clear and bright. It has taken thirty-five or forty hours to change

the dry mixture into a molten mass, ready for working.

And now commences a busy time; for glass, like candy, must be worked while it is soft. Quite a number of men and boys are employed at a time in making up the ware. A part of it is to be made into lamp chimneys. The experienced "blower" sits near the furnace, waiting for his work to be brought to him. His assistant dips a long iron tube into the pot of melted glass, taking up a sufficient quantity for one chimney, rolls it on a flat piece of iron, and blowing through it a little, hands it to the other to finish. He blows through the tube, pinches the partly-formed chimney, whirls it swiftly around, heats it in the furnace to soften it—for by this time it has become too cool to work nicely—turns up a rim at the bottom, tests its width, and with a piece of cold steel cuts it off at the right length. All this has been done in about a minute from the time the glass was taken from the pot.

Further on the workmen—still called blowers, though they now have no blowing to do—are moulding the glass. Before the mould press, a machine for pressing the glass into various articles, that could not be shaped by the first method, the blower sits ready for the lump of glass that the assistant is bringing on his iron rod. This he pours into the open mould on the platform, and taking a pair of shears, he cuts off just the right quantity; then, pushing the mould into its place, down comes a plunger, pressing the glass into its proper shape. Then the mould is taken away, and a dainty little vase is turned out of it, just right to put upon your table, filled with fresh roses. These moulds are of cast iron, and some of them are engraven with very beautiful patterns.

Yonder is a pot of red glass, from which some handsome lamps are being made; but see how careful the blowers are of it! They

first take a ball of clear glass, large enough to make the lamp, and then dipping it quickly into the red glass, coat it with that color. In whatever way the lamp may be shaped, the color remains the same, and one would hardly think that the brilliant hue is only on the surface. The very great cost of the coloring—oxydized gold—makes it necessary to use it sparingly, or the articles would be too expensive for common use.

The wares now made are not allowed to cool off suddenly. They are taken to the annealing furnace, which is many feet in length, with one end heated very hot, and the other cold. Here is a constant succession of iron pans moving along on rollers. The glassware is put into a pan at the hot end, and rolls along cooling off gradually till it comes out cold at the other end. The articles do not look so well as they did before, for the sulphur in the coke used in the annealing furnace has given them a bluish tint, but a washing in cold water makes them clear and bright.

Still they do not look quite finished, for on some of the pieces lumps have been left, and the edges are quite rough. So they are sent to the cutting shop, where on coarse stones these imperfections are ground off. In this room, too, are emery-wheels, which cut beautiful patterns on some of the pieces, changing them from plain ware to elegant cut glass.

After the melted glass has all been worked up there are a great many lumps and threads that have been dropped or ground off. These, with the imperfect pieces of work, are called "cullet," and are carefully gathered up, mixed with another "batch," and melted over.

MORNING GLORY.

BY ELLIS GRAY.

Is she not a winsome sight—
 Little Morning Glory bright?
 Wreath of blossoms drooping down,
 For her head a fitting crown;
 Sunny ringlets, free as air,
 Clustering round a forehead fair;
 Tender, loving dark blue eyes,
 Looking up with glad surprise,
 As the gay-winged butterfly

Lightly, brightly flutters by.
 Nose—ah! if the truth is told—
 It is not of classic mould;
 But two lips more rosy sweet,
 Search the world through, you 'll not meet.
 Scarlet jacket lending charms
 To her pretty dimpled arms;
 Snowy dress, whose crumpled fold
 Scarce can her sweet treasure hold.
 Flower framed, and flower crowned—
 Flowers springing from the ground—
 Flowers dropping from her hands,
 Thus the little maiden stands.
 Is she not a winsome sight—
 Little Morning Glory bright?

LITTLE RUNAWAY.

BY ELLIS GRAY.

Have you seen my darling?
 My precious Willie dear?
 Full of fun and frolic,
 He's run away, I fear;
 And, like Willie Winkle,
 Is roaming through the town,
 Up stairs and down stairs,
 In just his wee night-gown.
 Oh! where can my runaway,
 My darling Willie, be?
 Then a little breezelet
 Said softly thus to me:
 "While among the wheat tops
 I panned just now to play,
 Something I espied
 More golden bright than they;
 It was not a sunbeam
 That I saw shining there;
 No, it was a ringlet
 Of yellow, curly hair.
 On a bending wheat stalk
 A blue-bird soft did swing;
 Watching him were two eyes
 Bluer than his wing.
 Little robin redbreast
 Was nestling at his feet,
 Not afraid the least bit
 Of anything so sweet.
 Little hands so chubby,
 Both outstretching wide,
 The golden grain divided
 Away on either side;
 Thus a pathway clearing
 For tiny, red shod feet,
 Strolling at their pleasure
 Among the tangled wheat,
 Chirruping and cooing,
 Just like a little bird,
 Precious, lovely darling,
 He did not speak a word!
 Then I thought an angel
 To earth had come to play;
 Now I think it must be
 Your Little Runaway!"

THE TOWER OF LONDON.

BY HELEN E. SMITH.

You all remember the story of the two poor little English princes, at first confined in the Tower of London by their cruel uncle, and afterwards murdered there by his orders? And did you never fancy the sort of building it might be—this gloomy tower, where such a cruel deed was done? Of course you have; but in all your imaginings it is very likely you never thought that this famous prison was first erected for a palace and fortress combined, and was only used as a prison when years had rolled on, and lighter and handsomer palaces were built.

By whom the foundation of the oldest part of the tower was laid, no one knows, though it is said to have been done by the Romans; and it is quite possible, for they were great fortress builders.

Probably the first structure was only a square or round tower, and so gave the name to the whole. But at present the tower is like a great walled town, composed of many castles; and, with its court-yards and its moat—an enormous ditch, one of which surrounded every fortress in ancient times—the tower covers a space of twelve acres.

It was in a great, bare, gloomy, thick-

walled room of one of the many towers which form parts of the fortress, that the two poor little princes were imprisoned. To us, no jail could seem more desolate; but to them it could not have been a much worse place of confinement than any room in any palace. For the palaces in those times were built with such very thick walls, and such very small windows, that the sunlight had but little chance to creep in; and we all know that any place where the glad sunshine cannot freely enter must be damp and gloomy.

This great tower—first a palace and then a prison—is now only used as a safe place to store the crown-jewels of England, and as a sort of museum, where specimens of all the ancient weapons of war are preserved.

Many strangers visit the tower every year, partly to see the jewels and the ancient armor, and partly to view the rooms in which so many illustrious prisoners have passed unhappy years. Among other places, visitors are shown the steep winding stairs down which the bodies of the two poor little princes were thrown, and the great stone at the foot of the stairs, beneath which the murdered children were secretly buried, almost four hundred years ago.

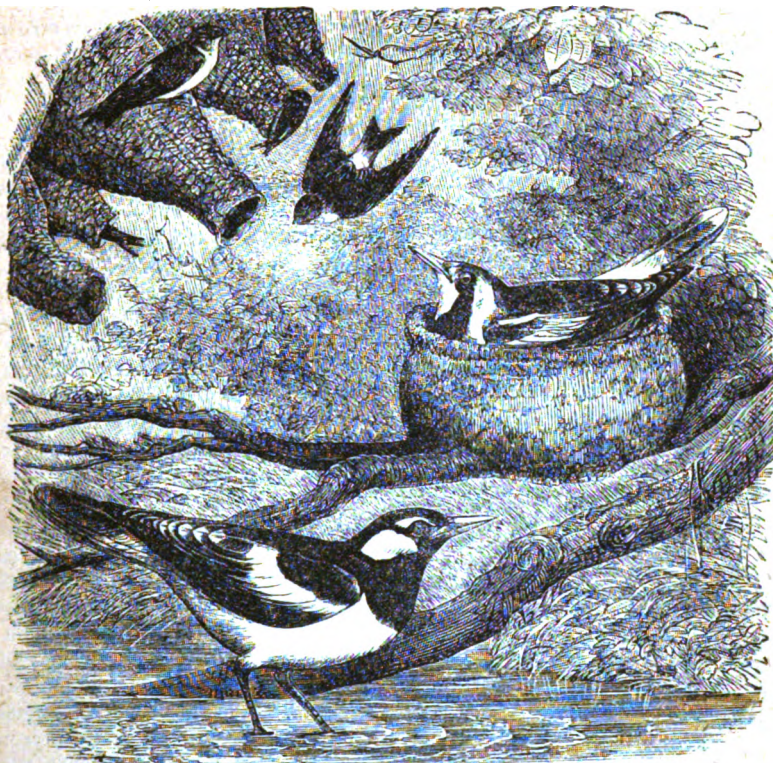
MUD HOUSES.

BY H. M. M.

Who would ever imagine that the cosy little bird-houses in this picture were built of mud?—and not mud alone, but with small sticks, and grasses, and feathers, mixed carefully in, to keep them from falling to pieces when dry? What an undertaking it seems to us for a little bird, without tools—or hands to use them—to knead and properly prepare the mud, mix in the other materials, and form the house! You never can know, till you've seen the cunning little fellows building their houses, how very handy a bird's bill is!

The little house on the branch, that looks like a rude earthen dish, is made by the pretty black and white bird that you see sitting on it, with the help of her mate, who is paddling in the water in front. They are called—in the books—Pied Grallina. If they have any easier and prettier name in their own home, we don't know about it. They live in Australia.

They are quite large birds, and belong to the family of waders, because they wade in shallow water for their food. Papa Grallina, in the picture, is scratching around



with his feet to find something nice—a tiny frog, or worm, or insect, or some delicacy of that sort, probably to present to his patient little mate on the nest.

Not much is known about the habits of the family, excepting that the conical mud houses are always built on branches over the water, and are very strong, and so firmly fixed to the branch that there's no danger of their falling off and drowning the babies.

The mud houses up in the corner are still more interesting, for they are built in the shape of flasks, and the pretty little owners can go clear in out of sight. These little birds belong to the same family as our martins and swallows. So they are related to the martins who build their mud houses under the eaves of our barns and houses. They are called Fairy Martins, and they, too, live only in Australia.

Their houses are always near a stream, and generally fastened to rocks, though they have been found inside of large hollow trees. They are not all of the same size, either. Some are not more than four inches through in the thickest part, with an entrance hall seven inches long, while others are six or seven inches thick, and ten long.

Building the nest is a very interesting operation. One pair never build their own house alone, as most birds do. They help each other. One sits inside—the wisest and best builder, I suppose—shaping and smoothing the nest, while half a dozen others fly off and bring the little chunks of mud, knead them in their mouths, and put them into the wall.

When the sun has dried the walls they are very hard. If the weather is dry at the time of building, the little workers rest from their labor in the middle of the day,

because the hot sun dries the mud too fast. But if it is wet, they work all day, and soon have it done. When it is thoroughly dry, four or five eggs are laid, up in the dark little nursery, and two broods a year come from the bottle-houses.

These little birds live on flies and other insects, and catch them on the wing. I suppose hunting them is half the fun; and I dare say a true martin would scorn to catch a fly standing, as some hunters scorn to shoot an animal till it runs.

They have wonderful powers of sight. A naturalist who tried experiments on some of the family, found that they could see a fly on the wing more than three hundred feet off. They are celebrated for the swiftness of their flight. They dart about like arrows, and even—it is said—find the young ones flying.

THE GRAY TURKEY.

BY M. E. N. HATHEWAY.

It is often as unfortunate a situation for animals as it is for men, to be of a different color from those who surround them. Hans Christian Andersen tells a charming little story about a swan, that by some accident was hatched in a duck's nest. Being somewhat larger, and unlike the rest of the brood, it was regarded only as a very ugly duck, and a most disagreeable intruder, by all the feathered inhabitants of the farm-yard. It was so tormented and persecuted on every side that at length, in desperation, it ran away from its home, and wandered it knew not where. After suffering many hardships from hunger and cold, it encountered a family of swans, and was received by them with much kindness and affection. Then it learned that it, too, was a swan, and more beautiful than any duck in the whole world.

Last summer I was afforded a constant example of this story, in the unhappy career of a young turkey, that chanced to be the only gray one in a flock where all the others

were entirely black. As it grew from week to week, displaying more and more conspicuously its diversity of color, it was observed to be an object of distrust and aversion to the rest. It soon became the victim of innumerable distresses, being treated with persistent neglect, even by its own mother, till it ceased to follow the flock, and was quite excluded from their fellowship.

It then attempted to attach itself to the sisterhood of hens; but they, knowing it to be a stranger and alien, declined to admit it as an associate. Some of the magnates of the tribe, huge Brahmas and Cochins, were very indignant at such presumptuous conduct, and attacked poor Gray with so much violence that she must inevitably have been killed, but for a timely intervention that rescued her from the assailants and consigned her to the safe retirement of the stable. After a period of seclusion, having probably learned wisdom from her unfortunate experience, she became more shy of seeking company. Occasionally she might be seen following in the wake of some ancient hen, who made no pretensions to high birth or distinguished personal attractions; but generally through the summer she wandered up and down companionless and forlorn, sometimes peeping loudly in sad complaint of her lonely condition.

But time, that softens the deepest trials, and often brings joyful compensation for them, has made ample amends to Gray. Now, having attained her full growth and strength, she enjoys a recognized position, and is treated with a proper degree of respect by relations and acquaintances. One thing is certain—she far surpasses them in beauty of appearance, for every day somebody is saying, "Gray is the prettiest of them all."

It is to be hoped that the severe discipline of those early days has had such a happy influence upon her character that she will never indulge in acts of cruelty to friendless chicks, but always be considerate of the feelings of others.

A SONG OF SUMMER.

BY HATTIE S. RUSSELL.

Every hour of the day
Is with glory laden;
Let us to the woods away,
Bright-eyed little maiden!
Strangely quaint and curious things—
Drowsy bees, with golden wings,
Mid the branches humming;
Mosses green and flow'rets fair
Will spring up and greet us there
With "The summer's coming!"
Soon shall beauty crown the earth
As in festive season!
Everything that hath a birth
Laugh, and give no reason!
Sweet will sing the lark and thrush,

And a gentle, holy hush
All the woods pervade,
Till the morning passes noon,
And the golden hours too soon
Into twilight fade!
O! the perfect, regal day
Is with glory laden!
Let us to the woods away,
Bright-eyed little maiden!
Gentle zephyr, balmy air,
Countless blossoms everywhere,
And the bees keep humming
Mid the branches, leafy green,
In their homes of tender sheen—
"Blessed summer's coming!"

UNCLE DICK'S LEGACY.

BY MRS. EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

CHAPTER X.

"This is Norford's claim," said Mr. Douds, tracing the lines with his long bony finger; "this belongs to the mill company, and right here is your land, following the creek up to the bend, and taking in the best part of the ridge. This is the road to Big Bottoms, and right across there a railroad will be built one of these days; then you will see a city instead of these shanties."

Raymond's eyes kindled. It seemed very possible to him, but he did not say a word. Mr. Douds took a letter from an old leather case and carefully unfolded it.

"This is your uncle's letter of instruction to me, written the night before he went away. You will see that he put the property into my hands without any reserve, excepting that I should not sell it, and should pay the taxes regularly, until such time as the heirs should claim it. I have wondered these many years that your father did not claim it, or at least come to look it up."

"Papa would as soon have thought of going to the moon; and then he never really thought it was worth anything."

"It might not have been," said Mr. Douds, with a queer smile; "but should you like to know what I have made out of it?"

Raymond nodded as he sat thoughtfully smoothing his uncle's letter, and reading over the last sentence—"I meant to devote my life to them, but if my country wants it more, my country shall have it."

"Well," said Mr. Douds, "for five years after your uncle went away everything was dead here; I paid the taxes out of my own pocket, and waited. Then the speculators began to come in, and all the land lying about for twenty miles was bought up. I leased the mill privilege for five years for three thousand dollars cash. That lease has two years more to run, but the money is invested in Detroit, where it brings ten per cent. interest, and is doubling in value very fast. Then I've sold, up to this spring, about twelve thousand dollars' worth of lumber—"

The old man spoke very slowly, with his finger on the page of his memoranda, and his keen eyes fixed upon Raymond, who started with surprise, and grew pale,

and then red, to think how much this despised legacy had been worth to somebody. In a flash he remembered his father's weary plodding through the drudgery of his classes, Aunt Rachel's careful economies, that grated so upon her bountiful, lavish nature, all the sparing and saving in the household, and then he forced himself to listen as the old man went on:

"So you see, my boys, you have quite a snug little sum at interest—not a very great fortune yet, but enough to keep you; and by the time that little fellow at home is of age, this bit of backwoods will be worth enough to ruin the three of you."

Raymond sat staring in utter astonishment.

"This envelope, you will take to your father. He will find everything right, so that he can draw on the bank for as much as he pleases of the money there—"

"But, Mr. Douds," broke in Raymond, "that is *your* money; the letter says you are to have the entire proceeds of the property, if there be any proceeds."

"My dear boy," said the old man, "I loved your Uncle Dick better than any one else in this world. I had some reasons for it, that only he and I knew; and when he put this trust into my hands, I said, 'I can't go into the army and fight for him, but so help me God, I'll be his substitute here at home, and do my best for him and his, and I have done it.'"

Raymond tried to speak, but broke down utterly; and Archie, springing up in his impetuous fashion, put both arms around his brother and rolled him on to the floor. When they gained their feet, after a regular rough and tumble, they both looked suspiciously moist about the eyes, though Archie laughed heartily.

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Lester," said Raymond; "you'll think we're savages; I really could n't help it."

"Oh! it was all my doing," said Archie; "I had to upset something, and I was afraid I might pitch into Mr. Douds." He looked doubtfully at the old man, and then, encouraged by the merry twinkle in his eyes,

walked up and laid his hand on his shoulder, saying, "I'd thank you if I knew how; you've been so good, and I'm so glad. You don't know how it seems to think we have any money. You don't know how papa has to pinch and save, and he hates it so—" Mrs. Lester smiled, and wondered if there were any depths of economy that she had not known—"Raymond has papa's old clothes, and I have Ray's, and Will has mine," went on Archie, laughing, with tears in his eyes.

"That's too mean in you, Archie!" said Raymond, indignant at this frank setting forth of family secrets.

"Well, I don't care," said Archie, "seems as if he belonged to us," at which speech Mr. Douds put his arm about the boy's waist and drew him closer; and thus supported he went on, "Papa never can go anywhere; not even in the long vacation, when everybody else goes away, and he and auntie are just starving for the mountains and the sea-shore, and for home. Oh, Raymond! they can go home, all of them, to Carolina. Old Chloe prays about Carolina, and I know she more than half believes the 'bressed country' she sings about is somewhere near Charleston."

"Steve!" said Raymond; and then, for the first time, they noticed that Steve was not with them.

"He went out the door," said Hattie, and the boys followed, to find Steve on his knees, under the little bark-covered porch.

"Had to thank my good Lord fust ting," he said, wiping his eyes with his sleeve: "I's telled him many times 'peared like pore Mars' Dick wasted sech heap o' trouble, an' nuffin neber gwyne come of it; an' hair de bressed Lord he done take keer of it all 'long; jes' convarted dat ar onbelievin' ole infiddle a puppus. Bress His name, Steve won't neber doubt no more!"

Raymond looked around, fearful that Mr. Douds might have overheard this questionable allusion to himself; but Steve rose up, saying,

"Gwyne to thank *him* now; neber was so happy sence de Lord fotch dis pore soul."

into de kingdom," and he seized Mr. Douds' hands in his powerful grasp and poured out his thanks as if it was all a personal matter, and the old man had just bestowed a fortune upon him.

"De bery night pore Mars' Dick was took, he says to me, 'Steve, I can't do nuffin more for 'em, and I's feared I's throwed my life away, and done no good to nobody; but, Steve,' says he, 'you take keer of 'em, you stick to 'em; I 'p'int ye my substitute.' De Lord knows I's a mighty pore substitute, but I's done my bes'—"

"So you have, Steve; I do n't doubt it," said Mr. Douds, liberating his hands, and beginning to gather up his papers; "you'd do your best for anybody that left a trust in your hands. I had n't a grain of sympathy with those rebels, take 'em in a lump, but I had a great deal with Dick Peyton, and I can't see how a man who felt just as he did could do anything else but go and get shot on the wrong side. It did seem a dreadful pity, though, such a grand good fellow!"

"De good Lord 'll bless ye, 'pend upon it," said Steve, not to be turned from his thanks.

"I do depend upon it," said Mr. Douds, very gravely. "He has blessed me in a wonderful way, considering who I am, and who He is. See here, Steve, there's one thing I want. Come out here to the porch and sing some of your old plantation hymns that you used to sing when we were up in camp."

They all stepped out, and from the steps of the saloon, just down the street, came mingled talk, laughter, and snatches of low song.

"Now, Steve," said Mr. Douds, "Give us 'My Lord Came from Glory.' I never shall forget how you sang that in the lumber camp, when the captain hurt his back."

Steve sat down on the step, clasped his hands around his knee, threw back his head, and struck up in a voice like a trumpet:

"Once I lay in prison,
Crying and a praying,

Oh! my Lord! my blessed Lord!
Nobody hear my trouble!
In de middle of de night-time—
Praise de Lord who set me free!
My good Lord come down from glory,
Open de prison door to me!

"My Son sit in glory,
All de angels round Him
Say, 'I know, way down below,
Some pore soul a crying.'
In de middle of de night-time—
Praise de Lord who set me free!
My good Lord come down from glory,
Open de prison door to me!

"My Lord come from glory,
He sit down beside me,
Take my cup and drink it up,
All my cup of sorrow!
In de middle of de night-time—
Praise de Lord who set me free!
My good Lord come down from glory,
Open de prison door to me!

"For my sake they shamed Him,
For my sake they beat Him,
Ah, my Lord! my blessed Lord!
For my sake they killed Him!
In de middle of de night-time—
Praise de Lord who set me free!
My good Lord come down from glory,
Open de prison doors for me!

"My Lord 's gone to glory,
Little ways before me!
Ebery day I hears him say,
'Child, I died to save thee!'
In de middle of de night-time—
Praise de Lord who set me free!
My good Lord come down from glory,
Open de prison doors for me!"

The first notes of the melody brought every man from the saloon, with the idle impulse of pleasure at anything that broke upon the monotony of their life.

"Got a camp meetin' over to the parson's," said a rough fellow; but a dozen eager voices bade him hush up, and the crowd listened silently to the end, some of them coming nearer, until numbers were leaning against the fence. The last line was greeted with applause of a different style from the noisy howls common to the saloon. More than one rough fellow drew his sleeve hastily across his eyes, and some one called out,

"That's tip-top; give us another!"

"Blow ahead, old midnight; ye'r a hull

choir, an' parson to boot!" said another, with a half drunken laugh; but in the main the listeners were sober, and evidently touched.

Steve sang two or three more, and then they went into the house, and the party outside moved quietly away, very few of them going back to the saloon.

"There," said Mr. Douds, "you've given them as good a sermon as they ever listened to. The great trouble with these men is the lack of anything to interest them. We have a small library of books and papers, and that answers for a few, but not half of them care anything for reading. They get drunk because they don't know what else to do."

Raymond had been secretly wondering how the whole party was to be lodged; but Mr. Douds soon settled the question by leading the way to the low attic of the house, floored with rough boards, and only finished overhead by the beams and rafters of the roof. A stairway came up in the center, and the space on each side was divided into two rooms by means of lath partitions, covered with brown paper. In one of these rooms the boys were left. The bright moonlight shining through the little half window made any other light unnecessary, and they were soon resting comfortably in their straw bed, with a new sense of the comforts of civilization.

"Raymond," said Archie, after half an hour of silence, "are you asleep? I've been wondering about the magnolia flowers; will it be too late for them, I wonder?"

"When?" asked Raymond, sitting up in bed.

"Why, in vacation, when papa and Aunt Rachel go south; auntie always talks so much about them."

"Of course it will; they blossom early in the spring; but, Archie, it seems almost mean to talk about money and vacation here."

"Why?" asked Archie, in pure wonder.

"Because they are so poor," said Raymond, vehemently; "we thought we were poor, but I tell you we don't know any-

thing about it. Just think of living here, in this house, with such people, and Mrs. Lester is a *lady*, as much as Aunt Rachel; and Belle and Hattie—just think of them!"

"I wonder if they care?" said Archie, resting his chin on his knees. "I wonder if they feel poor? because—somehow, I never thought about it before—it never struck me they were poor, truly now, Raymond," and Archie turned a perfectly sober face towards his brother, who looked at him with mingled surprise and vexation. Archie always did say queer things. "It seems to me, Raymond, as if it was just like our camping out. We did n't mind the smoke and the dirt, and sleeping on the ground, and not having very nice things to eat, because it was just for a little while, and we were on a journey, and were thinking about what we should find at the end. That's just it," continued Archie, growing more eager; "they only think about the work they're doing—their Father's business—and at the end they'll go home to His house. How glad they'll be—all of them!"

Raymond wondered and was silent. Who would have thought of that? and why were not other people just camping out, too—sent on their father's business? While he wondered he fell asleep, and only awakened when Steve shook him by the arm at sunrise next morning, and reminded him that they were to turn their faces homeward.

"Just to think!" said Archie, "that yesterday morning we did not know there were such people in the world as the Lesters and Mr. Douds, and now I hate to go and leave them."

And so it was like the parting of old friends. Mrs. Lester gave the boys a motherly kiss, and Archie privately bestowed a little pocket magnifier upon Hattie in return for a scarlet pin-ball. As for Raymond, he kept his own counsel; but his pearl-handled pen-knife certainly disappeared about that time; and when Archie wanted to borrow it, he carelessly remarked that it was too small anyway—only fit for a girl. Just before they started big John

came sauntering down with the promised bow and arrows, and then Archie's satisfaction was complete.

"I shall probably come east in the course of a year," said Mr. Douds, "when the children go to their grandmother, and then I shall see your father, and advise with him about the land. In the meantime you may assure him that as long as I live I will do my best for him, unless he chooses to put his business into other hands."

"Papa will know how to thank you better than we can," said Raymond; "but we do thank you with all our hearts, and we mean to try and do some good with our money—and with *ourselves*," he added, with a sudden recollection of what Archie had said about the Father's business.

And so they were gone. I have no time to tell of the journey home, or how the bright young messengers bore the good news to those who had watched, and waited, and prayed for their safe return, with scarcely a thought for anything else.

"Dem pore hethin Injuns is useful creatures, after all," said Chloe, pushing her broad feet into the soft moccasins. "Bress de Lord! it's like Caleb an' Joshway com-

in' back from de promus lan', totin' de 'mazin' fruits, an' tellin' de chillen to go up and 'sess it!'"

Raymond laughed to hear Chloe sing with new unction,

"Oh! I's got news from de bressed country!"

as she rolled about the kitchen; but the look of quiet thankfulness in his father's face, as he sat once more with his three boys about him, almost brought the tears.

"After all," he thought, "he cares more for us than anything else."

"Well, well!" said Aunt Rachel, "who ever would have thought we should be the better for poor Dick's legacy? It does not seem real enough to be glad about yet, but I think I may venture upon a new carpet-broom," and her keen eyes peered disapprovingly at a shred left in a corner by the old one.

Papa laughed softly. "I'm sure of my legacy—my best legacy—I have it right here," and he drew his boys all together in one clasp of his arms—brown curls and bright ones and locks just touched with silver all mingling together.

THE END.

THE BALTIMORE ORIOLE.

BY MRS. PARIZADE V. HATHAWAY.

The Baltimore oriole, or golden robin, returns from the south early in May. Some bright morning we see two or three males flash through the air, and hang on the leafing boughs like golden blossoms. The head and upper part of the back are black, the wings and tail are black, white, and orange. The rest of the plumage is brilliant orange-red. The female, which comes a few days later, wears a plainer dress. The orange is not so bright, and there is brownish-yellow on the head and upper part of the back, instead of black.

These birds live chiefly upon those insects which eat the twigs and leaves of trees, and wherever there are plenty of trees I find the Baltimore. He does not perch quietly on

a limb, and pour out a continuous flow of song, like a robin or a brown thrush, but while industriously picking off insects from the twigs, all at once there is an outburst of song; in a few moments the strain is repeated. I remember listening many times to one which sang in the depths of the woodlands. The notes sounded like a few bars of a waltz, and the syllables were something like "A-chee-a-tweeter-tweeter!" All of the males have the same rich voice; but, like many other kinds of birds, each one seems to have a form of song peculiar to himself. One with which I have been acquainted several seasons, always sings, "Tic-a-ru co-tic-a-ru!"

Last May two pairs of Baltimores came

among the trees near our house. They had that inquisitive way about them which showed that they were trying to find proper places to locate. Every site among the branches which promised to be favorable was carefully examined and hopped over. Soon after, I saw a female Baltimore on one of the bee-hives, endeavoring to pull ravelings from a cloth. I immediately hung pieces, a foot or two long, of red and white zephyr upon the twigs of the oaks. She noticed them at once, and alighting on the twigs, began to pull them off. Sometimes she would attempt to fly away with a piece before it was entirely loosened from the tree. Then she would return and work away at it with great perseverance. She preferred the white worsted to the red, though she used both. In a day or two I found her at work. She had already attached strings of the worsted to some horizontal twigs and around a small branch at one side; depending from these was a very open network, with a few loose threads hanging beneath. Now clinging to the twigs, and now to the network which she stretched out with her claws, she slowly and securely wove in the loose threads. In three days from the commencement, the network assumed the form of a loosely woven basket, hanging by its brim. In three days more she had strengthened it with an occasional strand of grape vine bark and silk weed fibres, and lined it with grape vine bark, the plumes of weed seeds, and a few horse hairs. This nest was built at the very top of a small burr oak.

The eggs, which soon appeared, were four in number, very long, proportionally, and pointed at one end. They were whitish, with spots and lines of dark brown, as if made by a pen; these were disposed in a circular form around a clear patch at the blunt end, then ran off in fine waving lines toward the sharp point. About two weeks after the young came out, tufted with whitish down, and for several days the mother cared for them unaided. Mr. Baltimore could be heard warbling, "Whit-o! whit-o!" carelessly among the oaks in the

vicinity. As the little ones demanded more food, he joined his labors with those of his mate. The "Ka-ka-ka-kip!" of the little birds could be heard a long way off. At last the yellow-breasted, short-tailed baby Baltimores flew waveringly into the adjacent oaks, and the red and white cradle was left rocking desolately in the wind. So I took it down, and laid it away among my treasures.

The other pair of Baltimores built a nest on one of the swaying top branches of a poplar. It was thickly woven of the strong fibres of the silk-weed, the material generally used by this oriole. The male was very attentive, coming to the nest with food for the young oftener than his mate. He worked very cheerfully, singing "Ker-ka-wet-ka-wet, ker-ki-ka-wet!" as he flew from tree to tree gathering insects. I observed this pair several times, watch in hand, to see how often they brought food to their young. They came about twenty times an hour, working from very early in the morning until almost dark at night. They must have brought four or five hundred insects to their young in a day.

The Baltimore oriole has a pleasant and friendly relative—the orchard oriole. The head, neck, upper part of the back, and tail are black; the wings black and white, while that part of the plumage which on the Baltimore is orange-red, on this bird is fine brownish-chestnut. The female is brownish-green above, and greenish-yellow beneath. The color of the young male is like that of the female, only he has a wide black patch extending from the bill to the upper part of the breast. He does not get his full plumage of black and chestnut until the third year. He helps to raise one brood of little ones before he puts off his boy-bird clothes.

I once noticed a very short courtship between a pair of these orioles. Two or three males had been singing in the vicinity for several days. The evening previous a flock of females arrived. In the cool of the morning, as they were flitting among the willows that overhung a spring, one of the

males flew towards them from a distant oak. There was at once a flutter of excitement in the flock. Two of the females circled around him, and courted his attentions. In less than five minutes a choice was made, and the fortunate one immediately flew away with her lover to the oaks whence he came. The other female was evidently displeased, for she gave the chosen one a parting peck.

The nest of this oriole is not usually pensile, like that of the Baltimore; but is set in a cluster of twigs or on a large branch. I have found a good many, however, attached at the sides to the twigs, and wholly unsupported at the bottom. The nest is very neatly woven of slender grasses, and lined with wool or some other soft substance. The male aids his mate in building the pretty house. The branch of a tree overhanging a stream of water is a favorite place for the nest. One of the first of this kind that I ever saw was in the drooping branch of a great elm, which swung far out over a deep, rapid river. The eggs resemble those of the Baltimore, but are smaller.

The orchard oriole is a very restless bird, fluttering from twig to twig in search of insect food, and throwing in snatches of hurried and vigorous song. He has a call-note, "Tic, que-ic!" which he often uses. The Baltimore sometimes uses the same note. One of the sweetest songs that I ever heard the orchard oriole sing ran like this, "Qu-ka-que sitche-quo sitche-wa-ka sitche-ka-wet ki-ki-ki!" He often sings while flying.

KEPT IN.

BY ROSA GRAHAM.

The children have just left the school house,
You can hear their wild shouts on the air,
As exultant they shake out the knowledge
Crammed in to their daily despair;
All, save one little chubby-cheeked maiden,
Who sits with her face to the wall,
Doomed to taste, for her own misdemeanors,
The bitter effects of the fall.

The poor little martyr! so sorry
A picture there never was seen.
Her arms folded meekly; her sad eyes
Staring wistfully out on the green,
Where the sunbeams are chasing the shadows,
And all are so happy and gay,
Save the one little suffering sinner
That can't gather chestnuts to-day.

At her desk sits that ogress, the teacher,
Calmly watching the hands of the clock,
As though she, too, is eating the apple
So bitterly sweet to her flock.
Not a muscle in all her face quivers;
Not a nerve dare be other than cool;
Faint and weary, she must be consistent,
This pitiful victim of rule.

But "pass in the corner" grows weary,
And restlessly turns in her chair
To take a sly glance at the teacher—
What a comfort to know *she* is there!
"I won't cry to please her," she mutters,
"The horrid old cross-patch! I know
She don't like to stay a bit, either,
And as long as I'm here, she can't go!

"Oh, dear! I'm so stiff, and so tired
Of counting my fingers and thumbs!
Just because I threw beans at Tom Tyler,
And would n't learn to do sums!
I'm sure I do n't care whether twenty
And thirty makes sixty or three;
I'll burn up those horrid old tables!
What good will they ever do me?

"I'm sure I've been here, now, three hours,
And there's never a sign of a 'go';
I fairly believe I'll be kept in
Till tea-time! There's one thing I know—
If I ever grow up to be married—
I s'pose I must, 'cause it's a *rule*—
And have little girls, like my mother,
They never shall go to a school!"

But in spite of her winking endeavors
To force back the tears, they will flow;
And this poor little heart-broken maiden
Gives audible vent to her woe.
There is never, in all her conception,
A burden so hard to be borne,
For she hears the wild glee in the meadow,
And she knows all the nuts will be gone.

But just as the clock strikes the hour,
There come the sweet words of release,
And suddenly clears up the shower—
In one human breast there is peace!
In less time than this takes to tell it,
The bonnet is snatched from the nail,
And a rollicking, frolicking damsel
Is filling with chestnuts her pail.

THE OLD GANDER AND THE GOSLINGS.

BY MAJASA.

"Won't you come and eat with us, to-day, Miss D——?"

"Thank you, boys," replied the little school-teacher; "My dinner is already spread out on the desk over there with Emma and Annie; but I'll stop long enough to tell a little story that has just occurred to me. 'Once on a time,' that's the way stories often begin, you know, a boy had occasion to leave his dinner by the roadside. When he came back he found an old gander enjoying the last crumbs of the nice jelly cake his mother had snugly stowed away at the bottom. Bread and butter and pie had all disappeared. Now, Jack suddenly felt somewhat out of sorts, as you may suppose, and immediately snatched up a club and gave chase; but the old gander kept just ahead. Soon Jack pursued him to a small enclosure where lived mother goose and a large family of goslings.

"'I've got you, now!' shouted Jack; but just as he hurled the club with all his might, over the fence flew the gander, followed by Mrs. Goose, both of them cackling in their loudest tones. Though the missile did not hit the one it was intended for, it crippled two of the goslings, and Jack quickly caught them; he wrung the neck of one and threw it dead on the ground, and was about to execute like summary punishment on the other, when the old farmer, running to find the cause of the uproar in his poultry yard, called,

"'Stop, boy! What are you killing my goslings for?'

"'Your old gander ate up my dinner,' bravely replied Jack, suddenly dropping the gosling he held, and prudently lengthening the distance between them by a number of steps backwards.

"'But the gosling ain't the old gander,' said the farmer, gazing sorrowfully at the dead one stretched out on the ground.

"'N-o,' replied Jack; 'but—I—thought—' and by this time he had backed up to the

outside fence—"I'd make sure 't would never be an old gander.' And with one jump he was over the fence, and soon out of sight in the thick brush."

"Now, Miss D——," said Charlie, as the laugh subsided, "I b'lieve your story means something; it's got a moral, as you say."

"Yes, Charlie, it has," she replied, gravely, and as her eyes rested on the little bottle of cider by Jim's dinner basket, such a sad expression came into them that the boys were instantly sobered.

"I see the p'int, as old Mr. Lester says," exclaimed Hugh, a bright lad, and the pet of the school; "the cider boys drink means the goslings, and the whisky men drink the old gander that eats up their dinner."

"That's it, Hugh," replied Miss D——, patting him on the head.

"Do you think it's wrong to drink cider?" asked Jim, moving uneasily in his seat. "Father keeps it all winter in the cellar."

"*Perfectly sweet cider*, the pure juice of apples, I suppose is as harmless as the apples themselves; but it keeps only a short time—perhaps in hot weather, when it is usually made—not more than three or four days; as soon as it begins to ferment, or work, as we call it, then it is intoxicating, like whisky, only not so strong."

"Little Eddie Smith," said Charlie, "got so drunk on cider last fall that he tumbled off the work-bench, and his mother carried him in the house. They say he did n't get over it all day."

"Such things, Charlie, are a warning to boys—and girls too—to abstain entirely from cider, beer, everything that intoxicates and forms a taste for strong drink. Did you ever notice that men who are in the habit of drinking cider don't like it sweet? Did n't you ever hear them say, 'Just hard enough to be good?'"

"Yes'm," responded Charlie, leaning back against the desk. His unfortunate elbow just then coming in contact with a

dinner-bucket, sent it rolling on the floor, but in its journey it jostled Jim's bottle rather uncereemoniously; out went the cork, and the cider flew half way to the ceiling.

"Halloo!" shouted Hugh, "that cider's old enough to speak for itself, and it says, 'I'm not the gosling, but 'most grown to be the old gander.'"

"There comes Sam Arton!" said Emma, running to the opposite side of the room and looking out the window, for the unexpected explosion had the effect of scattering the group quite suddenly.

"Wonder why he was n't here this morning? First time he's missed this winter, and he was next to head."

"Sick, Sam?"

"Why was n't you here this forenoon?"

"Lost your place—Em 's 'head," were the various exclamations that greeted the new-comer, as after a vigorous stamping of snow off his boots he entered the school-room.

"Had to 'tend store for father," and his voice sunk to a sympathetic tone, "while he helped carry Bob Rafton home."

"What's the matter?" "What's happened?" "Is Bob hurt?" asked several all at once, crowding around Sam.

"Have n't any of you heard? It's awful!" and the boy sunk down on the nearest seat with a shudder. "This morning Tom Williams got drunk again, and knocked Bob down, and beat him so the doctors are 'fraid he'll die."

"Oh, dear!" "Oh, my!" issued from pale lips, while Miss D—— stood, perfectly motionless, as if turned to stone.

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"Five years ago, James," said Miss D——, laying her hand heavily on his shoulder, and speaking slowly, as if each word cost her an effort, "Tom came to school to me; he was about your age then, and the smartest boy in the school—noble and generous, and we all loved him. I've

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"God grant you each strength to keep

this pledge as long as life shall last," said their teacher, with trembling lips, as she hurriedly turned away to conceal her emotion.

LITTLE BAREFOOT.

BY MRS. H. E. BROWN.

Shoeless little feet,
Plodding through the street,
Treading in the mire every step you go;
Why not pick your way,
Heedless little stray?
What are stepping-stones put down for, do you know?

Sparkling little eyes,
Mischievous and wise,
That can quickly spy a penny or a bead;
Let these guide your feet
Through the miry street;
That 's what eyes are made for, darling, do you heed?

You have far to go—
All through life, you know,
And must learn to choose your steps, my little dear;
Else your feet, I ween,
Will be too unclean
For the golden streets of heaven when they appear.

Choose the cleanest way,
Mind what wise men say,
You will get on safely thus, my little sweet;
Learn to have a care
For each net and snare
Which the wily devil spreads for little feet.

One sure path there is;
Past the cross it lies,
And the blood of Jesus sprinkles all the way.
Narrow, clean, and sweet,
Through it little feet
May go spotless on to heaven's bright, golden day.

HOW THE ZULUS LIVE.

BY E. B. TYLER.

You must come with me to southeastern Africa, and we will visit a kraal, or village of huts, enclosed by a circular wall made of poles and sticks, and so firm that wild beasts cannot enter to carry off the calves and kids, which always sleep in the hut with their owner. These huts are made of poles driven into the ground and bent over

in a semi-circular form, then covered with long grass, bound on with bark. There is neither window nor chimney, and for a door only a small opening about three feet high, into which they crawl on their hands and knees, as their fathers did before them. As for the smoke from the fire burning in the middle of the hut, it has no way of escape; but the people declare it is healthy, and seem to like it; and, spreading their straw mats around the fire, they sleep as comfortably as you and I would in beds of down. When the boys are seven years old they are set to herd the goats and calves, driving them out in the morning, staying with them through the day, and bringing them home at night. This they do until they are about twelve, when they are set to herd the cattle. The little girls, as soon as they are old enough, are set at work bringing wood and water, and about nine o'clock in the morning you may often see a little girl coming down to the river bank with a water-pot on her head, and her baby brother, done up in a calf skin, strapped upon her back. Wherever she goes she must carry him, for her mother is hard at work in the hot sun, digging her garden.

About eleven in the morning, the bell from the mission station calls the children to attend school. Some of the children, as they come from various directions, have on nice little shirts, while others are almost naked, wearing little more than a strip of ribbon about their bodies, for if the missionaries waited until the children were clothed they would never get them at all.

"What will you pay me?" asks the little boy when invited to come to school.

"A nice white shirt," says the missionary, "if you stay till you have learned the alphabet."

So the boy studies hard and earns his shirt, which is pulled out of a box just received from America, and presented. But see, he begins at the wrong end to put it on. He has no more idea how to do it than how to read; but when it is finally adjusted, he starts for home a proud and happy boy, to exhibit his prize. Then he

must be reminded that his education is not yet complete, and promised a pair of pants or some other garment, when he has mastered a certain number of columns in the spelling book. So his education goes on, and mind and body are fitted up together, though of course as the children grow older they understand better the value of learning. They are also taught to sing, and very often in traveling you may meet processions of little children, coming from the forests with bundles of fire-wood upon their heads, singing "Happy Land," or some other familiar song, which they have learned at the mission station.

KITTY'S WAY.

BY M. E. N. HATHEWAY.

It is not for beauty that I am renowned,
With my coat of dark brown, and eyes of dull gray,
I'm mainly distinguished among all my friends
For having a talent for winning my way.

I like a soft cushion of feathers or wool,
On which I can rest when I'm tired of play;
So I search round the house till I find one that suits,
Then I spring up and take it. O, that is the way!

Some kittens, for play-things, take pebbles and sticks,
And flutter about with such trifles all day;
But give me a work-box, with thimbles and spools,
And then I will frolic. O, that is the way!

But the finest amusement of all is to lie
In the lap of a lady and watch her crochet,
And catch at the thread as it moves through her hands
And tangle it nicely. O, that is the way!

Sometimes there's a man here, who tries to be stern,
Declaring that I should be taught to obey;
But I climb on his shoulder, and purr in his ear,
And scatter such notions. O, that is the way!

I've grown quite disgusted with brown bread and milk;

If any one likes it, why eat it, I say;
But I know of something that's nicer by far,
So I mew till I get it. O, that is the way!

The counsel I give to all kittens is this:
Decide what you want, without any delay,
Then, don't be discouraged, whatever may chance,
But always go forward and win your own way.

The Little Corporal.

AN ORIGINAL MAGAZINE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS, AND
FOR OLDER PEOPLE WHO HAVE YOUNG HEARTS.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER, EDITOR.

CHICAGO, JUNE, 1873.

SOCIETY OF INQUIRY.

Some very excellent items have come in for this department, and we feel sure it is going to prove both interesting and profitable. Bear in mind three things:

1st.—Let what you send be, as far as possible, the result of your own observation upon things about you. We want you to learn to use your eyes in this wonderful world.

2d.—Put your facts in plain, simple language, and make the statement just as brief as you can. Do not expect the editor to re-write and condense for you. The editor has no time for such work, and you have. One thing which you are to learn is how to tell what you know.

3d.—Give your residence and the date of your observations. If you have made any discoveries about a plant or an insect, the time and place where it was found is an important matter.

Now for the items, and first about

MOULD.

"Did you know that mould was a plant? Papa says it is. The mould that comes on bread and things when they stay too long in a damp place, is almost the same as the little plants called sea-weeds. The dreadful green scum that comes on the top of puddles of water is made of little plants, too."—
GEORGIA LANDIS, Cambridge, Mass.

Quite a number of lists of birds have been sent in, but many of them simply give the names of birds common to the locality—not those which appeared during the month of April. One list includes the *woodchuck*!

The largest and best lists are from
Callistus Ebersoll, Ottawa, Ill.
Maggie Cooper, Lakesville, (No State.)
H. E. C., Niles, Mich.
Albert Norton, Illinois, (No town.)
Ovy Ellis, Barnard, Missouri.
Charles Hanna, Cadiz, Ohio.

Some lists include the names of birds not found in this country; as, for instance, the sky-lark. Nearly all give sap-sucker and woodpecker. There are three varieties of woodpecker, all known as sap-suckers. The fire hang-bird and Baltimore oriole are also the same bird; and the cat-bird is often called American mocking-bird. Brown thrush and brown thrasher are the same; whippoorwill and night-hawk are *not* the same, though one list says

"whippoorwill or night-hawk." It is quite curious to learn that some of our latest comers are singing to our southern friends in April. We give two more items, and then give place to a letter which gives not only the names of the birds, but some pleasant information about them.

THE NEST OF THE KILLDEER.

"I am a farmer's boy, thirteen years old. I have done almost every kind of farm work since I was eight years old. I want to tell the boys and girls how the killdeer builds its nest. It is in the open field, and is nothing but a little hollow in the ground, about an inch in depth, with half a dozen straws and a few gravel stones in it. The bird lays four eggs, about the size of a quail's egg, but a little different in shape. They are more pointed, and are white thickly spotted with black. The pointed ends are always laid towards the center of the nest. I wish some boy would tell about some other kind of nest."—WENDELL L. SIMPSON, Hartford, (No State.)

QUEER HOUSE.

"I want to tell you about a pair of Phebe birds that built a nest in our wood-shed. Mother found the nest, and after we had hunted everywhere, she showed it to us. There was an old sheep skin hung on a pole so as to form a sack, and in it was a nest of young birds. Was not that a queer place? Mother says if she was as smart as Samson she would make a riddle about it, and she wonders if any of the readers of *THE CORPORAL* can."—MARTEA O'BRIEN, Groveland, Ill.

NILES, Mich., April 29, 1873.

"DEAR MRS. MILLER: I send you a list of the birds I have seen this month, whose names I know. I think the Society of Inquiry plan is splendid. Did you ever see toads catch flies? There was one by our door last summer, that I used to feed, dangling before him dead flies attached to threads, till he darted his tongue out and took them. I had a pet tree-toad that I named 'Professor,' because of his wise goggle-eyes. I saw him pull off his skin and swallow it. One spring two Phebes built a nest in our porch. When the young ones were learning to fly, one of them lit on ma's head, as she sat on the porch, and stayed there several minutes, in spite of his parents' apparent anxiety. Next year the pair were too timid to live so near us again, but the wife slept in the nest every night till they got a new one built at the barn. Last winter I was interested in a small bird that came around our door with the snow-birds and tree-sparrows. He was bluish-slate color above and white beneath, with black on his head. He acted somewhat like a woodpecker. Once he found an ear of corn on the porch, and picked off a kernel, which he tried to peck to pieces as it lay on the floor; but it flew away from him, so he picked it up, flew to a tree, and drove it into a crevice in the bark with his bill, then pecked it to pieces and ate it. I have not seen him this spring. I would like to know his name. Now, Mrs. P. V. Hathaway, who lives in Northern Illinois, says red-headed wood-

peckers come in May. I live in Southern Michigan, and I saw one on March first, close to the window, with his head red all over; and I saw two more before April. I have seen similar woodpeckers, with red on their crowns, in midwinter. What kind were they? Are snow-birds and chickadees the same? There are three more birds, whose names I have been unable to find out. One is a large, reddish-brown bird, that sometimes sits in our large trees and makes a strange, yelping cry. Another is a tiny speckled brown bird, that I saw going up a tree trunk like a nuthatch; and the third is a slender, mouse-colored bird, with a little white on the wings, dark head and neck and white breast. I have seen them in flocks."—H. E. C.

OUR BIRDS.

"I live in the country, five miles from any town, and I assure you we all love the birds; they seem to know us and our home. We live about thirty rods from a dense and beautiful grove, and have many trees about the house, and we have nearly every variety of birds. I will begin with the common crow, which remained with us all winter. They do little harm just now, but they watch the turkeys, peafowls and hens, and if they find a nest they will steal the eggs. The blue-jay has also stayed all winter. A pair raised their brood in an evergreen near the front door last year. The snow-bird wintered here, and so did the black-cap titmouse, six of which were reared in a hollow Juneberry tree near the north door. One pair of the sap-suckers, or downy woodpeckers, remained with us. A pair of crested titmice have been with us about two months. Their note is a shrill whistle, like one calling a dog. A pair of wood-larks, or golden-winged woodpeckers, have been with us about the same time. The first pair of hairy woodpeckers came six weeks ago; the shrike, or American butcher-bird, in March; meadow-lark the last week in March, and the blue-bird the next day after the lark. Prairie-warbler has been here all winter. Then we have killdeer, robin, brown martin, passenger pigeon, turtle dove, red-headed woodpecker, curlew, plover, red-wing starling, pewee, white-breasted nuthatch, and many others. The brown thrush gave us his cheerful song only yesterday for the first time; and now as I write, I hear him singing, oh! so sweetly. The black-cap titmouse is very familiar. During the war my brother James was far away from home, and we feared we should never see him again. This dear little bird would sit and sing for hours in such plaintive tones, 'Ja-m-e-e'-this is what we thought it said. We have kept a pan of cracked walnuts standing in the wood-house nearly all winter. These birds live on nuts, and it has often occurred that the downy woodpeckers, a pair of crested titmice, and our eight black-cap titmice have all been around the pan at once. I have to crack fresh nuts three times a week, for we love to feed and watch them. How good God is, to give us such sweet singing birds, and such beautiful flowers."—CALISTUS S. EBERSOLO, Ottawa, Ill., April 17.



Algonquin. "Dear Prudy: Brother takes THIS CORPORAL, and I like it very much. We live up near the mines, and I get beautiful specimens of copper sometimes. We have a beaver dam near our house, and an Indian trapper caught one the other day. Some of the men found Indian hammers in the mine. They are supposed to be one thousand years old. I must tell you of the sun-dogs we have up here. Perhaps you do n't know what they are, so I will tell you; it looks as if there were three suns—one on each side of the real sun—and a rainbow between them. All the people up here call them sun-dogs; but I do n't know what is the cause of them, and I thought you might tell me, so I wrote to you about them. A great storm always follows them; and, although it is a beautiful sight, we are always sorry to see them. If you think this letter nice enough to print, please put it in your pocket. Your little friend,

"MINNIE BOYER."

Davenport. "Dear Prudy: I have seen a great many woodpeckers flying around here. In the early part of winter I saw a woodpecker sitting on the fence picking at something. After watching some time, I saw he was putting some acorns in between the post and the boards, and daily he went there to eat them. On the government island they have got a deer park, with many beautiful deer, which are very tame.

ANNIE L."

St. Joseph. "Dear Prudy: I have wanted to send you a letter for a long time, and have been trying to learn to write well enough. I hope you can read this, and will put it in your pocket. When we were raking off the lawn, the other day, we found under the big bear-grass a nest full of young rabbits—seven of them—nice little gray fellows, so smooth and soft. We thought we would have them for pets when they got a little larger; but one morning we went out to see them and they were all gone. Now was not that too bad? I do not go to school yet, but learn some at home. I am five years old. Yours truly,

"WM. LOVING, JR."

Baraboo. "My Dear Friend Prudy: I do know you are my friend, although I have never seen you, and do not stop to question whether you are Mrs. Miller or Mrs. Somebody-else, so long as you are our own dear Prudy. The Chicago and Northwestern railroad has lately been built through the valley of the Baraboo. One little girl in a neighboring town exclaimed the first time she saw the engine, 'I guess they've brought the whole family along, mamma, for there's the big cook-stove!'"

NELLIE."

Ellsworth. "Dear Prudy: I have been wishing to write to you for a long while, but was afraid I could not write well enough. It is my birth-day, to-day; I

am ten years old. You never could guess what a queer birth-day present I found I had got, when I awoke this morning. It was the mumps! Was not that a funny birth-day present? I don't think very much of it; should you? I have not felt very sick yet. Sister Minnie has been having it, and she was quite sick.

JESSIE M. CHANDALL."

Vermont. "Dear Prudy: I have a wild flower bed in our garden under some grape vines, and last fall the leaves fell and covered them up nice and warm; but when I brushed them off this spring the ground was covered with little green shoots. On the first day of April there came a nice warm shower, and when I went out afterwards to look at them, there was a dear little white flower in bloom. Do you have a wild flower bed, and did you have any flowers in bloom on the first day of April?"

"LIZZIE ASKEW."

Salisbury. "Dear Prudy: I write to you from Salisbury, but my real home is in Hannibal. I have been living with my sister and brother ever since last summer. They were so lonely, after God took their little baby to heaven, that my papa let me stay with them. This is a very uninteresting place—nothing to see but a broad prairie, but I like to stay with sister for all that, we have such nice times together. There is a nice library here, with ever so many nice books in it. I read aloud to sister, and we laugh over the funny things and cry over the sad ones. Don't you like 'Little Women,' and the 'Wide, Wide World'? I do. Now I must tell you something about Hannibal. It is situated on the great Mississippi, and the town runs all up in among the hills. Last spring they made a tunnel through a bluff, and built a bridge across the river, and we often walk to Illinois. Don't that seem funny? You can't imagine all the strange things we found in that tunnel!—among them specimens of petrified trilobites, which they say lived on the earth centuries ago. I hope my letter is too big to slip out of that hole in your pocket. Your little friend,

"BELLE DULANEY."

Grant's Pass. "Dear Prudy: As I have never seen any letters from Oregon I thought I would write one. I am thirteen years old, and I live in Rogue river valley. Were you ever here? I send you some leaves of the madrone and manzanita. The madrone is a tree, and has a smooth bark, and beautiful red berries in the fall. The manzanita is a shrub. I will not describe it, as it has been described before by a little California girl. I also send you some wild flowers and mosses. We have had a very mild winter here; the snow was only two or three inches deep, and went away very soon. The thermometer was only twenty-eight degrees above zero.

The peach trees have been in bloom over three weeks, and the oak trees are all leaved out. I think you are Mrs. Miller; so does mother. Well, Prudy, as you don't like long letters I must close. Your affectionate little friend,
MYRA."

Mattoon. "Dear Prudy: I want to tell you about our birds, both wild and tame ones. Prudy, do you think it is cruel to cage mocking-birds? We have two, and they seem very happy in their cages. I have two canaries, and I feed them. We have a great many wild birds, that build in our yard. I love them dearly, and often throw them crumbs. I cannot see how they all live this cold weather. I think they made a mistake in coming north so early. I will not write any more this time. Please don't lose this out of your pocket. Good-bye. From
"MARY D."

Grand Rapids. "Dear Prudy: I wrote you a letter once from India. My father is a missionary there yet. My mother and my four brothers are there with him. I have one brother here. When I was in Madras, a man brought three little birds, a cannon, and a cart, and asked us if we would like to have the birds fire off the cannon and pull the cart. We told him we would. One of the birds took a piece of wood that was burning, and went up to the cannon as brave as a man, and laid it on the powder, and it would not go off; so it went and got another piece and touched the powder, and it went off. The bird did not mind it at all. The birds did a great many funny things, and made us laugh.
"J. CHESTER CHAMBERLAIN."

Fort Smith. "Dear Prudy: I am a boy twelve years old. I am clerk in a book and news depot. Fort Smith is a city on the borders of the Indian territory. There was a United States garrison here, but the troops have been moved further west, and the officers' quarters (handsome brick buildings) were destroyed by fire. The soldiers' quarters, guard-house etc., are still standing, surrounded by a high stone wall. The Indians come over to the city very often. They bring wild ducks, venison, hams, and many other things, to trade for sugar, coffee, and tobacco. I wonder how many of the LITTLE CORPORAL readers have seen a cane-brake? The Indians bring blow-guns made of cane, with arrows to suit them, also bows and arrows, and sell them for a trifle; sometimes for a piece of bread, old clothes, etc. I know all the boys that read this would like to have a blow-gun. A grand Indian council was held here about three years ago. The Indians danced a war-dance. I have not been to school for nearly two years. I have a mother and two sisters to help support.
FRED HICKEN."

Chicago. "Dear Prudy: I have a little squirrel that I call Dick. I have had him over two years. He is the cutest little fellow you ever saw. He will take a nut and run into mamma's pocket and hide it. One time we found a nut in an oven-shoe. Wasn't that a funny place? Another time he went into papa's boot and went to sleep. When papa went to put his boot on, what should he find but little Dick, all curled up and fast asleep. I wish you would write some more about Tommy.
DELLA."

New Haven. "Dear Prudy: I have a cousin named Georgie. When he was a little boy four years old, he was saying his prayers—

'Now I lay me down to sleep;
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake—'

"When he got as far as this he stopped, and said to his mamma, 'Ho! how could I wake if I was

died-ed?' I am seven years old, and I like the picture stories in THE CORPORAL very much.
"HARRY W. BLAKE."

Hancock. "Dear Prudy: I have taken THE CORPORAL four years. I like it very much. One day there was a toad hopping across the road, and a snake sprang out of the grass and grabbed the toad by the leg and dragged it into the grass and swallowed it. I have a case of butterflies, which I caught last summer. I have a cabinet of minerals, and I should like to exchange specimens of mica, granite, soapstone or beryl, for minerals of some other kinds. They can be sent by mail, to
"CHARLES W. TUTTLE,
"Hancock, N. H."

"Dear Prudy: I have taken THE LITTLE CORPORAL three years, and I like it very much. I have got a dog, and his name is Fido, and he will sit up and speak, and my little brother Grant will harness him up to the sled and he will draw him around.
"JAMES SMITH."

Russell. "Dear Prudy: I want to tell you about our school, and about the last day of school. We had such a good teacher; we had such a good grammar class, too, and we didn't have any book. The last day we gave the teacher an album, and it was so nice; it was all gilt, and held fifty pictures. I have such a nice little brother; he is three years old. Please put this in your pocket.
IDA HOOPER."

New York. "Dear Prudy: I live out west, but am on a visit to my aunt here in New York. She took me to see Barnum's, yesterday. It was splendid. There was a man who sat in a cage, with live snakes all round him. Prof. Faber's talking machine was wonderful. Did you ever see a sea lion, Prudy? I did. The other day mamma wrote me that when she went out to the stable she saw our two kittens on our old horse's back, fast asleep! Wasn't that funny? I like 'Uncle Dick's Legacy' so much. Will Helen C. Weeks ever write for THE LITTLE CORPORAL any more? Please tell me. I want to open a correspondence with some girls of THE LITTLE CORPORAL very much. Do find a place for this in your pocket, dear Prudy. From your loving little friend,
"PET."

Glendale. "Dear Aunt Prudy: A few weeks ago I was very sick, and a friend sent me some books to read and look at. I was more pleased with THE LITTLE CORPORAL than any other book I have seen, and I wanted to have it for my own. My little cousins take 'The Nursery,' and 'The Children's Hour,' but the stories and letters to Aunt Prudy I like best of all. Two days ago I was eight years old.
"MATTIE WRIGHT MORRIS."

Greenville. "Dear Prudy: We live on a farm in Northwestern Iowa. I have never taken THE CORPORAL before this year, and I write to thank you for publishing such a nice magazine for the young folks. I am sure we all think a great deal of it. I have a little brother seven years old; he likes to see the pictures in them, and hear me read from them; he can read, but not such books as THE CORPORAL. My pa teaches school in the winter and farms in the summer. We have eighty acres of nice dry land. I am twelve years old. Very truly yours,
"CALLIE GREEN."

Middlefield. "Dear Prudy: I am a boy ten years old, and I have taken THE LITTLE CORPORAL three years. My father has just moved on a farm, and he said I might tap all the maple trees I wanted to, and I tapped three trees and made three cakes of sugar, and if you were here I would give you one.
"COOLEY W. GRAVES."



CONDUCTED BY PRIVATE QUEER.

No. 55—SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

Who Paul's epistle to the Romans penned?
 What mother feared to see her child's last end?
 Who, from his love to God, the prophets fed?
 Who was it David wished to hear was dead?
 Who with three hundred men a victory wrought?
 Whose house was blest when there the ark was brought?
 Who daily in his chamber three times prayed?
 Who found a kingdom seeking cattle strayed?
 Who slew a heathen king with his left hand?
 Whose prayers brought rain to cheer the drooping land?
 What soldier brave was slain through woman's guile?
 Where lit a seven-days king his funeral pile?
 What busy housewife did our Lord reprove?
 Who saw a sight which all his bones did move?
 A text which old and young should bear in mind,
 Each name's initial take and you will find.

No. 56—CHARADE.

I am a word of two syllables; of which my first, though composed of three letters, has the sound of but two, and forms a part of the name of several great kings often mentioned in Scripture; my second is found in a very fragrant and beautiful flower; and my whole is the name of an island connected with the main land by a broad causeway, three-fourths of a mile long, upon which the modern portion of a very ancient city is built. This island gave name to a light-house that is built on its eastern extremity, and that became so famous as to cause the word light-house to be expressed in French and Italian, and perhaps some other European languages, by a modification of the name of this. What is the name of this island and light-house, and what are the French and Italian words derived therefrom?

F. R. F.

No. 57—WORD SQUARE.

A tropical fruit.
 A girl's name.
 A sweet, pleasant beverage.
 Open, not concealed.
 A large blood-vessel in the human body. B.

No. 58—ENIGMA.

My first is in well, but not in sick.
 My second is in wood, but not in stick.
 My third is in rope, but not in twine.
 My fourth is in oak, but not in pine.
 My fifth is in mast, but not in ship.
 My sixth is in run, but not in skip.
 My seventh is in shad, but not in perch.
 My eighth is in maple, but not in birch.
 My ninth is in lead, but not in tin.
 My tenth is in bad, but not in sin.

My eleventh is in May, but not in June.
 The answer you must not guess too soon,
 But if you look right keen,
 My whole in THE CORPORAL can be seen.

J. W. Jones.

No. 59—ENIGMA.

One-half of me sits liquids; the other half is liquid itself.
 My whole destroys the whole mixture, and lays up all on the shelf.
 My middle you'll find at the Shaker's, first two and last two at the war,
 As well as with dentists and lawyers, who have many cases at bar.
 My 3, 4, 2, 5, is a measure, and is sometimes reckoned by pence;
 You can use it to build up a house, and also in woman's defense.
 My 1, 4, 2, 5, bothers merchants; 'tis what brave boys know nothing about.
 My 2 and 1 sometimes supposes, but you'll find it forever in doubt.
 My 3, 2, 5, 6, is a river; my 4, 5, 6, you'll find in a bar.
 My 5, 2, 3, 6, will measure, or bring you good news from afar.
 My 1, 6, 3, is quite useless, except as a nest for a rat.
 And if you've got 5, 6, 4, 3, I assure you, you'd better get fat. T.

No. 60—RIDDLE.

In a bed, but never sleeping;
 Watering fields, but never reaping;
 Having head, but never thinking;
 Sometimes swelling, sometimes sinking;
 Having banks without great treasure,
 Feeding others without measure;
 Having mouth than head much larger,
 And is nought but a discharger;
 Rising, falling, running, dashing,
 Roaring, raging, winding, splashing,
 Changing, staying, whirling, flowing,
 Never passing, yet ever going. D. O. Uno.

No. 61—PUZZLE.

My whole is composed of 12 letters.
 My 6, 8, 9, 10, is an article of clothing.
 My 9, 8, 2, 10, grows in Spain.
 My 12, 3, 2, 10, lives in Europe and Asia.
 My 1, 8, 2, 10, is a western export.
 My 4, 3, 9, 10, is a swimmer.
 My 12, 2, 3, 9, 10, is used at the depot.
 My 5, 8, 10, 11, is used about oxen.
 My 6, 7, 2, 5, is the opposite of slow.
 My whole is always full of letters. Geo. Pratt.

No. 62—GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 19 letters.
 My 3, 8, 1, 12, 9, a city in Georgia.
 My 11, 12, 14, 6, 12, 5, a city in Louisiana.
 My 1, 12, 7, 2, 3, 4, 13, 19, a city in Ohio.
 My 10, 16, 7, 15, 12, 18, a city in Georgia.
 My 3, 8, 6, 17, 12, 14, a city in Alabama.
 My whole is a range of mountains in the United States. M.

No. 63—RIDDLE.

No head have I, no feet to walk,
 No eyes to see, no tongue to talk,
 And while I never earned a dime,
 I'm very busy all the time.
 I tell the sleeper when to rise,
 The student how he must be wise,
 And different men to hasten on
 To labor, study, prayer and song
 I have no legs, and yet I run,

Both day and night, just like the sun;
Two hands have I, but handle not;
A face that never turns about
Nor ever laughs, nor ever cries,
Nor opens mouth of any size;
No sordid gold have I to keep,
No golden fields have I to reap,
And yet I keep a precious friend
That repeth all things in the end.

D. O. Uno.

No. 64—ENIGMA.

My first is in good, but not in bad.
My second is in boy, but not in lad.
My third is in girl, but not in boy.
My fourth is in sad, but not in joy.
My whole is a precious metal.

F. A. C

No. 65—WORD SQUARE.

To fall.
To answer the purpose.
Part of a door.
A sifter.
A girl's name.

W. G. M.

No. 66—CHARADE.

Cut off my first, and I am used as a fastening; cut off my second, and I am the noise of insects. My whole is the name of a celebrated traveler. *M.M.H.*

No. 67—A FLOCK OF BIRDS.

The substance of trees, and one who strikes small blows.

To destroy, and an animal.
An instrument of sound, and a note.
A number, and a tin vessel.
An instrument for driving, poverty, and a boy's name.

M. M. H.

No. 68—ENIGMA.

I am composed of 18 letters.
My 9, 1, 11, 9, 12, is the name of a bay.
My 4, 5, 3, is a river in America.
My 2, 12, 11, 5, is a feature.
My 7, 8, 6, is a part of the head.
My 10, 13, 12, 9, 10, is a blow.
My whole is the name of a President. *W.E. Talcott.*

No. 69—ENIGMA.

I am composed of six letters.
My first is in water, but not in ice.
My second is in rats, but not in mice.
My third is in love, but not in hate.
My fourth is in man, but not in mate.
My fifth is in house, but not in shed.
My sixth is in tail, but not in head.
My whole is much relished by boys and girls in general.

J. L. B.

No. 70—ENIGMA.

I am composed of 52 letters.
My 13, 36, 43, 17, 5, 1, is a county in New York.
My 31, 29, 4, 34, 3, 16, is a county in Georgia.
My 25, 35, 21, 27, is a county in Arkansas.
My 9, 23, 18, 44, 15, 36, is a county in California.
My 40, 38, 12, 8, 45, 16, is a county in Indiana.
My 2, 23, 10, 16, 22, is a county in Ohio.
My 6, 32, 52, 34, is a county in Illinois.
My 49, 41, 39, 1, 11, is a county in Ohio.
My 37, 33, 23, 39, 51, 42, is a county in California.
My 24, 4, 22, 28, 7, 34, 48, 45, is a county in Texas.

My 19, 26, 1, 36, 32, is a county in Texas.
My 47, 24, 20, 40, 11, 10, 19, 50, 23, 16, 20, 1, is a county in Virginia.
My 33, 32, 30, 46, 27, 22, is a county in Alabama.
My whole is found in Proverbs. *Sterling.*

CORRECT ANSWERS.

Correct answers were sent by the following persons: Sallie T. Carter, F. A. Colvin, Lovell H. Webb, Addie E. Lacey, John H. Freeman, Harvey A. Hall, Maggie Faris, Lina Spruill, Kate W. Foll, Herman N. Turner, Mary D. Wescott, Fred W. Butler, A. R. Bonney, Louise Wetmore, Anna Jerason, Carrie A. Heenan, J. W. Jones, G. H. Hicks, Bertha Buckham, Herbie Morgan, Nellie Corneau, Eva M. Platt, Ella V. Gibeon, Katie Dillman, Callie Spruill, M. H. Blackwell, S. H. Bear, Nellie Broomhall, Willie Spruill, Carrie Dansenberg, Manie Dodson, Flora Bevis, Anna Sanford, Anna A. Seward, Annie B. Orton, May Walton, Willie T. Helfin, Luther H. Buell, Hubert Bell, Omar Wilson, Arthur D. Osborne, Abraham L. Hunter, Susie Lane, Hattie D. Ayers, Alice J. Smith, James A. Cook, Harry App, E. Scott Owen, Helen M. Templeton, Mary Olla, John E. Keeler, Willie Coe, John Schillestad, Mabel Wood, Clara A. Dartt, Carrie La Monte, Mary P. Tennant, Frank E. Pendall, Rachel Watkins, J. A. Van Campen, Geo. H. Dickey, C. W. Philpoe, Charley Lane, Lizzie A. Shumard, Annie D. Kelly, Nellie Colton, Emily J. Lockwood, Sarah L. Lent, Mamie Hazelrigg, Dora A. Wood, Leonora E. Tindburg.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES, ETC., IN MAY NUMBER.

No. 42.—Charade—Blue-bird.
No. 42.—Word Square—H E A R T.
E M B E R
A B A S E
R E S I N
T R E N T

No. 44.—Enigma—Peru.
No. 45.—Puzzle—Ostrich.
No. 46.—Enigma—Pennsylvania.
No. 47.—Word Square—M A N.
A L E
N E T

No. 48.—Puzzle—Move 5 to 2; 3 to 7; 8 to 6; 1 to 4.
No. 49.—Enigma—Little Corporal.
No. 50.—Logograph—Cod; od; o; Co.; c (sea); d (dec); doc (k); do; o!

No. 51.—Logograph—Whale; hale; ale; Le (c).
No. 52.—Word Square—E L L A.
L E A N.
L A T E.
A N E W.

No. 53.—Puzzle—Knot; not; ton; on; no.
No. 54.—Enigma—The Little Corporal.

TRANSLATION TO PICTURE STORY
No. 4.

Billy, the pony, liked oats, and thought he had a right to all he could get. How should he know any better? So, oftentimes, when the day's work was done, he went by a way that he knew how to travel, and helped himself from the oat-bin. How he did it was a mystery; and it was a mystery to farmer Jones what became of the oats. But Billy understood how to do it very nicely. As soon as the coast was clear, and the night quiet and still, he leaped the bars, opened the door of the stable, and found the way into the large bin of oats—always in prime order. In the morning, when farmer Jones went to the field for Billy, Billy was there ready to greet him with a "Fine morning, Mr. Jones, very fine morning!" So that's all.

W. O. C.

The Little Corporal.

TERMS—\$1.50 a year. Single Numbers 15 cents.

JOHN E. MILLER,

Publisher and Proprietor,

No. 164 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

THE POSTAGE on the *LITTLE CORPORAL* is three cents a quarter, or 12 cents a year, payable quarterly at the P. O. where the magazine is received.

CHICAGO, JUNE, 1873.

LIFE ON AN ISLAND.

BY

HELEN C. WEEKS.

We shall begin the publication of this new story in the July number. Those who have read *Dora*, will know that this new story, by Mrs. Weeks, will be full of interest, and of itself worth many times the price of *THE CORPORAL* for a year. We can certainly promise our readers a rich treat in the events of *Life on an Island*. Now will be a good time to get a few more names to your club.

END OF VOLUME XVI.

The present number closes volume sixteen, and brings *THE CORPORAL* to the end of its eighth year. The July number begins a new volume, and now is a good time to raise a club and secure one of our beautiful premiums. Now for active work! There are yet many thousands of families who are not taking *THE CORPORAL*. You can do a great good by giving him an introduction to new families. We want fifty thousand new names before the end of the present year. Send them along.

REMOVAL.

We have removed our office to 164 Randolph street, in the burnt district, where we have more ample quarters, and where we shall be pleased to see our friends when they come to the city.

RENEW!

Your time has expired, if just after your name is printed *June 3*. You will do us a favor to renew at once, so that your name may not be taken from the list. Remember the chromos are still given to every subscriber. Read what is said about terms in another place.

The price of *THE LITTLE CORPORAL* is \$1.50 per annum, including our pair of oil chromos, "*MOTHER'S MORNING GLORY*," and "*LITTLE RUNAWAY*." When the pictures are to be sent by mail, 10 cents

extra must be sent, or \$1.60 in all. When 25 cents extra is sent, or \$1.75 in all, the pictures will be sent, post paid, mounted, sized and varnished, ready for framing. This is the most desirable form to have, as but few persons are able to prepare chromos properly for framing. For special club terms see another place.

SPECIAL CLUB TERMS.

With the choice of one chromo—either *Mother's Morning Glory* or *Little Runaway*—to each subscriber, mounted, sized and varnished, and sent post paid.

1.—For a club of six subscribers for one year, and \$10.00 received at one time, we will send one chromo to each subscriber, and a croquet set valued at \$5.00, to the person sending the club.

2.—For a club of ten names and \$15.00 received at one time, we will send ten chromos, and a croquet set valued at \$7.00.

3.—For a club of three names and \$4.50 sent at one time, we will send three chromos, and a Globe Microscope as a premium.

4.—For five names and \$5.50 received at one time, we will send five chromos, and a Novelty Hand Stamp.

5.—For five names and \$6.00 received at one time, we will send five chromos, and a Globe Microscope.

6.—For five names and \$5.25, we will send five chromos, and the chromo *Cherries are Ripe*, or *First Lesson*, to the person sending the club.

7.—For six names and \$7.50, we will send six chromos, and one-half dozen extra silver plated teaspoons.

8.—For six names and \$6.50, we will send six chromos, and either *Reed's Drawing Lessons*, or *Royal Road to Fortune*, or *Self Help*.

9.—For five names and \$5.00, we will send five chromos, and one extra chromo to the person sending the club.

The chromos for each club will be sent, post paid, in one package, to the agent, who must distribute them to the subscribers of his club.

These terms hold good until July 1st, only, and the full club, with the money, must be sent at one time.

Any subscriber may receive both chromos by paying 25 cents extra, to be sent at the same time the club is sent.

AGENT'S OUTFIT.—To any one who will try to raise a club, we will send, post paid, both chromos mounted, sample numbers of the magazine, and subscription blanks to canvass with, upon the receipt of 60 cents. We want one or more agents in every town. Send for outfits at once, and prepare for a vigorous canvass.

THE GLOBE MICROSCOPE, advertised in this number, and offered as a premium on our new list, is one of the best low-priced instruments we have ever seen. In a family of children it will afford an endless amount of amusement and instruction. Objects for

examination can easily be obtained and prepared in a few minutes. A few prepared objects, however, will be found very interesting and desirable to have on hand for ready examination.

IRREGULARITIES.—It would be a great favor to us if subscribers would notify us at once of any failure in receiving the regular issues of the magazine. Every number is mailed previous to the first of the month for which it is issued, but the mails sometimes fail to reach their destination, for reasons which are beyond our control. Subscribers will sometimes wait months, and even a year, before they make known any failure or irregularity in the service of the magazine. We are always willing and glad to make any corrections in the address, and to supply lost numbers, if we are informed in proper season. It is to our interest to have every subscriber get every number of the magazine he has paid for.

Subscribers changing their place of residence and neglecting to inform us of any change, especially in the direction of the magazine until several numbers are lost, must not expect us to make good the loss, as we mail every number to the address as given, until a change is ordered.

UNCLE DICK'S LEGACY closes with this number, and a new story, by Helen C. Weeks, will begin in our next, as announced in another place. **HIDDEN TREASURE** will continue through the present year. Never before has **THE CORPORAL** presented each month so much valuable reading matter and so popular a corps of writers as during this year. Each number of the magazine contains more matter than any book which generally sells for \$1.50, and the twelve numbers of the magazine for a year are equal to a dozen such books, and yet the price of **THE CORPORAL** is only \$1.50 a year. Remember these facts when you think of subscribing.

MONTREAL, Virginia.

MR. MILLER—My Dear Sir: The two chromos, and three numbers of **THE LITTLE CORPORAL** are received. Thanks, many thanks for them. The chromos are, indeed, very beautiful. I do certainly admire them, and so does every one that sees them. I shall certainly do all in my power to extend the circulation of **THE LITTLE CORPORAL**, which is the best magazine I ever saw. With many wishes for your welfare and success, I remain, very truly yours,

PERCY G. ELSOM.

WARTBURG, Tenn.

MR. J. E. MILLER—Dear Sir: Your two splendid little pictures were received in good order last week. I really cannot find any word to express the delight of my children for them. The "Little Runaway" is their best friend. Of course when **THE LITTLE CORPORAL** uses all the time such aims, no doubt he must gain, not alone the hearts of the little ones, but also every mother's heart, too. Then they remind us of our own dear darlings. Take our best thanks for them. Respectfully,

FANNY SIENCHNECHT.

KENTON, Ohio.

MR. JOHN E. MILLER—Dear Sir: I received **THE CORPORAL** and chromos, and words are inadequate to express my surprise and pleasure. The pictures are exquisite, and I desire to express my thanks for

the beautiful present. My pa takes a number of books and papers, and he was promised chromos and engravings, and only one came to time, and it was hideous. Yours respectfully,

FLORENCE RIES.

GODFREY.

MR. MILLER—Sir: I received the chromos, and was astonished when I opened the package to find two such beautiful pictures. They are worth the money alone, without **THE LITTLE CORPORAL**. I thought they would be some cheap pictures, like those which come with other magazines. I wish every one could have **THE CORPORAL** and the pictures, for I know they could not help but like them. Yours respectfully,

S. W. H.

MR. MILLER—Dear Sir: I thought I would write to you, and thank you for the splendid premiums you sent me for getting up a club. They even exceeded my best expectations, and I feel very well paid for my labor. I have taken **THE LITTLE CORPORAL** ever since it was published, and I think it grows better every year. And again thanking you for the premiums, I remain, yours respectfully,

FRED WILKINSON.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

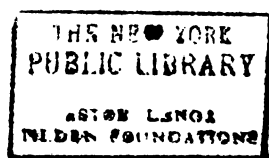
Striking for the Right, by Julia Eastman, is a book that has a history and a character lying behind its fitting title. The publishers, D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, illustrated their enterprise and their high aim by offering, not long since, the magnificent prize of one thousand dollars for the best juvenile volume that should meet certain specified conditions. There were many competitors, and a huge pile of manuscripts that came into notice. This book stands at the head of the list, and the author takes the money. The reader will not be likely to feel surprised. It is admirable in all respects. It lacks no element of a thorough success. It throbs from beginning to end with genuine and healthy life. Price \$1.75.

Silent Tom is the title of one of D. Lothrop & Co.'s new juvenile books, and it takes rank among the best of the always excellent issues of this enterprising house. It stands next to *Striking for the Right*; for, while that most attractive volume took the first prize of \$1000, this took the second. The name of the author, as given in the title page—"N. L. Edson"—seems to be a new one in literature, but it is evidently a practised hand that penned these pages, the servant of a trained and fruitful brain. There are not a few things in the book that suggest a popular writer, over whose pages many of us have bent before now, thrilled, magnetized, and tearful. The readers of **THE CORPORAL** can readily spell out with the letters making up the author's name, the name of the author of one of our most popular serials, now printed in **THE CORPORAL**. We rather like the story of *Silent Tom*, for Tom is a grand and noble character. Price \$1.75.

Anna Maylie, just published by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, is a juvenile book of special excellence. It gives us the story of faithful, patient, trustful, resolute work in the Sunday-school, the home, and in the field of the western religious pioneer. The variety of characters and incidents is large, and there is nothing which approaches prolixity, or suggests cant, or exalts common-place, or threatens weariness. Price \$1.50.

Another of the choice juvenile books issued by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, appears with the title of *The Old Stone House*. It is a genuine book, with character, freshness, skill, vivacity, and vital forces embodied in every page. It is just such a book as wide-awake and intelligent young people will never tire of or nod over, and while they are entertained they will be lifted. Price \$1.50.

Any of the above books sent, prepaid, upon receipt of the price, or the four volumes will be sent for \$6.00. Address JOHN E. MILLER, Publisher Little Corporal, 164 Randolph street, Chicago, Ill.





THE MATINEE.

THE LITTLE CORPORAL.

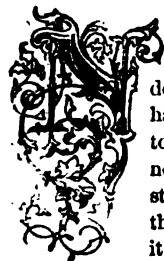
FIGHTING AGAINST WRONG; AND FOR THE GOOD, THE TRUE, AND THE BEAUTIFUL.

VOL. XVII.—JULY, 1873.—No. 1.

LIFE ON AN ISLAND.

BY HELEN C. WEEKS.

CHAPTER I.—GETTING THERE.



EVER heard anything about her before, and don't want to now. We have trouble enough trying to get a good time out of nothing, as it is; and this stuck-up thing will spoil even that. Oh! I know just how it will be: 'Why, cousin, I'm surprised at such rudeness! I never saw anything like that in Boston!' Do n't talk to me about her coming!"

"Well, but see here, Frank, she's got to come, for she has n't anywhere else."

"Then let her go to school."

"But she is n't strong enough. She's got to get well, first. And we're her only relations."

"May be she'll be nice," said George, who had been listening with open eyes; "but who is it you're talking about? the new teacher?"

"No, you little goose!" Frank said, getting up from his seat in the hay; "it's our lovely cousin—our city cousin—coming to teach us city ways. I won't stand 'em!"

"What are city ways?" George asked.

"Wait and you'll see!" Mary said. "But after all, she may not have many, for she's

only eleven—just exactly my age; our birthdays come close together, mother says. I think it'll be fun to see something new—we never do here."

"Well, it'll be fun to watch her," said Frank, rolling back upon the hay. "Won't everything seem queer to her—children and all? I declare, children, you certainly are the worst-looking set I ever did see. Harry, there's no more shape to you than a jelly-fish. You're so fat you're broad as you are long; and Jack, there, is thin and black as an eel. And as for you, George, you burrow in the sand so, you never would know whether you were a clam or a boy, if it was n't for the dinner and supper bells."

"Rose used to be pink and white as could be," Mary said, looking critically at the youngest, best known as Rosy or Posy. "Now, Posy, you're burned so brown I do n't see how it will ever come off. Annie will think you're an Indian."

"Let her, then," Frank said, roughly. "Who's got to go after her?"

"You and Oscar, I guess. She'll be at the Point about four; but mother'll tell you that. And you must take the biggest boat, so's to bring her trunk and things. My goodness, Frank! there's a flag flying

on the Point now! Get the glass, quick, and let's see who it is!"

In a minute the six children were running from the barn to the house, and up stairs to the little tower, screaming as they went,

"There's somebody on the Point, mother!"

Mrs. Barstow came out from the sitting-room, ready to say "Hush!" but too late to quiet the noisy group, who in another moment had banged down the stairs, and were all about her.

"My dear children, you really must be stiller," she began. "Mary, can't you lead off more quietly?"

"Oh, I could, but, mother, there was n't time. Do you know I believe it's Annie over on the Point? There's a wagon, and a trunk, and a man by the flag-staff, and a little girl not as big as me, sitting on a stone."

Mrs. Barstow took the glass and looked for a moment.

"Yes, it's Annie," she said. "Now, Frank, run up our flag, to let them know you see them, and then tell Oscar to get the big boat ready. I'll go over, too, so that she need n't be frightened."

"Frightened!" said Mary; "how could she be? What is there to be afraid of?"

"Perhaps she has never been in a boat," said Mrs. Barstow. "Now, Mary, keep the children still while I am gone, for grandma wants to take a nap. You'd better not stay in the house at all."

"We don't want to," said George. "We're all building a house out of clamshells over on the north shore, and we're going to have a party when it's done. Can Ann give us some crackers and things?"

"Yes," Mrs. Barstow said, "if you will go still;" and the children tip-toed off, making up for the short silence by a unanimous howl as they came out from the kitchen shortly afterward, and ran over to the north shore.

"Get two boat-cloaks, Frank," Mrs. Barstow said, as she went down to the beach, where Oscar, a swarthy boy of fifteen, was pushing off the boat, his trowsers rolled

above his knees. "Now hold Milly while I get in."

Milly, the year-old baby, gave little squeaks of delight as Oscar took her for a moment, and then wading to the bow, handed her to mother, who folded her in the great boat-cloak as she sat down. The boat grated a moment on the sand, then, as Frank pushed, slid off into deeper water. The boys jumped in, and in a moment were rowing with even strokes out from the little cove into the open Sound, covered now with white caps tossed up by the bright, clear April wind.

"It always seems long going over, and short coming back," Frank said presently. "Mother, I don't see how you can steer and hold baby too."

"It's second nature to do both." Mrs. Barstow laughed, looking back to the island, and her face clouding just a little as she thought of one more child in that crowded house. "After all, they live out of doors mostly," she said to herself. "Only winter shuts them in a little, and the summer is before us yet. Well, I hope they will all agree. Can you see her, Frank?" she went on aloud; "your eyes are sharper than mine."

"I see a girl walking around," Frank said, turning a moment. "Jumping, I mean. She's going over those rocks as if she knew all about them. She does n't, does she? Has n't she always lived in a city?"

"Why, no!" Mrs. Barstow said, looking surprised. "I thought you knew she had always lived way up in the country, right on the line between Vermont and Massachusetts. I do n't believe she ever saw salt water before. How is it, though, you do n't seem to know anything about her? You have heard us talk of her."

"I know it, mother; but I never listen. I do n't like relations, and do n't want to hear about them. Relations are always meddling with you. Strangers know enough to let you alone."

"You may be thankful to think you've got any," said Mrs. Barstow.

"Well, I'm not," Frank answered after a moment. "I wish we were n't getting so near this one. It's the shortest two miles I ever knew," he added, as the figures on the Point grew more and more distinct; and very soon the boat was alongside the little steps Captain Barstow had made there years before.

"Now, Annie, you must come to me," Mrs. Barstow said, standing up; "for you see I have Milly in my arms. Can you get in? Give her your hand, Frank, and help her over the seats. I have part of an arm left for you, dear."

Annie, blushing hotly as she stumbled over the seats and oars, and saw the two boys watching her as if they wanted to laugh, reached her aunt at last; but before she could kiss her, was seated unexpectedly by a sudden wave, which sent the boat hard against the pier.

"Never mind," said Mrs. Barstow. "Wrap this cloak around you, and we'll say 'how d'ye do' when we get home. Lift the trunk in carefully, Oscar. Is that box to go, too? Well, there is plenty of room. Sit just in the middle of your seat, Annie, else the boat won't trim."

Annie looked around, bewildered, wondering where the trimming was, and deciding it must mean the lines of paint around the edge; though how where she sat could affect them was hard to tell. Baby smiled at her at once, and Annie put out her hand and touched the soft little fingers a moment. But as they pushed off, and the heavy boat seemed almost even with the water, she looked fearfully around, and almost screamed as one wave splashed over the sides.

"You need n't be afraid," Mrs. Barstow said; "it's perfectly safe. Turn round, and you'll see where you're going."

Annie tried to, but the boat tipped, and another swash of water came in.

"I'd rather sit still," she said, her eyes full of tears. "Is it always rough like this?"

"Why, this is n't rough any," said Frank. "You wait awhile, and you'll see big waves wash right over the whole boat."

"They won't do that to-day," said Oscar.

"They wait for winter for that; and by that time you'll be used to 'em, and won't care. Now I'll stop rowing a minute and let you turn round."

Oscar steadied her as she stepped over the seat, and wrapped the canvas cloak tightly about her; and Annie, finding they did not upset, and were really going fast through these dashing waves, looked straight before her.

This is what she saw: A cluster of little islands—two or three mere strips of sand rising from the water—then one larger one, on which stood a low house, with piazzas around it, and, beyond, two or three rambling barns. There were no trees but cedars, save at the end of the island nearest them, where stood a very old weather-stained little house, half covered up by one great apple tree. Everything seemed gray and barren; but as they drew nearer and nearer she could see green grass about the house, and corn-fields at the back; and still beyond, more green grass, where cows were feeding. If these waves would only keep still long enough to let her look straight at anything! She was growing sick and dizzy as they shot into the little cove, and in a moment grounded on the white sand.

Oscar lifted her out before she knew what he meant to do, and then took the baby, who held tight to him, and was by no means ready to go into the house. Mrs. Barstow stooped and kissed Annie, and then taking her hand led her to a little girl who had at first run down to the boat, and then drawn back.

"This is your cousin Mary, Annie," she said. "Annie is tired out, and a little sick I think. Take her to your room, Mary, and let her lie down till tea-time."

"I'm glad you've come," Mary said, after a shy look or two; "because we're just the same age, and they're most all boys, except Rosy and the baby. We're going to sleep together. I've got a real nice room."

Annie felt too sick to think much about it; but an hour or two later, as she woke from a sound sleep, and saw the sunshine

streaming in, she sat up at once for a good look. There was red and white matting on the floor, and red and white curtains at the windows, and a spread of the same on the bed on which she had slept. The furniture was a very plain gray cottage set, but just the thing for the low room, Annie decided, getting up and walking to the mantel-piece to find out what sparkled in the two great old-fashioned decanters on each end. Some sort of thin yellow-and-white shells, "gold and silver" shells, she found afterward, covered with water, which brought out all their colors. A great branch of white coral, and two conch shells were in the center, and a box of delicate foreign ones between. Annie turned them over with delight, wishing she knew the names, and then almost jumped, as, taking up a bottle, she saw a curious something like a horse's head with a fish's tail.

"I guess that's a kind of a mermaid," she said to herself, as she turned toward the window, wondering how it would seem to look off. Not so lonely after all. The wind had gone down, and between the islands and the Long Island shore, some twelve or fifteen miles across, the blue water sparkled and danced under the sunlight. She saw the smoke from a passing steamboat, and the white sails of two or three boats sailing out to the sea. Gulls were flying all about; she heard the sound of waves against the shore, and then the children's voices as they ran around the house and burst into the sitting-room.

"Has she come?" "Is she down here?" "Where is she?"

Annie shrunk back a little, dreading to meet such a crowd, and wondering if she should ever remember all their names. In a moment the door opened, and Mrs. Barstow came in, followed by a tall old lady in deep black.

"This is your grandmother Catlin," she said. "You have never seen her since you were a baby, Annie. Here is your grandfather, too."

Annie looked up to see the very sternest face she had ever looked upon, and for a

moment wanted to run. But the eyes seemed kind, after all, and she came toward them, wondering what she was to do. Captain Catlin patted her on the head, stood looking at her a minute, and then went back to his room.

"She's her mother all over again," Mrs. Catlin said, wiping her eyes. "He saw it quick enough. Well, child, come here and kiss me. I hope you know how to behave, and that you ain't as full of notions as most likely you are. Why ain't you in black? You ought to be!"

"Father never liked it," Annie said, trying to keep down the tears. "Mother did n't wear it, and she said I had better not. She knew I did n't need a black dress to make me remember her."

"Well, child!" the old lady said sharply, "I can't have you going round before me with that bright plaid thing on. It's not decent respect. Sarah, you must get her some mourning."

"Well, mother; but do n't make her cry now," said Mrs. Barstow, hastily. "Run down stairs and see your cousins. Here's Mary."

"Put on your shawl, or something, and we'll go out to the barn may be," whispered Mary; and Annie, who longed to be alone, picked up her waterproof and went down.

"They're all waiting, and they're all afraid as they can be," said Mary. "You may as well see 'em all now. Here they are in a heap," she went on, opening the dining-room door. "Frank you know; and that black-eyed one is Jack, and the fat one is Harry, and this is Rosy Posy, and the baby you've seen, and I'm Mary; and you need n't try to remember any of us till to-morrow."

Annie kissed Rosy, and would have done the same for the rest, who hung back shyly, if they had not rushed off suddenly and left her standing there.

"Now come and see where we study," said Mary, going out and walking toward the little house on the bluff. "That is where grandpa lived when he was first married. My mother and yours were both

born there. It's the queerest old place! Only two rooms, you know. One is Oscar's and the other is the school-room."

Annie looked around with delight as they went into the old room. Heavy beams ran across the ceiling; a great chimney was at one end, and near it an opening into which she peeped at once.

"Why, it's a brick oven!" she said.

"To be sure!" said Mary; "only it is n't used for that any more. It's where the boys get put sometimes when they won't mind. We had a teacher last winter that used to use it for that; but she would n't stay, it was so lonesome, and this winter we've got to have another. Father's going to get one that will stay, if he can."

The tea-bell rang before they had time to more than look at the school-room, and Annie went in, curious to know what her first meal would be like. Not a very cheerful one, it proved. Grandfather Catlin asked a long blessing, and then ate as if he had lost time and must make it up. The children were hushed if they tried to talk,

only Frank venturing now and then to make a remark. The chairs were pushed back as soon as supper ended, and old Mr. Catlin read a long chapter from the Old Testament, followed by a prayer which seemed to Annie to talk about everybody on earth—Jews, Turks, Ethiopians—coming down at last to the "stranger within our gates."

"That must be me," Annie thought, the tears coming fast. "I am a stranger, sure enough, and seems to me I can never be anything else. It's all so different from home. It was easy to pray father's prayers; but grandfather is n't like him. I'm always going to be homesick, I'm afraid."

Grandfather Catlin looked at her when the prayer was ended as if he would like to talk, but changed his mind and walked away; and Annie, after sitting uneasily a little while watching her aunt darn stockings, went up to her room and unpacked what she would need for the night, and then crept to bed, feeling this was a dreary beginning of her new life.

EARNED TWICE.

BY MRS. JULIA P. BALLARD.

Rose's skillful fingers were busy, day after day, with her intricate crocheting. Annette "wondered at her patience," as the ball into which she wound her yards of neat white trimming grew larger than an orange, and still she crocheted on! But a little secret lay in that white ball—a big secret to Rose, and one which Annette certainly could not know anything about at present. There was something better than gold right down in the bottom of Rose's heart—something that gold cannot buy—something we are very poor without, and very rich when we have it. And right out of this something Rose was drawing the patience that manifested itself just now in the big ball of trimming.

"I know what it was," you say, "LOVE!"

You are right. Love for her orphan sis-

ter, Annette. She had plenty of it for others, too—her father, and dear little Artie, and hosts of friends who loved the "sweet unselfish Rose," with her sunny smile playing about her cherry lips, and her blue eyes looking love into somebody's face all the glad day.

Annette's heart had long been set on a writing-desk. Her little green paper box, with a great rose on the lid, that held her uncopied compositions, half-finished letters, dainty valentines, and tinted sheets of blank note paper, was too shabby, too small, and too old to suit Annette's delicate taste; and oh, how she longed for a real writing-desk!

And Rose had seen one, a splendid one, with silver bands on the corners, and divisions inside, and a place for the name on the lid in pearl; and she had also, in fancy,

seen "Annette" neatly cut in the pearl, ready for somebody's birthday, still two good months ahead. Annette came with the June blossoms, and why should n't she find a writing-desk among the flowers, of all other things, this very coming June?

The ball grew and grew, and at last it was n't seen any more. Rose was drawing, or studying, or writing. At any rate, she was n't crocheting; and Annette had forgotten all about the "wonderful patience" she had so admired. But down in the very bottom of Rose's lowest bureau drawer in a little red troche box lay a five dollar bill. And in a window of a small "notion store," in a part of the city where Annette would be sure not to go, hung the white trimming, which a short, keen-eyed, brusque-looking man had taken from Rose, and given in exchange the bill. There was something deep down in *his* heart, too. It was n't *love*. If Rose could have seen it, as only One who looks right into the bottom of our hearts did, she never would have trusted her precious work in his hands!

At last she went for the box—just a little before the time, for she was sure it was safer in the bookstore, "laid away for her," than she could have kept it at home. The little troche box was quite as much as she could manage in the way of a secret for any length of time. She went at last, as I said, for the box. The book merchant brought it out, and turned it round tenderly, dusting it with a tiny scarlet feather broom, and setting it down before Rose.

"Could you have a word cut for me on the pearl, here?" asked Rose, laying her finger on the center of the cover.

"Yes. 'Rose'?" asked the merchant, with a smile.

"No; 'Annette.'"

"Yes, I will have it done to-day, and sent to your number."

"Please have '12' cut below 'Annette.'"

"All right." And the merchant wrote it on a card and laid it on the box, and Rose drew out her five dollar bill and handed it to him.

He held it a moment, eyed it curiously, snapped it until Rose was afraid it would part; and then a little flush went over his face, which Rose did not fail to notice.

"Do you know just where you got this, my little girl?" he asked kindly. "I suppose you do n't," he added, as Rose looked earnestly at him; "your father gave it to you, and took it from among so many, you could n't tell anything about it. Is that it?"

"Oh, no, indeed!" said Rose, betrayed into great confidence; "it's my very own, and I *do* know just where I got it."

"All right, then; you must go to the person and tell him it is a mistake—it is not a true bill; do you understand?"

"I suppose you mean it is counterfeit; but I can hardly think so. At any rate the man would not have taken—" "so much work," she was going to add, but stopped—"would not have given it to me if he knew."

"I hope not. When did you get it?"

"Oh, weeks ago."

"No time to lose, then. I will keep the box till you are ready."

Rose left; and as she walked slowly down one street and through a cross street, on and on, she kept wondering whether the man would take it back—whether if he would n't any other way, he would give her the work, at least, and let her try again.

The work did not hang in the window. There were plenty of beads, and specked and age-yellowed patterns, and dingy pictures, but no graceful loops of white trimming! That was gone long ago, and so was all the man's recollection of "any such little girl," or "any such trade!"

Poor Rose! She could not believe that what she feared was in the bottom of that man's heart *was* really there—*dishonesty*. It looked very much like it, for how could he forget how long they talked together when he bought it? How he asked her if "she needed to work to earn a living?" and how she told him "she wanted to buy a present for somebody with her very own money, because that would seem worth so much

more;" and how he praised her, and smiled on her, as he gave her the bill!

"If you *did* get it of me, you should have brought it back at once. According to your own story it is weeks ago; and it would be impossible for me to tell that this was the same money, even if I knew I had seen you before!"

And this was why *that* June brought no writing-desk to Annette; and why the patient crocheting began again, for that was the only thing Rose was sure of to get money by. She might have gone to her father with a long complaint, and begged the money; or at least have told Annette all about it, and been satisfied to hear her say, "I will take the will for the deed;" but she was too noble for this. She went to work and did it all over again, and had

"18" cut in the pearl below "Annette," instead of "12."

She did not take her next ball to the keen-eyed man of the out-of-the-way "no-tion store;" but not many months after—before the "18" was cut on the box—she passed that way and saw the little frame store all in ashes! The keen-eyed man was walking among the smouldering brands and heaps of ashes, picking up here and there a nail, or bit of melted iron, but never any five dollar bills!

"I do n't know!" she said, trying to work out some puzzling thought in her brain; "I do n't know; but if he did give me that on purpose, may be this is why! At any rate, he has had loss and trouble; but perhaps it does not become me to look into the reasons."

CLAIRE'S ACQUAINTANCE WITH A ROYAL PRINCESS.

BY CAROLINE MARSH CRANE.

CHAPTER I.

"DEAREST CLAIRE: Will you not come to the palace to-night, at eight? Lovingly,
"JACQUELINE."

The envelope which contained the above note from the Duchess was a dainty little one, not more than three inches square. The note was written in French, and addressed to

M^{lle} CLAIRE STACY,
MAISON-BLANCHE,
RUE D'ALEMBERT.

The liveried footman who brought the note handed it to the pompous servant who opened the door, who presented it to the butler, who in his turn delivered it on a silver waiter to Mrs. Dopplewurt, who immediately gave it to young Claire, as she sat beside her one morning in a sumptuously-furnished room in the Maison Blanche.

But I must tell how it happened that blue-eyed Claire, born on the prairies, happened to be sitting that morning by the side of Mrs. Dopplewurt and receiving a note from the Royal Palace:

Claire is a little American, who has spent most of her short life in our own Western States. She has rosy cheeks and laughing eyes, and the smile on her face rarely has time to fairly fade out before it comes flashing back again over her lips. She has two brothers and four sisters, a father and mother, and an endless number of friends. She used to go to school in a little unpainted, wooden school-house which had only one room and a lobby where the girls hung up their shawls and shakers, and the boys hung up their hats, or threw them down on the floor, just as it happened. She used to wash dishes and drive the cows to pasture, and jump rope and pick up chips, and climb to the tree-tops for wild grapes, and go black-berrying with her brother Tom down by the creek, where the great fallen trees reaching out over the water always tempted her to take off her shoes and stockings, tuck up her gingham dress, and help sober little Tom out to the tip-end of some strong branch, where they would sit, hand-in-hand, with their feet dangling over in the sun-lit

seen "Annette" neatly cut in the pearl, ready for somebody's birthday, still two good months ahead. Annette came with the June blossoms, and why should n't she find a writing-desk among the flowers, of all other things, this very coming June?

The ball grew and grew, and at last it was n't seen any more. Rose was drawing, or studying, or writing. At any rate, she was n't crocheting; and Annette had forgotten all about the "wonderful patience" she had so admired. But down in the very bottom of Rose's lowest bureau drawer in a little red troche box lay a five dollar bill. And in a window of a small "notion store," in a part of the city where Annette would be sure not to go, hung the white trimming, which a short, keen-eyed, brusque-looking man had taken from Rose, and given in exchange the bill. There was something deep down in *his* heart, too. It was n't *love*. If Rose could have seen it, as only One who looks right into the bottom of our hearts did, she never would have trusted her precious work in his hands!

At last she went for the box—just a little before the time, for she was sure it was safer in the bookstore, "laid away for her," than she could have kept it at home. The little troche box was quite as much as she could manage in the way of a secret for any length of time. She went at last, as I said, for the box. The book merchant brought it out, and turned it round tenderly, dusting it with a tiny scarlet feather broom, and setting it down before Rose.

"Could you have a word cut for me on the pearl, here?" asked Rose, laying her finger on the center of the cover.

"Yes. 'Rose'?" asked the merchant, with a smile.

"No; 'Annette.'"

"Yes, I will have it done to-day, and sent to your number."

"Please have '12' cut below 'Annette.'"

"All right." And the merchant wrote it on a card and laid it on the box, and Rose drew out her five dollar bill and handed it to him.

He held it a moment, eyed it curiously, snapped it until Rose was afraid it would part; and then a little flush went over his face, which Rose did not fail to notice.

"Do you know just where you got this, my little girl?" he asked kindly. "I suppose you do n't," he added, as Rose looked earnestly at him; "your father gave it to you, and took it from among so many, you could n't tell anything about it. Is that it?"

"Oh, no, indeed!" said Rose, betrayed into great confidence; "it's my very own, and I *do* know just where I got it."

"All right, then; you must go to the person and tell him it is a mistake—it is not a true bill; do you understand?"

"I suppose you mean it is counterfeit; but I can hardly think so. At any rate the man would not have taken—" "so much work," she was going to add, but stopped—"would not have given it to me if he knew."

"I hope not. When did you get it?"

"Oh, weeks ago."

"No time to lose, then. I will keep the box till you are ready."

Rose left; and as she walked slowly down one street and through a cross street, on and on, she kept wondering whether the man would take it back—whether if he would n't any other way, he would give her the work, at least, and let her try again.

The work did not hang in the window. There were plenty of beads, and specked and age-yellowed patterns, and dingy pictures, but no graceful loops of white trimming! That was gone long ago, and so was all the man's recollection of "any such little girl," or "any such trade!"

Poor Rose! She could not believe that what she feared was in the bottom of that man's heart *was* really there—*dishonesty*. It looked very much like it, for how could he forget how long they talked together when he bought it? How he asked her if "she *needed* to work to earn a living?" and how she told him "she wanted to buy a present for somebody with her very own money, because that would seem worth so much

more;" and how he praised her, and smiled on her, as he gave her the bill!

"If you *did* get it of me, you should have brought it back at once. According to your own story it is weeks ago; and it would be impossible for me to tell that this was the same money, even if I knew I had seen you before!"

And this was why *that* June brought no writing-desk to Annette; and why the patient crocheting began again, for that was the only thing Rose was sure of to get money by. She might have gone to her father with a long complaint, and begged the money; or at least have told Annette all about it, and been satisfied to hear her say, "I will take the will for the deed;" but she was too noble for this. She went to work and did it all over again, and had

"18" cut in the pearl below "Annette," instead of "12."

She did not take her next ball to the keen-eyed man of the out-of-the-way "no-tion store;" but not many months after—before the "18" was cut on the box—she passed that way and saw the little frame store all in ashes! The keen-eyed man was walking among the smouldering brands and heaps of ashes, picking up here and there a nail, or bit of melted iron, but never any five dollar bills!

"I don't know!" she said, trying to work out some puzzling thought in her brain; "I do n't know; but if he did give me that on purpose, may be this is why! At any rate, he has had loss and trouble; but perhaps it does not become me to look into the reasons."

CLAIRE'S ACQUAINTANCE WITH A ROYAL PRINCESS.

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water in which the tiny minnows flashed back and forth, sometimes utterly unheeding the intruding feet, but not unfrequently stopping to bite the rosy toes.

She had a great shaggy dog, which always stood guard on the bank. Towser had originally belonged to her older brother, but had been magnanimously bestowed upon her by the generous boy, as a proof of welcome, when she was a little purple-faced, red-fisted, day-old baby.

She had not yet outgrown very short dresses when there arrived at the post-office a most important-looking letter, with black edges, covered with foreign stamps, and looking as if it had traveled a great while. She carried it home from the office, where she always stopped after school, and her father put on his spectacles to examine it. Her mother stopped knitting; Mercy and Phoebe jumped up from the floor where they were shelling beans; John stopped hectoring his twin sister; and only sturdy little Tom who sat on the cricket in the corner, wearing a frown indicative of profoundest thought, and wholly absorbed in teaching Baby Bess to play cat's-cradle, remained unmoved by the unusual occurrence.

At last, after slowly turning the envelope over and over, upside and down, and again reading his name, written in a firm, heavy hand, Mr. Stacy proceeded to break the seal. Then he looked at the letter itself. There were four closely-written pages. During all this time six impatient people had been waiting to know what the letter contained. Finally he looked at the signature.

"Why, bless me, wife, what's this?" glancing inquiringly up at her over his spectacles.

"I'm sure I've not the least idea," replied Mrs. Stacy, laughing at her husband's bewildered expression; "you have a better opportunity than I for finding out."

Again the spectacles were slowly adjusted, and Mr. Stacy began deliberately to spell out the words. Mrs. Stacy leaned over his shoulder to help him, and together

they gradually deciphered the blindly-written epistle.

"My dear cousin and friend," it began, "I hope you have not forgotten that we were once school-mates, at which time we knew more about each other than we do now. Our paths in life have widely diverged since then; but I have never failed to remember you with affection; and now, at a time when I need comfort, I come to you."

"Ah, yes, poor Theodore!" sighed Mr. Stacy, stopping to wipe his spectacles; "he has lost all his children; but how can I comfort him?"

"Read on, father," said Mercy, "perhaps he wants yours."

Mr. Stacy shook his head, and continued: "It is two years now since we buried our last child—all four lie side by side in a foreign grave. We grow more lonely as the months go by. You have many around you—more than you need. Give me one. I think you have one called Claire. I know nothing about her except the mere fact that she is your child. This alone makes me want her. Send her to me by the first ocean-steamer, which sails month after next. I will meet her, and she shall be my child till you ask for her. Do not deny me. Even though you should claim her again, a few years in Europe will do her no harm."

Again Mr. Stacy stopped reading. This time he took his spectacles quite off and laid them on his knee. Then he looked over his shoulder at his wife, who was looking steadfastly at Claire. Mercy, Phoebe and the twins had turned round also, to stare blankly at their younger sister, who suddenly, during the reading of the letter, had become invested in their eyes with unutterable and wholly incomprehensible honors. Claire herself stood thoughtfully in the middle of the room, drumming with her knuckles on the bottom of her empty dinner-pail, and concluding that she would go; but hoping that she might be allowed to travel in her shaker.

"Read the rest of the letter, John," said Mrs. Stacy, with her eyes still on Claire.

This time he read it to the end—down through assurances of parental care and love—through promises of every educational advantage for her within his power to give—down to the signature—

"Faithfully yours,

"THEODORE DOPFLEWURT."

"Well, well; he was a good-hearted fellow always," said Mr. Stacy, meditatively crossing his hands over his knee and thinking aloud rather than speaking to the others. "He means well; but we have n't any too many."

"I shall need a new pair of boots," Claire said quietly—thinking aloud in her turn—"and Jessie, when I am gone you will have to go to the post-office."

"No, she shan't! I shall go!" yelled John.

"It makes little difference how that question is decided," observed Phoebe. "You two young ones are like Jack and Jill—wherever Jack goes Jess is sure, sooner or later, to come tumbling after, and *vice versa*."

"Not always when they are sent on the same errand as of the ill-starred Jack," added Mrs. Stacy.

John shrugged his shoulders and astonished his sisters with a grimace wholly unintelligible to any but Jessie, who sprang to the water-pail, found it empty, balanced it on her head and bounded away like a deer to the spring, while Jack stopped to tuck his pants into his boot-legs, and then mounted a pair of stilts and followed with giant strides in pursuit of his sister.

Claire put her dinner-pail in its place; Mercy went back to her beans; Phoebe put some chips in the kitchen stove, and then the fire began to burn the wood, the wood began to heat the oven, the oven began to bake the bread, and the bread was baked and eaten, and the supper things put in order, and the evening passed away, and the next day, and during all that time not another word had been said about Mr. Dopflewurt's letter.

Claire's longing to question her mother was growing almost intolerable; but she

well knew that teasing would not help her cause, and that she might just as well endeavor to wait patiently. Finally her mother said, as she was starting off the next day to school:

"Your father and I have talked the matter all over, Claire, and we have decided that you may as well go and let cousin Theodore look at you. Do you think you will be homesick if we send you away?"

"Oh, no indeed, mother," cried Claire, her face all aglow with pleasure; then, seeing an only half-concealed look of pain, the impulsive child threw her arms about her mother, careless of the gravely-imperiled shaker, and continued eagerly: "Dear mother, I shall never go if you look at me very often in that way. I shall be homesick before going, and then all the king's horses and all the king's men won't be able to pull me away from you. Do you *want* me to be homesick, mother?"

"No, no, silly child," said Mrs. Stacy, smiling through the tears which sprang to her eyes.

She kissed Claire and tied the gingham strings under her chin.

"Run along now, chick-a-dee, and you may bring home all your books to-night when you come, for I shall need you to help me get you ready."

Claire bounded down the hill with the speed of an antelope, and at recess assumed an air of vast importance while she asked for a short private interview with her teacher. Then she walked gravely out to the play-ground, where, with charming condescension of manner, she spoke of her intended departure, and impressively assured her school-mates that she could never forget them.

"When 'r' ye goin', Clary?" demanded a little fellow with both hands in his pockets and his mouth full of gingerbread.

"Just as soon as my mother can get my things ready, Bobby," answered Claire; and then the bell rang and Bobby shouted,

"Books is in!"

He crammed one more huge piece of gingerbread into his mouth and rushed for

the school-room, followed by all the others. When "books was out," and the children straggled along toward their different homes, Claire took the shortest way and sped across the meadow, with its soft carpet of clover.

During the next few weeks she hemmed pocket-handkerchiefs with the greatest diligence, and worked her name in blue silk in the top of all her stockings. She took down an old Latin grammar belonging to her grandfather and tugged zealously away at verbs and declensions, confident that the cousin Theodore, whom she already looked upon with the greatest veneration, would regard her with infinite satisfaction when he discovered that she could conjugate *amo* and decline *musa*.

At length the little gray traveling suit was finished; a pretty hat, with its bunch of forget-me-nots as blue as Claire's eyes, peeped out from its box whenever little Tom went gravely, as he did every few minutes during the day, to lift the cover and look thoughtfully down upon the hidden glory within.

As the day drew near for her to go, the school-children flocked round her with flattering expressions of regret. Bobby brought her a slate-pencil to remember him by. "'Tain't a cent pencil—it's a real soap-stone, Clary," he explained proudly, as he fumbled in his pocket in search of it. At last it came forth.

"Thank you Bobby. If I have any sums to do over there where I'm going, I'll be sure and use it," said Claire, taking it from the chubby hand of the warm-hearted little fellow; "and if I do n't," she continued—Bobby was staring at her with a broad smile of satisfaction—"then I'll keep it in my glove-box."

"Got one?" asked inquisitive Bob.

"No," confessed truth-loving Claire, "but no doubt I shall wear a great many gloves, and I shall need a box to keep them in."

Claire's ideas of her future magnificence were undefined, but she gave her fancy full play, and no one corrected her, not knowing much better than she did what kind of a life awaited her.

Finally it lacked only a few hours of train-time. Several of the fathers and mothers of her school-mates came to say good-by and to wish her a pleasant journey and a happy return. The village children crowded round her, and many of them brought her parting gifts, the giving up of which had cost some of them severe struggles between their love for Claire and love for themselves. Her seat-mate, Agnes, tearfully bestowed upon her a little glass salt-receiver which had been her special pride, and from which nothing else would have induced her to part. A brass pin in the shape of a mammoth fly, a black rubber ring, a string of blue beads and a lead-pencil with "*Jenny*" carved on the end of it, were among the treasures she carefully rolled up in a brown paper and stowed away in the tray of her new trunk. The children hung round the door and the gate and saw John drive toward the depot with Claire's trunk jolting about in his great lumber wagon. Then Mr. Stacy came out and took Claire's hand in his and led her into her own room, where her mother and sisters and Tommy were waiting for her. He closed the door, and even drew down the curtains because of the curious little ones whose faces pressed outside against the panes. Then he told her with how much pleasure he should hear that she was happy and dutiful in her new home, and that she could not hope to be the former if she were not the latter. He said very little, for he saw her lip begin to quiver, and he was afraid her courage and self-possession would give way.

"I sha'n't never go blackberryin' no more," soliloquized Tommy, ruefully shaking his head and looking at the carpet.

"Oh, yes you will!" cried Claire, raising the dear little fellow's tear-stained face in both her hands; "you must show Baby Bess when she grows older all our nice places. Why Tommy, the minnows will miss us if we *both* stay away."

Tommy drew a deep sigh and sat dejectedly down upon his cricket. One after another kissed her and let her go, and kissed her again, till Mr. Stacy said it was time to

leave the house. Claire put on her Shaker and tied the freshly-ironed strings under her chin, for she had begged so hard to be allowed to wear it that her mother had laughingly consented, and packed the forget-me-nots away in the trunk. She put her hand in her father's and trudged off, escorted by all the children, who formed a kind of body-guard round her, and clustered so thick upon the platform of the village depot that when the train came Claire hardly knew which way to turn. Her father hurried her into the car, and only left her when the train began to move.

John came to the car window whistling, with his hands in his pockets.

"I say, Claire," he began, walking along the platform, and keeping pace with the motion of the car.

"Well, Jack!" Claire bit her lips to keep back her tears.

"Don't think of me always as a bear," he whispered, looking at her with more affection than she had often seen him manifest to any one but Jessica.

She had no time to reply, for the next instant the platform was left far behind and she was quite alone, "checked" for New York.

Jack's words, however, had been a feather too much, and the tears which she had thus far steadfastly restrained flew to her eyes; she leaned her head down on the back of the seat before her and cried as if her heart would break.

The conductor, to whose care she had been confided, came by for the tickets and saw the tear-swollen face. He put down his lantern and sat down beside her to talk with her.

"Have you ever been to New York, Miss Stacy?"

"Oh, no, sir," sobbed Claire, looking up in surprise at the unusual form of address; "I have never been away from home before."

"Have you a note-book?" he continued.

"Only this," and she took a small ivory tablet from her pocket.

"Then, I'll give you one. When my

little girls travel I always give them each a note-book, and they write down all the remarkable things that they see and hear. It teaches them to be observing, and it affords them a great deal of amusement."

He took a blank-book, with a long lead pencil, from the inner pocket of his coat and gave it to Claire. Then he took up his lantern again and went into the next car. It was more than an hour before he came back. Claire had looked at the scarlet bound book, had written her name in it, and the date, and Jack's last words, and then, remembering how many years would probably pass away before she could hope to see the dear home-people again, she could not help crying again, and cried on till she cried herself to sleep, and when the conductor returned he found her head leaning back against the window, her face entirely concealed by the shaker, which had been tipped down over her eyes by the jolting of the train. He quickly converted a couple of seats on the opposite side of the car into a comfortable bed, and lifting her carefully in his arms carried her to it, removed the precious shaker and laid her head on the pillows. There she lay, sleeping peacefully, undisturbed by the jolts and jerks, the sudden stops and the shrill shrieks of the engine, and only opened her eyes when the sun was shining in full upon her. At first she could hardly remember where she was. The conductor came in again and laughed at her bewilderment; and when they stopped for breakfast he went with her to the table.

"You must write about this in your note-book," said he.

During the day Claire saw a great many things which she thought ought to be mentioned in her note-book. The pages were filled up very rapidly; and whenever her kind friend came in to see how his little charge was getting along, she showed him a bright face and hailed him with many questions. "I beg your pardon," she said once as he rose to go, after having answered nearly a score of them, "but at home they call me '*Inquisitive Claire*,' and I forget," she

added, looking up at him a little sadly, "that I must make new habits now."

"Ask me all the questions you wish to, Miss Claire," he replied, taking her hand in both his; "if my knowledge is equal to my good-will you shall have answers to them all."

When they reached New York her cousin, Frank Stacy, met her and carried her to his own house.

"What *has* the child on her head!" exclaimed Mrs. Frank contemptuously, as she looked out from the window while Frank alighted and lifted Claire from the carriage. "A shaker! Mercy me! What outlandish things people in the West will do sometimes. The idea of letting Claire wear such a thing as that!"

She went down to the parlor to receive her guest, and Claire, self-possessed in her utter unconsciousness of self, was not overawed by the stately reception she met with.

The steamer was not to sail for two or three days, for Frank had begged his uncle for so much time that he might show his little cousin something of New York. She had no moment in which to be home-sick, for she was hurried from one thing to another, from morning till night, and when at last she went to her room and to bed,

she was too sleepy to think of anything. The first day she wore her shaker, blissfully ignorant of the estimation in which her cousin Fanny held it; but in the evening, when speaking of home, she confided to her the hope that the forget-me-nots her mother had arranged in her hat had not been crushed.

Fanny thought the wisest way would be to take the hat out and look at them; and then declaring that it was "a little beauty," she insisted upon its being worn, put the offending shaker in the trunk and locked it up.

Claire looked on in much sorrow, but did not dare to say a word; and so when Frank carried her to the steamer she wore the forget-me-nots, and gaily tossed a bunch of them to him while he stood on the dock waving his hat to her after having given her into the care of the captain.

The voyage was a long one and a stormy one, but the end of it was reached at last, and at the landing the very first person she saw was a tall, dark-complexioned, handsome man, who looked eagerly about till his eyes rested on Claire, and then they lighted up with a great pleasure, while he came hurriedly toward her, and she knew at once that that must be Mr. Theodore Dapplewurt. *(To be concluded.)*

DAN'S ADVENTURE WITH THE BEARS.

BY CARRIE M'MILLAN.

Daniel Morrison was a farmer's son, and he lived in the western part of Maine. He was eleven years old at the time of which I write—the oldest of five children. From the time he was a small boy he had been accustomed to help his father, and was as smart and energetic a boy as the country could afford.

His father had learned the carpenter's trade, and at intervals when the hurry of his farm work was over, he would get jobs in the neighboring towns, coming home Saturday nights to spend the Sabbath with his family.

Times were hard then, as they are now, and the ready-money obtained in this way was of great assistance to him. The work at home was all left for Dan to do. It was no small charge for a mere boy, but he felt the full responsibility of the situation, and milked, drove the cows to and from pasture, looked after the horses, sheep, pigs and hens, sawed wood and drew water, and cared for his mother and the little ones as faithfully as if he had been a man grown.

One Saturday afternoon he hurried through his chores, and, saddling the horse, he rode

over to L—to meet his father, and thus save him a long walk after his day's work. Taking the horse, the father rode on ahead, while Dan, who wished to visit some mink-traps at the mill-pond, followed on foot, with the big black dog Bru—short for Bruin—for company.

The autumn gala-dress of the forest was getting decidedly shabby, and every gust of wind cast showers of this dismantled finery at Dan's feet. The squirrels, busy in the oaks and hazel bushes, chattered at him with the most provoking sauciness as he passed; and now and then a partridge rose from before him and flew off with a loud *whirring*; for this beautiful, shy bird of the forest was far more common then than now.

Once a great yellow fox crossed the road, so heavily laden that he could hardly walk. When Dan gave chase he dropped his booty, though with evident reluctance, and going on a little way stopped and waited to see what would happen. Coming up, Dan found a full-grown woodchuck, so heavy that he did not wonder Master Reynard found it hard work to carry him. Not wishing to deprive the fox of his meal, he left it where it had been dropped; and long before he was out of sight the cunning old fellow, knowing that he would not be molested, was dragging it off again.

As Dan was turning a sudden curve in the road he came upon a bear playing with two great cubs. At sight of the intruder the cubs scrambled up the trees, while the old bear stood her ground, growling fiercely and showing her white teeth.

Dan started back, and whistled for Bru who was off chasing something in the woods. He came running up, and seeing the bear attacked her at once. With one blow of her paw she sent him headlong several feet; but nothing daunted, he arose and went at her again.

Without waiting to see the result of the combat, Dan hurried on for assistance. Neighbors were few and far between, and the nearest house was more than a mile away. He found that Mr. Brown was not

at home, though his wife said she expected him every moment. He then asked for the loan of his gun, hastily telling what he wanted of it. The good woman got it for him, begging him all the while to be careful, and not run any risk; and she looked after him as he walked off, thinking what a brave, manly boy he was, and how badly his mother would feel if anything should happen to him.

Dan, when he got back, found that the good dog had succeeded in treeing the bear, and was keeping watch underneath. He aimed carefully and fired, and the bear fell to the ground in her death-struggles. The cubs were not so easily killed. One of them had nearly succeeded in getting away, but Bru detained him until his master gave him a *quietus* in the shape of a leaden bullet. The other, slightly wounded, turned on the dog, and fought so savagely that Dan feared he would kill him. For a time he dared not fire, for fear of hitting the dog as well; but at length he found an opportunity to discharge the contents of his gun in the bear's side. He slowly relaxed his grasp, and fell back motionless.

Just as all was done, Mr. Brown came riding up, having been despatched to Dan's aid by his anxious wife as soon as he reached home. And if Dan was glad that he had not arrived before, who can blame him?

Dan was a great hero for a long time. People came in crowds to see the bodies of the bears, and the fame of the exploit spread far and near. Dan disclaimed all credit, and gave all honor to Bru, who, he said, had by far the worst of the fight. But in spite of that the people still thought, as I think, that Dan showed great courage and presence of mind for a boy only eleven!

The old dog was terribly scratched, but "genuine bear's grease" proved an excellent remedy in his case. He carried the scars to the day of his death, however.

Dan realized something more substantial than all this honor and glory, however. Besides the bounty given by the State for

every bear killed in its limits, the skins were valuable, and the meat was in great demand. For a nice tender bear-steak is a great luxury to lovers of "wild meat."

"The boy is father to the man;" and by his own pluck and perseverance Dan went

through college, and out into the world to do a man's work there. But in the home-
stead, the father—old and gray-haired now—loves to show the great shaggy bear-skin, and tell of what his son Dan did when he was a boy.

CHUNKS OF WINTER IN THE MIDDLE OF SUMMER.

BY OLIVE THORNE.

Among the odd sounds to be heard in a large city are the cries of the street peddlers.

You little people who live among the brick walls are familiar with them. You know the rag-man and the straw-man long before you can see them, by their dismal noise; but the cries of the fruit peddlers, and the "tato! 'tato!" of the potato-man are more cheerful.

There's a delightful street cry in the city of Lima (do you know where that is?)

"Ice from the Cordilleras!"

Would n't that be a tempting sound these warm days? To be sure we have ice enough, but it comes around in heavy, covered wagons, and uncomfortable-looking men take it into the houses in chunks, and never say a word about it; while in Lima it comes slung at the sides of a mule, attended by a scantily-dressed native, and announced by this attractive cry.

There's no more difference between the two ice peddlers than there is in their ways of getting the precious luxury. In Lima no trouble is taken to preserve the ice. In the lofty Cordilleras it never melts from one winter to another. The ice-men go with their mules away up the mountains, cut cakes of ice so large that two of them are a load for a mule, hang one on each side, cover them with straw or branches of trees, and start back for the smothering city below. Of course the ice melts very fast, and when the dripping load gets to Lima it is about half as large as when it started.

Getting ice in our country is quite another affair. Having no mountains to keep it,

we build great barn-like houses, as large as churches, make double walls, and fill in between them with saw-dust or tan-bark, and pack our ice in winter, when there's plenty of it. Cutting and packing it has become a regular science. Perhaps you've seen it done. Indeed, I dare say your favorite skating place has been spoiled by the appearance of men and horses, with ice-markers and ice-planes and plows, and almost before you knew what they were about, they had it marked off into squares like a checker-board, the blocks about two feet square.

After it is marked and planed off smooth the ice-plow comes on and cuts deep grooves between the blocks. It is then ready to be split apart by men with ice-chisels, shaped at the end like a carpenter's chisel, made of iron, nearly as tall as a man, and so heavy you could scarcely lift them. If the ice-houses are near the water it has only to be hauled up into the house; but as they are often at some distance—where they will be convenient in summer—the ice is drawn out of the water, loaded into wagons, and taken to the ice-house. There it goes up a sort of endless chain, and shoots down a slide into the house. At the end of the slide stand two men with sharp sort of picks, who catch the cakes as they shoot by, and turn them to the right or left as they want them. Other men pack them in regular layers, with saw-dust or hay between. And there they stay till summer, when the white-covered wagons begin their daily visits.

In Russia they have still more trouble getting in their ice, for it freezes four or

five feet thick; and instead of planing a groove in it, men have to cut deep trenches with hatchets. They cut nearly through and break apart with bars. Then they have to cut these five-foot blocks into small cakes, and pack them into houses. The ice is wonderfully beautiful, without bubble or flaw.

If gathering this summer luxury is a good deal of work in Russia, how do you suppose it must be in countries where the people have to make the ice themselves? You think that is funny; but the poor ice-makers call it hard work. It is done in India, and this is the way: A certain piece of ground—which you might call the ice-field—is covered with shallow dishes, not two inches deep. In the coolest weather they have—when the wind is just in the right direction, at midnight—the dishes are filled about a third full of water, and the ice-makers sit down to watch. When a thin coat of ice begins to form they are mixed up and thrown together, as stirring them up makes them freeze faster. If the weather is very favorable, the ice may be a little over half an inch thick, and that's a great success.

Then it has to be collected and packed away before the sun gets very high, or there would n't be much left of it. In a large ice-field this takes hundreds of people, big and little, and is a very lively scene. At the best they do n't succeed in saving much, and a great deal of the ice they use comes from the beautiful lakes of New England, and is carried there in vessels.

There's another way of making ice, practiced in Rome, ancient and modern. A pit is dug, big enough to throw in a good sized house. Two or three feet from the bottom is a wooden grate, to drain off the water. The pit is lined with straw and leaves, and filled with snow. The snow is beaten and pressed down till very solid, something as you boys make a snowball very hard by pressing it in your hands.

When the pit is full it is covered with straw, and a thatched roof made over it. It only needs a door in one side to be done. This snow-ice is said to be colder than our ice, and keeps longer.

There's a very curious thing about ice, which perhaps you do n't know. I might call it a scientific fact, if that did n't sound so dry and big-booky. Ice, in melting, has to get back every degree of heat it lost in freezing. So that ice frozen in a very cold country will take more heat to melt than ice of the same thickness frozen in a milder climate. I suppose if we could get our ice from an iceberg near the North Pole, it would last twice as long as ours.

That's the reason that the Esquimaux can make their huts of blocks of ice, sit on benches of ice, sleep on beds of ice, and keep fire enough to be comfortable, without having the water dripping all the time.

Isn't it splendid that rough old winter puts up the clear cold water in such beautiful packages to give us a little of his bracing life when the thermometer gets on the rampage and runs up into the nineties? And the next time you take a bright chunk of last winter to cool your glass of warm, summer water, do n't forget to be thankful for it.

OUTDONE.

BY CLIO STANLEY.

A Poet sang of the Spring;
But sweet in the fair May weather
Robin and wren together
A hundred merry notes
Poured forth from silver throats,
While a bee hummed softly by
On breezy wing.

Of the Summer another sings;
But the roses tell as much,
And soft, with a tender touch,
The low winds come and go
O'er banks of fragrant snow
Where the lilies bud and blow,
And shy in the forest nook
The blue-bell rings.

The singers bowed their heads
To list in the summer time
How the birds had found a rhyme
They had never guessed;
How the rose's happy blush,
A light in the twilight hush,
Had shy confessed;
And the daisies, a happy crew,
Had laughed as they told it, too,
In their garden beds.

HIDDEN TREASURE.

BY MARY A. DENISON.

CHAPTER VII.—WILLING HANDS AND HEARTS.

"Do n't gals make work?" sighed Nancy Philp, as she wrung out skirt after skirt; "And now here's another to wash for!"

Miss Philp was never handsome in her best estate, but on washing-day she generally achieved an almost preternatural ugliness. Her nose was pug, and so was her hair. Never had false braid, or twist, or curl disturbed the serenity of her unshapely head. The Danville dress-maker had been heard to say that not even a miracle would make a dress fit Nancy Philp. Every seam was askew; and when her sleeves were rolled up to her skeleton shoulders, her great poke-sun-bonnet perched in uncertain security on the top of that pug, and her elbows in the suds, no more unearthly scarecrow could have been invented than Nancy Philp, general gossip and day's-work woman.

"Yes, sister is queer," replied Miss Meadows, who could talk to her heart's content with Nancy Philp, and hailed washing-day. "She's like my brother Josiah, who would do anything for his wife's relations. When he was married—"

"That's a nice gal, though," interrupted Nancy, heading off a long story, for she knew Miss Meadows' weakness; "she'll be worth her weight, in time."

"Anne was tellin' me about a man of *her* name bein' found in Newark, and carried to the Buckleton Hospital," said Miss Meadows, making a bluing-bag.

"Du tell!" and Miss Philp stopped, leaning on her knuckles on the wash-board; "why, my sister is head materon in that hospital—she that merried my brother, Peter Philp. Ever sence Peter's been dead she's been the materon; she's one o' the *best nusses!*"

"You'd better tell my sister, then, for they're all anxious to find out if his given name is John."

"Well, would n't it be a stroke o' Providence, now, if it should turn out to be her father? Cur'us! I'll write to Mandy Philp as sure as ever to-morrow comes."

"Nancy," said Sally, who passed through the kitchen just then, "make our muslin dresses look splendid; we're going to wear them at Uncle Jack's croquet party."

"I'll make 'em look proper nice," replied Nancy; "but who's going to iron 'em? Your ma said she should n't need me no more on Tuesdays."

Sally paused. She had forgotten for the moment that this was to be one of the sacrifices for love's sake, and her face clouded a little. "Just now," she thought, "mother might have let Nancy come—our best dresses!"

"Why—I suppose—we'll have to do them," she said, slowly, and went out.

"I would n't like to go to Jack Meadows' in a dress of *your* ironing," laughed Nancy to herself. "I s'pose her mother's got a neconomical fit, taking that gal; sh'd think she'd have to hev a good many, the way her boy is likely to go on. Pity about Tom, is n't it?" she asked aloud.

"What's a pity?" queried Miss Meadows, grimly. She idolized Tom.

"Why—pity—he's so fast; but then boys'll be boys."

"Our Tom," said Miss Meadows, "is a model. He brings me six armfuls of wood if I ask him for one; and a more generous-hearted boy never lived. I don't think he's fast; he'll be his mother's stay, yet—that boy will."

Sally and Anne held a conference with regard to the ironing.

"We can do it," said Anne, "all in one day, too; only begin soon enough."

"We shall get blistered hands, and how can we play croquet?"



"Stella is worth a good many games of croquet," said Anne, resolutely.

"So she is; and I won't find any fault. That was in the compact."

Lizzie came running in.

"I've stained my best blue ribbon!" she cried, dolefully; "Do you suppose mamma will buy me another?"

"Stella!" said Sally, significantly.

"O, yes." Down went the head, the anxious look disappeared, and a smile took its place. "That's to be one of my sacrifices," said the little girl; "well, I'll go

without one; this'll make a splendid tie for Blackie."

"And I think I've got a nice blue ribbon, not quite as wide as that, but still it will do," said Anne. "It's a beautiful shade—prettier than that."

"O, thank you," said Lizzie, with a beaming face.

The day of the croquet-party dawned cloudless, and the girls were all up betimes. In the spare bed-room the dresses and ribbons and ties were laid out to the best advantage upon the great bed.

A dozen times during the twenty-four hours Lizzie and the twins ran up stairs, the day before, to feast their eyes on the show. The dresses were faultless. To be sure mother Meadows had ironed all the ruffles, and helped them no end of times when they were very tired; and strange to say, their hands were not blistered.

Stella begged hard to be allowed to remain at home, and Mrs. Meadows at last consented.

"You know I can practice all day, and write and study—and I could not bear to see so many strangers just now," she said.

This decision was a great disappointment to the twins, and particularly to Lizzie and Anne, who were nearest Stella in age, Lizzie being nearly a year younger, and Anne a year older.

Anne found at the last moment, when they were all ready to go, that her gloves were badly torn. In the matter of gloves she was more than fastidious. Sally said,

"Carry them in your hand; gloves will be in the way."

Stella left the room quietly, and returned in a moment with a worn but still neat and whole pair of violet-colored gloves.

"They were mamma's," she said, putting them in Anne's fingers; "she had a very small hand. Please wear them; they will only fade lying idle."

"O, Stella, I ought not to," said Anne.

"Indeed, you ought," Stella replied, with a grateful look; "and I sha'n't enjoy myself at home if you don't wear them. I like to feel that I have contributed something to your comfort, if not pleasure."

"But you do please me very much," said Anne, kissing her. "I will wear them—and thank you."

Stella watched the little party down the walk. "How happy and how good they are!" she said to herself; and then she took a small velvet-covered miniature-case from her pocket, and opening it, gazed through almost blinding tears upon a sweet, sad face.

"O, mamma! do you look down upon me from heaven, I wonder?" she murmur-

ed; "and do you see what dear friends I have found, and are you glad for me—for your poor little lonely child?"

For the first time since her mother's death, she opened the piano. Mrs. Martello had begged her in her dying hour not to keep the piano shut because she would be gone. "Music was made to soothe the sorrowful," she said. "What should I have done without it? Sing and play, dear, just as if I still sat by your side and listened and taught. It will be something more than a solace some day; it will be a blessing if it enables my little girl to be independent."

Lily had longed with a great longing to hear the musical notes of the silent singing-bird. She had stood many moments at a time looking wonderingly at its rather antique exterior, its long-time-ago cover, quaintly embroidered. She was a sensitive child, and very susceptible to sweet sounds. How she longed to hear those plaintive, beautiful melodies, that almost framed themselves into stories under the touch of Stella's skillful hands!

In music Stella did better than she knew; and while her fingers glided through one of the incomparable melodies of Schubert, her eyes grew brighter, and the weary burden of her sorrow seemed lifted from her young shoulders.

"O, mamma," she murmured, "I *am* happier!" and she bent her head down as the tears—not of anguish—fell upon the ivory keys. Again she played, and once more she was in that old familiar room, with the bees droning outside, and the vines trembling to the touch of bright-breasted birds, and the unapproachable fragrance of sweet-briar roses stealing upon the soft air, and an angel beside her—the angel of her thought, her mother—looking into her face with eyes o'erbrimming with unspoken love. She felt like one just home from a long walk in the heat and dust, refreshed as by a cooler atmosphere and a diviner influence. "I won't leave you so long again," she said. "You dear old piano, you shall cheer and comfort me every day, after this;" and she yearned

towards it as one who had neglected a trustworthy friend.

Not long after that she carried into execution a cherished project. Though she had said but little about it, the item which Anne had read in the paper haunted her daily; the more that she had learned from Nancy Philp herself that her sister was matron of the institution to which the sick man had been carried. She had just seated herself, with the intention of writing to Mrs. Philp, of Newark, when a shadow crossed her vision, and she looked up to see the sun-bonnet of Nancy Philp, who a moment after made her appearance.

"Why, you poor lonely little critter!" said that retailer of small news, as she seated herself, "why did n't you go to the party? You do n't know what you've missed! I'm a-goin' down myself at four, to serve round the ice cream. Seems to me if I'd been Mis' Medders I would n't a-left you in this great lunsum house all by yourself."

"I had hard work to beg off, Nancy," said Stella. "I did n't want to go; I knew there'd be folks from the city, and I do n't like a crowd, just now. I was going to write to your sister, Nancy."

"Well, I've gone and done that myself," said Miss Philp, her little green eyes twinkling.

"You have?"

"O, yes; you look orful bright now! Yes, I have."

"And when do you suppose you shall get an answer?"

"Well, I've got an answer," said Nancy, with two more twinkles. "It's in my pocket this present moment of speaking."

"What is it, Nancy?"

"La! child, do n't look so dead airnest! Well, it's sort o' warious. Fust place, his name is John."

Stella clasped her hands.

"Now do n't go to having highstericks, 'cause I never know what to do for them—

and I'll tell you all about it. Says sister, the man is in the fust ward, a tall, muskiler man, with a black beard a foot long. Second place, he's took with a bad fever, and is out of his head at this partickler writing, and no questions can't be asked, *of course*. Third, he talks in the *Italian* language while he's delcerious, which makes me think there's somethin' a little sing'ler about it; and fourth, if he lives to git better, which I'm sorry to say there is n't much hope of, she is going to put some questions to him. Fifth, she says he appears like a very common man, and everybody who ever speaks of your father calls him a gentleman. Do n't that sort o' destroy our hope, dear?"

Stella's countenance fell.

"I am sure papa must have been a gentleman," she said. "Did you ever see him, Nancy?"

"No; from the fact that almost as soon as he came here and got your ma comfortably settled, he went off, after a fortin or something. Nobody here saw much of him. I never see him at all. I think Mr. Medders met him, and transacted a little business with him, but I guess he was all the gentleman in the hull place that did reely git a good look at him. Howsomever, we shall see what we *shall* see. That's what I came to tell you about, for I see you was n't with the folks; so good mornin'. I would n't build up any hopes ef I was you, for it's hard to tell who's who in these days."

And with this wise advice Nancy Philp took her leave, to be in time for the ice cream.

Stella did not write the letter. Instead, she seated herself at the piano, and looking over some rare old music, proceeded to play a nocturn that had been her mother's favorite. So absorbed was she that she heard no one enter, but started almost with a scream as a hand lightly touched her shoulder.

RUSH MORGAN'S TRIP.

BY ANNA D. THORPE.

Everyone in Fairville is proud of the Academy that stands in the center of the town; everyone speaks of it with the greatest respect, though, to be sure, it is not a grand or imposing structure. The building is beginning to look old; the ivies and woodbine that overrun it hide many fallen and crumbling stones, whilst the steps that lead up to it are worn deep with the tread of countless boys' feet, that have passed over and over them in the years gone by.

Boys who first studied *Musa, musae* within its walls, and stumbled through their first "originals" on the stage in the little chapel, have since come to be great men—some of them poets, statesmen and generals—and not one of them but is proud to say he is a graduate of Fairville Academy.

Wonderful stories Fairville people tell of many of these boys—of their various exploits; but I fancy if the walls of the old Academy could speak, they would tell more varied tales of plans they have heard whispered among the boys; and perhaps they could explain many strange freaks and mysteries, that have not only puzzled the people of Fairville but defied the wisdom and cunning of wary professors.

The boys are scattered around, boarding in the different families in the village, never more than two or three in a family. Many of them are from the adjacent towns, and come to Fairville Monday morning, returning to their homes on Friday night. Saturday, Sunday, and during vacation, Fairville is very quiet—even the cars that bustle through the village fail to disturb its repose.

Four boys lingered behind one of the ivy-covered turrets, on a summer's afternoon, long after the other scholars and the professors had gone—four boys who did not like to study very well, but who liked bustle and noise—some excitement all the time—and so did not find life here at all to their pleasure.

"It's the dulllest old spot!" said John Marsh.

"Dull's no name for it; it's actually dead." Gus Clary spoke scornfully, and emphasized with a little impatient kick at some pebbles in the gravel-walk.

"Tell you what," cried lazy Ned Payson, "I do n't mind that so much, but I've just done pegging at geometry."

Rush Morgan gave a sympathetic groan here.

"I've made up my mind," continued Ned, "that when Professor Trapezoid calls for the nineteenth proposition, I shall be missing."

"Where will you be about then?" Gus asked, laughing.

Ned did not answer at first, but thrust his hands deep into his pockets and looked down at the ground thoughtfully, considering whether he had best tell his plan to his companions. Then he said, in a low voice, with a quick glance all around to make sure they were the only listeners:

"Boys, I'm going to sea."

Something in Ned's manner showed the boys he was in earnest; and they gathered close around him and began to talk in low, earnest tone.

"I believe I'll go, too," said Gus after a little while.

"So would I, in a minute," cried John, "if I had money enough to take me to Boston."

"Can't you manage to raise some, Jack? I say, boys, let's all go! Come, Rush; what do you say?"

"I do n't know, I'm sure."

"Oh, Rush, come on; just think what jolly times we'll have!"

Rush was a favorite at home and at school—a bright-faced, pleasant boy—and though it required hard work, generally kept well up in his studies. But he was too generous, and was beside easily led into mischief; so it did not take much time for

the boys to persuade him to join them. Having done that, they set to work making the necessary plans and arrangements. It was agreed that they would go home as usual Friday afternoon, stay there quietly until Monday morning, when they would go to the depot, as if going to school, but, instead, take the train to L—, there change cars and start for Boston. As they all lived in the city, a few miles from Fairville, it would be a very easy matter to start together. No one at home would think but that they were all right at school. The Professor would think that they had been detained at home. Their secret would be safe until Friday, when the report for the week was sent home; then—but the boys would be safely away by that time.

Rush had fifty dollars in the bank, and it was decided at once that he had better draw it all; then he could help pay John's fare to Boston; and to this he readily assented.

Thinking it all over Friday night, at home, Rush had some misgivings; his conscience troubled him somewhat; but his head was so filled with bright visions of what might be seen and enjoyed—all those delights boys are so wont to consider connected with a sailor's life—that the little monitor was entirely silenced for a time. All the spring these boys had been talking, reading and dreaming of the sea; and now that the others had decided to go, Rush thought it would be hard for him to stay, only to go on studying at the Academy, in the lonely little village—lonelier than ever when his friends were away.

Saturday morning, very soon after breakfast, Rush took his bank-book and started to draw the whole of his little hoard; the money he had saved, dollar by dollar; and it had been no easy matter for this generous boy to save. He blushed guiltily when the money was handed to him, and hastily tucking the bills into his pocket-book, he hurried out of the bank, feeling very much as though he had been stealing.

How kind and pleasant they all were at home that Saturday and Sunday! He lay awake, thinking it over again, Sunday

night. He had slyly packed his satchel, and made all his preparations; to-morrow night he would be far away. What a pleasant home he was leaving! But then, to go to school without Ned or Gus—how lonely that would be! Rush spent a long time in trying to persuade himself that he was doing nothing very bad, and failing in that, at length fell into an uneasy sleep.

He did not wake until rather late the next morning, and was obliged to hasten through his breakfast and bid the family good-by as quickly as possible, in order to reach the train in season. He felt rather heavy-hearted as he ran down the street, wondering when he should see them again, and how his father and mother would feel if they knew where he was going. The boys were waiting for him at the depot, and in a few minutes they were on their way.

I do not know why it is, but the first steps in wrong-doing generally seem pleasant to the participants. So they proved to these boys. To be sure, they were rather uneasy until they had reached L—; but when they had changed cars, and went steaming out of town at a rapid rate, then it was that their day's enjoyment began. Rush had cause to remember it afterward, and wonder how he could have been so foolishly happy. They felt so free, so important, so independent; they walked up and down the aisle, looked out at the door, and swung off the platform at every station, after the manner of young travelers. The excitement of taking a hasty dinner at a railroad eating-house, the indulgence of a cigar in the smoking-car—for the first time they went through it all.

Yet these boys, who had always lived in a small city, felt strangely odd and confused when they first stepped into the din and bustle of a great town. It was early evening, and in the uncertain light the crooked streets seemed so puzzling that it was with a feeling of intense relief that they sought its shelter when a hotel was at last reached.

There was a meeting in Rush's room

after supper for a furtherance of their plans. It was decided that in the morning they would go down to the wharf and try their success in obtaining employment on the vessels at anchor there. Rush felt faint and sick, and complained of a headache; and as they were all tired they went early to bed. But long after John, who occupied the room with him, had fallen asleep, Rush was wide awake, staring at the shadows on the wall. He was dizzy and sick, and confused visions of all he had passed through that day kept floating through his mind. Even what little sleep he did get was not refreshing, but filled with horrible dreams of shipwrecks.

He was not well enough to rise the next morning. The boys, after condoling with him for awhile, started out on their adventures. The day dragged wearily away. A servant came up after a while, bringing some food; but Rush had no appetite. The man made numerous inquiries—"Did he feel very sick? Did he want a doctor?" Rush said, "No; he would be well by tomorrow, he guessed." If the boys came to the hotel at dinner, they did not come up stairs. Rush fell into a heavy slumber, and awoke weak and languid late in the afternoon. His companions came in, in high spirits, shortly after. Gus had met with success, and Ned and John had hopes of obtaining berths on the same ship. Their ardor was somewhat cooled upon finding Rush no better; but they made many promises. "Rush need not feel in the least uncomfortable; they would stand by him like brothers; they would, none of them, go till he was well enough to accompany them." Although the thought of their deserting him had never before occurred to him, Rush felt pleased to be assured of their steadfast friendship and fidelity to him.

A physician was summoned early next morning, and the boys gathered eagerly about him, to hear what he thought of the case. The doctor said there were some indications of a course of fever. He might be able to break it up. He could tell more about it in the evening, when he would

come in again. Then he made a prescription and went away. Half an hour after, the boys, who had been closeted for a few minutes in Gus' room, went away too, so slyly that no one suspected their design, and Rush was left alone and sick, with their unpaid bills to settle.

Poor boy! when he found how treacherous his companions had proved—when he found himself without friends in his trouble—he became very miserable. All night the fever raged high. As if in addition to his trouble, the landlord became inexorable, and having examined Rush's pocket-book, and finding therein little more than enough to satisfy his demands, he took possession of it, and had the sick boy speedily conveyed to the hospital.

In the dreary days that followed, he had plenty of time to repent sorely of the foolish act into which he had allowed himself to be led. When the fever was on he was so ill as not to think of it; but in the long hours of early morning, when it had passed off, he would lie looking at the bare walls, and the beds that were so drearily alike, and contrast the room with his own pleasant, neat home. He longed so for his mother; if he could only see her face and feel the gentle touch of her hand smoothing his hair and arranging the pillows! But it seemed to him that all the old love and confidence would be gone if he should ever go back to his friends; that his father would never trust him again, and that his brothers and sisters would utterly despise him.

To Rush's sickened fancy things seemed much worse than they really were. Hopeless brooding did not hasten the days of convalescence; and the doctor soon saw there was something the matter besides the fever. He hinted his fears to the nurse, and the nurse, by a few adroit questions, succeeded in finding out the trouble. A few minutes after she had obtained the desired information a message was sent to Mr. Morgan, quite unknown to Rush.

So, when, one morning as the doctor was coming down the ward, and a gentle-

man stepped out from beside him and took both of Rush's thin hands in his, saying, "My dear son!" and Rush saw that it was his father, the mingling of shame and delight was too much, and he just turned his face over on the pillow and cried like a baby.

Ah, well, sometimes a good crying-spell is not a bad thing, even for a tall boy; and often tears make stronger promises than the most emphatic words. Mr. Morgan seemed to take them for both confession and repentance. At any rate, none but kind words were spoken.

Rush began to grow better, rapidly from that day, and it was only a short time before the doctor said it would be perfectly safe to take him home.

It was not uncomfortable coming back, after all. His mother met them at the depot with a carriage; and Rush was still so weak as to feel grateful for the bed she had fashioned on the seat with pillows.

heir anxiety made his friends tender

and merciful; they seemed to have forgotten his misdeeds. As he lay on the couch in the pleasant sitting-room during the remainder of his convalescence, Rush made many good resolutions, the fruits of which began to show when he had fully recovered.

He went back to school again at the beginning of the new term; and, although it was a little hard at first to meet the quizzing and jokes of his school-mates, yet he passed bravely through the ordeal, and, by diligence, soon won back the esteem of his teachers.

Nay more, Rush was not content with the old standard of medium scholarship, but desiring to show his gratitude to his parents, he sought what he knew they earnestly desired for him, a higher place.

Well, he did not become the best scholar in school; only one among the first; but that is no slight honor in the Fairville Academy. Fairville people would assure you of that, beyond a doubt.

COUSIN JACK

BY MRS. E. D. KENDALL.

I think the boys who read *THE CORPORAL* would all like to know John Frobisher—"Jack," his friends call him, and the nick-name fits him, too. And when I say it fits him, I do n't mean like a stylish dress-coat, by any means; but in a loose, easy, familiar fashion, like his own ample sailor pants. For Jack is a tar, and makes voyages to the East Indies in the "Pedir Rajah," a famous A 1 ship, belonging to Importers & Sellers' splendid line of merchant vessels. He is short, and a trifle stout, but lithe as a monkey, and brown as a Malay, with dark curly hair, and keen, but good-natured gray eyes. I wish he did n't chew, but he does; he acquired the bad habit on his first voyage, and I'm afraid he will never get over it. Otherwise, he has no very grave faults that I know of, and is a great favorite on ship-board, both with of-

ficers and men; for he is good-tempered, hearty, honest, alert, willing and brave, besides being a capital seaman; and such fellows, I'm sorry to say, are getting scarce in the marine.

I suppose, if you have studied geography, you can easily trace the course of the "Pedir Rajah" on her return voyage, with her heavy cargo of banco-tin, manilla, gunny bags, bamboo, sugar, coffee, tea, spices, indigo, drugs, etc., across the Indian Ocean from the Malay Archipelago, around the Cape of Good Hope, northwesterly through the South Atlantic, past the Sargasso Sea—into it, may be—the keel of the great black craft cutting through miles and miles of strange sea-weeds, rootless, yet with willow-like leaves and bright orange berries hiding and clasping all sorts of shells and little coral animals and sponges—out again into

the blue water—blue as the sky itself all day, and dancing at night with a pale, phosphorescent flame—and on through the North Atlantic, crossing the Gulf Stream, till she meets the pilot-boat which takes her safely into New York harbor.

A long voyage, occupying months; and Jack could tell you about Chinese and Malay pirates; cyclones in the Straits of Lunda; the ravages of African fever while rounding the Cape; floating mountains of ice broken off from the Antarctic continent and swept northward by strong under-currents to melt in warmer latitudes—every foot of the towering mass of frozen, flashing crystal above water balanced by eight feet below the surface;—terrible storms and long-continued calms, as the "Pedir Rajah" neared the Equator; hurricanes farther north, just beyond the Tropic of Cancer; and endless stories of strange people and manners; strange fruits and flowers, birds and insects, monsters of the land and of the deep; of headlands and beaches, and wonderfully beautiful shells, and a sky studded with constellations very different from those to which our eyes are accustomed. Jack has seen the Fata Morgana, and a tornado which twisted great palm trees, tearing them up by the roots, and sending them spinning through the air like tops bewitched. He knows something about water-spouts, too, and can give you the signs by which the sailors prognosticate the dreaded typhoon which they often accompany; and it would make you catch your breath to hear him repeat the orders to take in sail and have everything taut, while you see the seamen aloft amongst the shrouds and rigging working for dear life, the threatening cloud, not bigger than a man's hand five minutes ago, meantime increasing so rapidly that before the orders can be fully executed the sky and sea are black as ink, and the tempest is upon them. Sails are torn to ribbons, boats swept from the davits, while the masts bend like withes, and perhaps snap like pipe-stems, and men are carried away with them to be whelmed in the hungry waters.

Then Jack has a fund of shark incidents and accidents, very entertaining to his boy-listeners; and I don't wonder that every time he comes home, there is a general fever among the fourteen to sixteen-year-olds for going to sea, which is sometimes pretty difficult to hold in check. Truth to tell, Jim Birdsall and Willie Bradford *did* steal on board an outward-bound Indiaman—not the "Pedir Rajah," however—as stowaways; but Willie's father, getting wind of the circumstance, went along with the pilot and brought back both the lads, much to their own disappointment and mortification, though to the undisguised joy of their anxious mothers. Jack thereupon took occasion to read them a lecture upon the underhand method they had taken to gain their object, and spun two or three impressive yarns to prove that it is best to go to sea "above board;" and Jim and Willie concluded, after his detail of the hardships of a stolen voyage, not to project another trip to the Indies unless they could ship either as passengers or supercargo.

Jack is intelligent and observant, as you have doubtless guessed, and not only notes natural phenomena in sea, air, and sky, and on land when he can, but tries to find the causes which lie behind the apparent mysteries, and invokes science to lift the veil for him—as science can. Unlike most seamen, he is not superstitious in the least—probably for this very reason—and he laughs at their absurd whims. When his vessel has reached her destination in the Indies, and he has permission to go ashore, instead of dropping in at the grogeries, opium-dens, and other vile haunts, which always wait open-mouthed at every Asiatic port of any consequence to swallow up easy-going tars afflicted with unsteady habits, Jack takes little tours of exploration inland, to learn for himself how people live in those far-away countries, and become acquainted with other interesting facts which shall add to his stock of general knowledge, and prove of practical use to him quite likely, by and by.

One day when he was last home—he always stops at his uncle's, for he has neither father nor mother, brother nor sister—his little cousin Harry, eight or nine years of age, imparted to Madge, in Jack's hearing, the doubtful information that "pepper was ashes blown out of volcanoes," and that "it was hot, because inside of the crater there was such an awful fire going all the time."

"Do n't you believe that story, Madge," said Jack, taking the little girl upon his knee. "I know all about pepper, for I've been where it grows; and the 'Pedir Rajah' has brought tons of it into New York."

Harry opened his eyes wide, and marched straight up to Jack's chair.

"Dirt can't grow!" he exclaimed, indignantly.

"Now you just hold on, Hal," returned cousin Jack, "for you do n't know what you're talking about. Pepper is n't dirt. It's the ground-up dust of a dried berry not so big as a pea, and I've seen millions of 'em. Did n't you ever hear folks talk about the pepper-shrub?"

"No," said Harry.

"Well, I have; and before I went to sea I had a notion that pepper-corns grew in pods on some sort of evergreen bush. But it's no such thing. Pepper is n't a shrub; it's a vine; and would creep along the ground pretty much like the strawberry, if they'd let it, and throw out runners, and strike roots into the earth at every joint. But that would n't do; for then there would n't be any berries, and that's what makes the plant worth anything. So the Coolies and Malays who take care of the pepper plantations train the vines to props, and they put out feelers in place of roots, and climb up till they're ten or a dozen feet high. After that they're kept well pruned, so that they'll bear well; though I suppose if they were let alone they'd go eight or ten feet higher. The leaves are dark green, heart-shaped, and pointed. The blossoms are no great show—small and white, and soon drop off. The berries come in little clusters, and look something

like green grapes, turning bright red when they ripen, and falling to the ground. They are generally picked, though, before they get ready to drop, and spread out on mats in the sun to dry. Here they grow brown and shrivel up, and then they're ready to ship. Did you ever see any white pepper, Hal?"

Harry shook his head.

"Well, there is such a thing as white pepper, and it's just the same as black, only it's cured in a different way. Ripe kernels—the best—are taken for this, and gathered into baskets by themselves, and these are set into water—generally running water. That swells the outside husk; and when they are afterward set in the sun awhile, this is rubbed off easily between the palms of the hands, the chaff being blown away. Then you have white kernels instead of black, a little better flavored, and not quite so hot, and commanding a bigger price in the market. The next time I go to Singapore I'll bring home some of both kinds to your mother, and a cutting of the plant, if I can, though I doubt if it would live to get here. There are five plantations where they raise it, just out of Singapore; and others where you can see nutmegs, cloves and coffee growing, and fruits handsomer and richer than any you ever tasted of here."

"Tell us about them, Jack!" said Harry.

But Jack could n't be persuaded just then. He had to meet Captain Hardimann at the pier where the "Pedir Rajah" was loading; so he kissed Madge and set her down, with a promise to bring her a pocketful of candy, and a message to his aunt that he should not be home at dinner; and putting on his slouched hat, sauntered off towards the wharves.

THE TRAVELER'S TREE.

BY M. MELROSE.

You remember that large island off the eastern coast of Africa, called Madagascar. You also know that it must be very warm in that country, being situated between

twelve and twenty-six degrees south latitude. Just think how close to the equator that is! On this island—as in all tropical countries—very many flowers, plants, and trees of great beauty live and grow, which we have never seen.

Here, in this island parched with heat, grows a tree known as the traveler's tree, this name being given to it on account of a certain peculiarity it possesses. If you are journeying during the heated season of the year, you desire a nice cool drink of water more than almost anything else, do you not? Our loving Father has provided this tree I am telling you of with as many cisterns as it has leaves. The stem of each leaf has a cavity in it, close to the body of the tree, which contains a fluid very like water, if it is not water itself. One writer calls this fluid water, and another says it is like water.

These trees grow to the height of from ten to thirty feet, they inform us, and from the top of the trunk send out, on opposite sides of the stem, from twenty to twenty-four leaves—the stalks being six or more feet in length, and the leaves from four to six feet broad, their foliage so arranged that they have the appearance of immense open fans. They tell us that even in the driest weather water is to be found fresh and pure in these cavities. When the thirsty and heated traveler approaches one of these trees, he thinks of the luxury awaiting him, and hastily approaching, makes an incision in the stem of one of these enormous leaves, and out gushes the pure, cool fluid. Does not the idea seem a little strange, having cisterns in the branches of trees? We would think that water in such situations would be very warm in such a climate. But the travelers who have drank of the water of these lofty reservoirs, tell us that it is cool, pleasant, and healthful.

TWO FRIENDS.

BY ELLIS GRAY.

Toby and Jip are two four-footed friends of mine, much more interesting and amusing than some that go on two feet. Master

Toby is an Englishman by birth, of distinguished blood and breeding, born during the late war. His smooth shiny coat is of olive-brown, with dark stripes, like a tiger; his eyes also are brown, and soft and liquid as a child's.

He is very dignified and slow in all his movements; thinks always before he acts, and then does exactly the thing he means to, without any hurry or bustle. He is large, even for a mastiff, and were he cross instead of good-natured I should not want a tussle with him.

Master Jip is a wiry little Scotchman, a genuine Dandy Dinmont, hardly as many weeks old as Toby is years. They are very good friends in general, because Toby humors the little fellow, lets him scramble over his back, eat of his dinner, and occasionally runs a race with him down the long avenue. This last performance makes Toby particularly good-natured, because he always wins the race; his long stride easily gives him the victory, and he stands quietly by the gate till Jip arrives, tumbling head over heels in his eagerness.

There is one familiarity however that Toby will not permit: No one—not even Jip—can share the big soft mat in the corner where Toby sleeps every night, and, now that his years increase, a good part of the day also. Jip knows just as well as any one that it is forbidden ground, and, like some little boys and girls I know, is all the more eager to trespass.

He does not get a chance very often, for he would sooner jump into the fire than put foot on the sacred mat if Toby were in sight; but it chanced one day that Toby was investigating the contents of an unusually interesting butcher's cart, and was absent longer than usual. Jip came in from his morning walk, spied the vacant mat, looked continuously round with his little bright black eyes, hopped into the very center of the forbidden land, curled himself up comfortably, and, his head on his fore-paws, shut his eyes and pretended very seriously that he was sound asleep. In came master Toby, ready for his nap! The look of suspicion and indig-

nation that came into his face when he saw his place occupied by saucy master Jip, was very funny. He looked calmly at the intruder for a few moments, walked slowly to the hall door, which opened into the kitchen, shoved it open with his head, walked as slowly across the kitchen to the outside door and pushed that wide open; then he came back, took up master Jip by the nape of his neck with his teeth, carried him through the kitchen, and dropped him outside the door in the yard.

Of course he did not hurry back; he never was known to hurry, except when running a race; but he returned in a comfortable, victorious fashion, that made it funnier still to see his face when he found Jip in just the same place!

He looked steadfastly at the puppy, still, to all appearance, sound asleep; he lifted his right paw over his head and across his face, as if he said to himself, "Am I awake or dreaming? I certainly thought I took up that young fellow and carried him out; but I suppose I did n't! I will do it now certainly!"

So Toby shoved the doors open again, took Jip once more by the neck (I think it must have hurt him, but he did not dare make a sound), and put him out into the yard. When he got back again, however, there was the impudent little fellow curled up quietly in the center of his mat!

It was too much for a dog—even for a high-bred mastiff—to endure! He looked carefully around, up and down the hall, to discover if possible some explanation of the mystery. At length he saw the hall window was wide open; I think he smiled with satisfaction; at all events his lips parted, and I could see every one of his great white teeth; then he opened his mouth so wide I thought his jaw would crack, and shut his teeth with a snap that said, "I've got you now!"

Jip had been very cute, I think. He saw the open window, and knew it was a shorter way back to the mat to jump through than to walk round; so each time he scrambled back, and got nicely arranged before Toby's

return, rather enjoying the practical joke, I think. He did not have another chance, however, for master Toby was as wise as master Jip. If you gave him time enough to think.

This time he took Jip by the neck quite firmly, got up on to the great hall chair and dropped the culprit out of the window. Then quietly, and with the utmost dignity, got down, again took possession of his hard-won field, with a grunt of satisfaction, and settled himself for a long nap.

PRETTY STAR

BY GEORGE COOPER.

Pretty star, twinkling so far away,
Tell me what you can see.

"Mountains and rivers, and rills that play,
Windows that gleam with a sweet home-ray,
And bright eyes that look on me."

Pretty star, you are so large and bright,
Are you the mother there?

Are those your babies—wee dots of light?
"We are God's children, and day and night
We rest in His loving care."

Pretty star, you must be proud to shine
Over the earth so grand.

"I am but doing the Will Divine;
The work of a mote is as great as mine,
In the world that God has planned."

Pretty star, what is the fairest sight
That gladdens your eyes so mild?

"Beautiful joys fill the quiet night,
But nothing beneath me is half so bright
As a happy little child!"

THE LIFE OF CHERRY BLOSSOM.

In the wide yard of a quiet old farmhouse there was a cherry tree with stout trunk, tough limbs, and countless twigs. Upon one of these twigs Cherry Blossom was born one summer. She was a small tender thing at first; but the sun shone on her, the dew and rain refreshed her, and the playful winds rocked her. So she grew slowly through the long days, being brooded over by the motherly leaves, which sang a low rustling lullaby when the warm breeze blew softly.

You thought cherry buds came in the spring, did you? But if you look carefully

late in the summer, you will find the bud for next spring's blossom. Look where the stalk of the leaf branches from the twig, and there, in the smooth narrow corner, you may see the tiny young bud nestling for safe keeping, until it grows strong for rougher experiences.

Fall came at last with sharp frosts. The leaves dropped to the ground, and Cherry Blossom, just in her delicate budhood—one can hardly call it babyhood—was left motherless, so to speak. There were several sister buds with her on the twig, but they were all of the same age, and so were only useful as company. They could keep one another from becoming lonesome perhaps.

There was a long cold winter coming. But Dame Nature, that is said to take care of all buds and flowers (though what men call nature is just the action of the great, wise, beautiful laws of God), Dame Nature, or I should rather say kind, watchful Providence, always foresees and prepares for all changes of such sort. How was the tender bud cared for, do you think? Why, very much as a kind mother would wrap up her baby to keep it warm. There were more than a dozen coverlets. Next to Cherry Blossom's tender little self were the tiniest, softest, thinnest blankets, nicely covered with down. Then came thicker ones; and on the very outside were placed brown, glazed coverings to shed rain and keep the bud safe and sound. So Cherry Blossom slept.

The weather grew colder and colder. Deep snows covered the fields and whitened the trees. There were days of biting winds, and nights of stinging frosts. Some hopeless "croakers" were found ready to say that the fruit would all be killed. You know there are some folks who like to cry out before they are hurt. It is true there was one night when it went quite hard with little Cherry Blossom. The thermometer was several degrees below zero, and our little bud and her sisters were chilled and almost killed. But they safely passed all dangers of the winter, and patiently waited for the warm spring days.

And the bright, balmy spring came at

last, as it always does. The great sun melts the stubborn ice, as good overcomes evil. Tender blades of grass lifted up tiny spears of green. The catkins on the willows in the meadow came out. The hoarse crow cawed. The maple's red bloom gave a bright blush to the woods on the hillside. The robin sang. The little lambs bleated. Then Cherry Blossom began to stir. It was about time to wake up. So she gently began to push off the outer coverlets; then the blankets were folded back. At last, one bright morning, she saw the world's clear light.

It was in May when Cherry Blossom and her sisters opened wide their eyes. They were all very daintily dressed in white, with pale green collars, and curious head-dresses worked in colors. But soon this pretty dress was laid aside, and people no longer called her Cherry Blossom, but just young Cherry. Now bugs and hurtful insects began to sting and spoil some of her sisters. Deadly worms gnawed them, and one dreadful day a great gray bug came crawling slowly along the limb on which Cherry grew. It had large, ugly jaws, sharp and strong, and bit great gashes in some of Cherry's near relatives; but she was left in safety.

The weeks went happily by. Our Cherry became round and plump, and a tinge of red was seen coming into her cheek. She grew rosier and rosier, for she rightly used the sunshine of each day. Soon the folks who lived in the pleasant farm-house said "Cherries are ripe." Robin took a few, but he had killed a good many bugs and worms, and so perhaps he had a right to pick some.

One day a boy with a bright tin bucket climbed up in the tree and picked Cherry and many of her companions. How plump and juicy and deeply red they were! Nobody called them sour, disagreeable things. You see they had lived in the sunshine and grown the best they could day by day. That was the secret. Ah! dear children, let us try to do our Heavenly Father's will day by day, and dwell in the sunlight of His great love; so shall our hearts grow sweeter!

But this was not quite the last of Cherry

and her sisters. Some were "baked in a pie;" and those who were fond of pie said it was "nice." But a better fate awaited Cherry. She, with many of her best companions, was put into a clean glass "can" by the careful wife. After many days the "can" was unsealed, and some of the rich fruit was dessert for a great dinner, and some of it cheered the heart of one who had been worn and weakened by long sickness. Was not the world pleasanter for Cherry Blossom's having lived in it?

TAME SQUIRRELS.

BY ETHEL C. GALE.

Not one or two poor lonely little things, shut up in a cage, but whole families of beautiful bright-eyed squirrels, free as air, but so tame that they will come up trustingly, even to strangers, to eat from their hands the tempting bits they offer.

But we are sorry to say that this pretty sight is not in America. We are sure our little boys do not mean to be cruel, but they sometimes forget to be kind; and shy squirrels can only be tamed by the gentlest and most encouraging treatment.

Astonishing as it may seem, it is among the wild Malays that this interesting colony of tame squirrels may be found. Their residence is in a grove on a hill-top near Palenbang, on the island of Sumatra, and here many of the natives every day visit the little pets to play with and feed them.

A traveler who has seen and fed them, declares that nothing prettier could well be imagined than one of those bright, black-eyed, saucy-looking little fellows, with its fine fur ringed like a zebra, in stripes of gray, yellow and brown. Always pretty, whether peering at you from their homes among the branches, or coming down the trunk of a tree, with various little coquetish struts and pauses, to take from the hand the morsel that is waiting for him, and then hastily running away to chatter his satisfaction to his comrades in the tree-tops.

The Little Corporal.

AN ORIGINAL MAGAZINE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS, AND
FOR OLDER PEOPLE WHO HAVE YOUNG HEARTS.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER, EDITOR.

CHICAGO, JULY, 1873.

THE CHAIN-GANG.

If you were going through the streets of San Francisco, and saw, as you might sometimes see, a man at work with a heavy ball and chain fastened to his ankle, you could hardly help pitying him, although you might know that his own evil deeds had brought the punishment upon him. It is a dreadful lot to be chained to a ball, and obliged to drag it after you wherever you go—so dreadful that I wonder at the vast numbers who are joining the chain-gang of their own free will. Do you think I am mistaken? Ah no! I meet them every day, and everywhere—these poor fellows dragging the ball that grows heavier with each added year of life. I am almost afraid some of you may belong to this wretched chain-gang—chained to the heavy weight of *bad habits*. Only yesterday I saw a mere boy buying tobacco in a store.

"How can you chew that filthy stuff?" said his companion, who was evidently ashamed of him.

"Well, it did come pretty hard at first," said the poor prisoner, cramming the savory morsel into his mouth.

Come hard, did it? And yet he persisted until he had succeeded in riveting the chain and fastening the ball that will drag him down constantly lower and lower. What a dreadful weight he will find it—a weight upon his health; a weight upon his morals; a weight upon his pockets; a weight upon his energies; a curse; a slave's badge, wherever he may go. He is a bondman, not a free man, with the saddest of bondage—not to a natural appetite that conquered him, but to an unnatural one that he was at great pains to cultivate and fasten upon himself.

The chain is not very strong at first, and he fancies he could break it any time, and so he goes on until bands of iron and links of steel are less strong, and the ball, that was a little thing, grows to a deadly weight.

I have only mentioned one bad habit; but there are scores of others. All up and down the streets of this western city where I write, are saloons, with music playing behind the screens, and lighted windows inviting the passers-by. Men sit around the doorway and under the awnings, and boys go in and out, or linger about the entrance. The devil's recruiting offices, some one has rightly named these dens; and there are the boys and the young men enlisting in his service, joining the dreadful army, and helping the evil one to fasten the ball and chain that all his prisoners drag.

Every bad habit is a weight. Even little foolish, awkward habits, that we grow into without thought, and that are simply disagreeable and uncomfortable for others. Take care how you fasten the chain that, with all your effort, you may never be able to break, and that, even if broken, will leave terrible scars.

Twelve miles of level country lie between my quiet home and the noisy city. There is not much to attract the eye of a stranger along the way, for the railroad leaves the blue lake and passes through alternate sand and low black prairie, and most of the hundreds of morning travelers settle down to the discussion of real estate or the morning papers. There are pleasant glimpses, if one cares to look, of luxuriant market gardens, prairies gay with flowers, and muddy ditches, all aglow with flaunting yellow and purple. But if you ignore all this, do n't fail to raise your window when the train reaches the city limits, and see how the miserably poor live in the suburbs.

In a week one comes to know every shanty along the track; and from the general mass of dirt and confusion here and there a house shines out that shows at least an attempt at better things. I could show you

a home so humble that most of you would have turned from it in dismay, that has been transformed, by thrifty hands, into a lovely picture which it is a real pleasure to look at. The little yard, close to the track, is one glowing bed of carefully tended flowers from early spring until late fall. Blossoming vines literally cover the brown walls and climb unto the low roof. The tiny wedge-shaped garden has its neat beds of vegetables; and under a queer little carpenter's bench against the fence I sometimes see long white shavings, and some household conveniences in course of construction.

I think there are no children in this house, at least I have never seen them; but in the next block they are plenty. On the roof of a low shed you may see six or seven running about at play, and two goats lying contentedly among them. The goats probably pretend they are on a mountain; and the children, with immense sunflowers for parasols, trail their dirty rags about and play they are fine ladies out shopping, buying gold chains and silk dresses by the dozen. Do you wonder if they are happy? I think they are, after a fashion, but it is a pitiful fashion, and it makes one shudder to think that bad as is the outside of these homes, it is better than the inside. The children make the best of it. They sit on the dirty walks, and play marbles; they fly their wretched little kites, and lose them on the telegraph wires. The girls make mud pies, and hoard up broken bits of dishes, and altogether are human and childlike.

TRANSFERRED.—After our last number went to press we received the sad announcement of the death of one of our contributors—Miss Annie H. Poe—whose charming little poems of childhood have already won for her a flattering recognition throughout the land, and gave promise of great future success. We are sure she will have many sincere mourners among our readers, to whose pleasure she has so often ministered.



While the boys and girls are reading the letters in this number, their friend Prudy will be far away from here—looking into the faces of the boys and girls she meets on the cars, and on the streets, and wondering whether they read *THE CORPORAL*, and are curious to know who Prudy is. She can not now say just where and how far she is going; but she will keep her eyes open, and perhaps will write a letter for the pocket, telling all about the trip, the places she has visited, the sights she has seen, and the acquaintances she has formed, which she trusts may not be a few.

Memphis. "Dear Prudy: In the June number of *THE LITTLE CORPORAL* Minnie Boyer asks for an explanation of 'sun-dogs,' (I suppose she means mock suns) and if you will allow me I will give it. The *parhelia*, or mock sun, is caused by halos crossing each other a great many times. Their light accumulates, and bright spots occur which look like suns. At St. Paul, Minnesota, there was once seen the extraordinary spectacle of the sun attended by two images of such intense brightness that the three *rits* appeared to be equally brilliant. I think the letter from Belle Daley is very nice; I have read 'Little Women,' and almost all the rest of Miss Alcott's books, and like them so much. Will Fanny Feudge write some more about the Siamese Court? If she will do so she will greatly oblige all the readers of *THE LITTLE CORPORAL*, and particularly your little friend,
M. M."

Tehuacan Hills. "Dear Prudy: I live on a high hill, where there are a good many pretty flowers. I like flowers; do n't you? I like 'Uncle Dick's Legacy' very much. I am twelve years old; how old are you? I have one of the prettiest little nieces you ever did see. She has blue eyes, fair skin, and curly hair. Yours respectfully,
MATTIE GILL."

Pleasant Hill. "Dear Prudy: I had a sparrow's nest in mamma's garden, in a lilac bush, and when standing on the ground could see in it. She had three little blue eggs, speckled with brown. I've been watching it often, so as to tell you what sort of young ones she would have; but there came a storm a day or two ago, and destroyed it. I was almost sorry enough to cry. I hope she will build there again, for she was so gentle I could stand within a few inches of her and talk to her. If she does I will tell you. Respectfully,
KATE THOMAS."

Pinton. "Dear Prudy: I see a good many little girls put letters in your pocket, so please let another little girl twelve years old send you one about 'My

Grandma's cat.' One day grandma brought a young turkey—that was cold and wet—into the house and laid it near the stove. She watched pussy, lest she should harm it; but she lay close to it, and tried to keep it warm. Some time after, some little kittens the cat had were drowned, and grandma found three or four of her young turkeys in the tub where the kittens had been kept. She took them back to their mother, and watched the cat to see if it was possible that she had carried them there. Soon she came and carried one by one back again as carefully as she would her kittens. After that, whenever it was too cold or damp for the young turkeys to run with their mother, grandma would put them in with the cat, and she kindly cared for them. And now I wish to tell you a secret. I know who Prudy is. Well, I think I have written you a pretty long letter, so good-bye.
LOUIE E. H."

Clancey Creek. "Dear Prudy: To-day it is snowing fast here (April 13th), but we do n't mind that, as it snows here in the Rocky Mountains every month in the year, and I can now see banks of snow not five miles away, that are forty feet deep. We have been making garden, and the grass is green. The spring birds have made their appearance. A few of them I will name. The meadow-lark, robin, tom-tit, blue-jay, and the magpie. The last is a very pretty but a very mean one. I have often seen several of them light upon a cow's back and peck the blood out. People sometimes make pets of them. Do you want one? There are several have nests near our house. People in this country have many kinds of pets, such as buffalo, bear, elk and foxes. We had a pet elk last year. It would skip and play like a lamb, but one day when it was three months old it knocked down my little sister—two years old—and nearly beat her to death with its fore feet, so mamma sent it away and won't have any more pets. When my little sister saw the chromo 'Little Run-away,' she said it was nice. Some of the letters in your pocket spoke about their calves. I will tell you about some that we have. One of them was born with but one eye, and another with blue eyes; we also have one with a bobtail, but it froze off. Isn't that funny? I would write a longer letter, but I am afraid you will not get it in your pocket; and then I am rather a poor writer, as I am living in the mines, and have never had the advantage of a good school. Your friend,
"MATTIE E. BARNES."

Lebanon. "Dear Prudy: *THE CORPORAL* does n't come as often as I want it, the stories are all so nice. I like 'Uncle Dick's Legacy' better than any of them. Carrie Wood wants to know what a 'back-bone pie' is. It is made of the back-bone of a pig, just as a chicken pie is made. A large baking vessel is lined with dough, the bone is cut into pieces about

an inch and a half long, and put into the vessel, with pepper, salt, and butter, and over the whole a crust or covering of dough. It is then baked slowly till done. It is a fine dish for hungry boys or girls on a cold day.

WILLIE G. SHELTON."

Greencastle. "Dear Prudy: Did you ever take music lessons? I do, and it is dreadful hard, isn't it? I found a blue-bird's nest with four eggs in it. I like 'Uncle Dick's Legacy,' but I like 'Hidden Treasure' a great deal the best. The woods are full of wild flowers and beautiful blue violets. I go to school; it is just a mile from home; it's a nice brick house, and we children call it 'Brick Academy.' I do hope you will not let my little letter drop out of your pocket. With much love, dear Prudy, good-bye.

MAY P. TENNANT."

Minooka. "Dear Prudy: I have got the cunningest little poodle dog you ever saw. She is white all over except a few brown spots on her ears and back. Her name is Fannie; and when she wants something to eat she will stand on her hind legs, and make her feet fly just as fast; and when she is thirsty she goes to her dish, and if there is no water in it she shakes it, and then turns around to see if we hear. Now do n't you think I have a nice little dog? I think THE LITTLE CORPORAL is just splendid. I wish you would write some more about Tommy. My letter is getting pretty long, so I must close. Good-bye. From one of your friends.

BERTHA."

Treasure City. "Dear Prudy: I live away up here on top of a mountain, ten thousand feet above the sea. We have a funny kind of Indians, called the White Pine tribe. They are very lazy, and live chiefly by begging. There is one squaw named Sally, who washes for my mother, and whenever she wants anything to eat she praises my little brother and sister, and says 'heapy nicey girl.' I have some very pretty petrified sea-shells that my father found here on the mountains. If I had any way I would send some to you.

LILLA L. WARD."

Sioux Falls. "Dear Prudy: As I have never seen any letters from Dakota in THE CORPORAL I thought I would write to you and send some of our earliest flowers. I am a little boy nine years old. I trapped a fox and sold the skin for enough money to pay for my CORPORAL. We live near Sioux Falls. The town is situated on the site of Fort Dakota, at the head of the fall on the Sioux river. There is a fall in the river of one hundred and nineteen feet. There are plenty of Indians here; we see them often; one came to our house last summer to trade fish for bread. We have Norwegians here, too. Dear Prudy, did you ever see a Norwegian? I like some of them real well. They are generally fair complexioned people, with blue eyes and light hair—almost white. This is the first year I have taken THE CORPORAL, and I like it very much. Good-bye.

KARL M. RUST."

Godfrey. "Dear Prudy: I am taking THE LITTLE CORPORAL this year for the first time, and like it very much. I live on a farm, and have bought some pigs and a belfer, so expect to make money enough soon to buy a pony. The fruit trees are all full of blossoms now, except peach trees, and are very beautiful. I have five sisters and only one brother. I have a flower garden, and had a hen and five chickens, and sold them for fifty cents. I have a gun, and shot ten cherry-birds at a shot. Yours truly,

JAMES F. STARR."

Nora. "Dear Prudy: I like THE CORPORAL and the two chromos very much. I wish THE CORPORAL would come every week. I go a fishing near-

ly every day. I think 'Uncle Dick's Legacy' and 'Hidden Treasure' are good stories; do n't you think so? I caught a catfish twelve inches long. The dam is close by our house. There is a furnace where we live. Yours truly,

AARON J. BOTER."

Schodack Landing. "Dear Prudy: I have been a reader of THE LITTLE CORPORAL for five years, and I look forward to its monthly visits with as much pleasure as any of its readers. I am eleven years old, and have been to day-school winter and summer for five years, and to Sunday-school in the summer; but we live out in the country, where it is the fashion to close it during the winter. We closed last fall with a concert, and presented our Superintendent with a handsome picture. I like the piece in the last CORPORAL—'The Legend of St. Freda'—so well that I am committing it to memory. And now if you think this letter is good enough to go in your pocket please put it there. If not let it fall out of that big hole. Yours truly,

"ATTIE MAY SCHERKHOORN."

Camilla. "Dear Prudy: I like THE CORPORAL very much, and mother likes it too. I am eight years old, and have five brothers and one sister. My little brothers enjoy THE CORPORAL as much as I do. I like the stories very much, and think the pictures are beautiful. Of all the stories I like 'Hidden Treasure' and 'Uncle Dick's Legacy' the best; though all of them are so pretty it is hard to decide. Buddie Wimby had twenty-one little chickens and two pigs, and the pigs ate all the little chickens up but three. Good-bye. You must love your new friend,

MARY HELEN CULLEY."

Citronella. "Dear Prudy: I agree with that little girl Cora in wishing you would send your picture. If you do live in the country, you can go in the city some day, have your photograph taken and put it in THE CORPORAL. I have not been taking THE LITTLE CORPORAL a year yet, but the more of them I get the better I like them. But I am afraid if I make my letter any longer it will slip out of that hole in your pocket. Your little friend,

"LUCY WILLIAMS."

Waseca. "Dear Prudy: As I have never seen a letter from this town I thought that I would write one. I am twelve years old and have one brother older than myself and one younger. We have two very pretty lakes here. Prudy, if you ever come to Waseca you will come and see me, won't you? Hoping that this letter will find its way to your pocket, I am your friend,

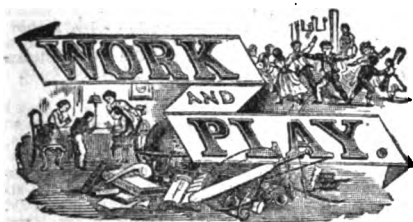
IRENE SMITH."

Big Bar. "Dear Prudy: I'm a little girl, eleven years old. My brother Willie takes THE CORPORAL. I like it very much. I like 'Hidden Treasure' and 'Dora' best. Is 'Hidden Treasure' a true story, or not? We live on the bank of the Trinity river. My father keeps store. I have five brothers and one sister. My older brother is sixteen years old. I have a musical album that plays two tunes.

"MARY LOUISE TINGLEY."

Edgefield. "Dear Prudy: In your pocket I have not seen any letter from here. I thought you would like to hear we have a very nice new church and parsonage, and a very good school-house, with globes and charts and maps, and six stereoscopes, with two hundred views. I have been to school two summers and part of this winter. I love to go to school. I study Primary Arithmetic, No. 2 Geography, and Fourth Reader.

MARY E. LOCKWOOD."



CONDUCTED BY PRIVATE QUEER.

No. 1—CHARADE.

First.

I nestle underneath the ferns,
Where heat of summer never burns
Their thready rootlets dry;
My fringy marge the wild deer seek,
In me the wild-bird dips its beak
And drinks when passing by;
Like eggs in a sequestered nest,
The shiny pebbles lie at rest,
Down in my shaded sand;
The roguish schoolboy rambling nigh,
Stoops down, with laughter in his eye,
And stirs me with his hand.

Second.

I steal away on noiseless wheels;
Nobody hears, nobody feels
Them jostle as they go.
A silent stream my sands run out:
My whole, besieged by Northern waves,
The lonely ocean's fury braves;
Bathes in the rough begirdling surf
Her jagged cliffs and barren turf;
Rears up her high volcanic head
Above a dreary lava bed;
And wears Aurora's varying lights
To mitigate her lengthy nights. *D. D. H.*

No. 2—PUZZLE.

Behcad a Western Senator and leave the noise of
rolling wheels.
Behcad a President and leave him nois and bols-
terous.
Behcad a notorious New Yorker and leave a worth-
less vegetable.
Behcad a rebel General and sell him to the paper
mill.
Behcad an ex-Secretary and convert him into an
animal.
Behcad a noted Wall street man and make an old-
fashioned row. *D. O. Uno.*

No. 3—WORD SQUARE.

To jump.
A short poem.
A small inclosure. *Oscar Steele.*

No. 4—ENIGMA.

I am composed of nine letters.
My 1, 2, 4, 3, 5, is a girl's name.
My 4, 5, 6, 8, is what birds have.
My 8, 2, 4, is a metal.
My 8, 5, 9, is a drink.
My 2, 4, 3, 2, 5, is a girl's name.
My 6, 5, 9, 8, is what we sit on.
My whole is the State I live in. *M. L. P.*

No. 5—CHARADE.

Without my 1, 2, 3, I am a number.
Without my 2, 3, 6, I am a fowl.
Without my 1, 3, 5, I am a weight.
Without my 3, 4, 6, I am a tool.
Without my 1, 2, 3, I am a snare.
Without my 5, 6, I am a musical instrument.
Without my 1, 3, 4, I am a part of the foot.
Without my 1, 2, I am a bird.
Without my 2, 4, 5, I signify warmth.
Without my 1, 4, 5, I signify to decay.
My whole is an insect. *M. M. H.*

No. 6—CHARADE.

I am a word of two syllables; cut off my first and
I am indispensable to the toilet; cut off my second
and I am a number. My whole is the name of a
game. *M. M. H.*

No. 7—PUZZLE.

One-sixth of a walnut, one-third of an oak, one-
fifth of a maple, one-seventh of camphor, one-sixth
of a cherry, one-fifth of a lilac, one-sixth of a lin-
den, one-fourth of a date, equals what tree?

No. 8—BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 14 letters.
My 8, 11, 6, 11, 14, the name of one of the Apostles.
My 2, 12, 14, 5, 6, 11, 10, a name given to one of the
Patriarchs.
My 4, 13, 5, 7, name of the wife of a Patriarch.
My 8, 9, 1, the place in which Joseph was cast by
his brethren.
My 3, 5, 1, 7, a city of the Philistines.
Whole, a king of Assyria. *M.*

No. 9—WORD SQUARE.

A token.
An animal.
A girl's name.
Reverse of far. *Little Sylvester.*

10—CHARADE.

I am a word of two syllables, of which my first is
the name of a frozen country in the North of Eu-
rope; my second is the old Saxon word for gold; and
my whole is the name of a land-tax, the levying of
which cost thousands of lives, by inciting a general
uprising of the English people against their foreign
rulers. *F. R. F.*

11—CHARADE.

I am composed of three syllables. My first is oft-
en dearly loved by those of whom it is the greatest
enemy; my second is half a danger; my third
sounds like nothing; and my whole is the name of a
famous Oriental idol, to which thousands of little
children are every year sacrificed; and even men and
women think they may atone for their sins by
throwing themselves into the embraces of the idol,
and being crushed to death in its sharp iron arms.
F. R. F.

12—ORNITHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of twenty-five letters.
My 10, 14, 11, 6 is a water-bird.
My 3, 16, 30, 17, 9, is a rapacious bird.
My 10, 15, 19, 24, 9, is a wading bird.
My 18, 16, 20, 13, 5, 25, is a noisy little bird.
My 14, 12, 23, 11, 6, 3, is a beautiful golden bird.

My 18, 21, 15, 7, 5, 24, is a domestic bird.
 My 22, 11, 14, 22, 11, 14, is a well known bird.
 My 2, 25, 12, 14, 24, is a long-legged bird.
 My 4, 11, 14, 24, is a diving bird.
 My whole is the name of something that all of the
 young folks are very fond of.

13—CHARADE.

Without my 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 11, 12, I am a piece of
 timber.
 Without my 1, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, I am a kind of
 thread.
 Without my 1, 2, 3, 4, 8, 9, 10, 12, I am an or-
 nament.
 Without my 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 8, 9, 10, 12, I signify to
 clothe.
 Without my 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, I am the beginning of
 day.
 My whole is the name of a flower.

14—WORD SQUARE.

Opposed to this.
 Opposed to there.
 What we all use.
 A trial.

No. 15—LOGOGRAPH.

The children's playfellow I be;
 My name consists of letters three;
 Behold, and I a king become;
 Less head and tail, nought is my sum;
 And yet, if but deprived my tail,
 I mean the opposite of fall.
 If, then, you name my head alone,
 On fairer stream the sun ne'er shone;
 And if my tail alone be spoke,
 I govern cattle under yoke.
 Reversed, I am the greatest name;
 Thus, less my last, do I proclaim
 A simple order to proceed,
 Without regard to mode or speed;
 Or, less my first, if I am seen,
 Then merely singular I mean;
 And less my first and last am I
 A short and most expressive cry. D. D. H.

No. 16—ENIGMA.

My first is in bad, but not in good.
 My second is in coal, but not in wood.
 My third in silver, but not in gold.
 My fourth in selling, but not in sold.
 My fifth in sold, but not in bought.
 My sixth in teaching, but not in taught.
 My seventh in moon, but not in sun.
 My eighth in pistol, but not in gun.
 My ninth in a couple, but not in two.
 My tenth in me, but not in you.
 My eleventh in rain, but not in snow.
 My twelfth in finger, but not in toe.
 My thirteenth in hit, but not in knock.
 My fourteenth in stone, but not in rock.
 My fifteenth in line, but not in hook.
 My sixteenth in bird, but not in rook.
 My whole is the name of a very good book.
 Robert Mowry Bell.

No. 17—GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of nineteen letters.
 My 2, 3, 4, 6, 8, 11, 12, is a city in Italy.
 My 4, 12, 3, 9, 19, is a river in France.
 My 4, 12, 14, 15, 5, is a river in Germany.

My 1, 8, 4, 4, 3, 18, is a city in Spain.
 My 7, 8, 12, 10, 16, 9, 8, is a city in Turkey.
 My 17, 4, 7, 12, 10, 7 is an ocean.
 My whole is the name of one of the great benefac-
 tresses of the present time. Lizzie M. Cone.

CORRECT ANSWERS.

Correct answers were sent by the following per-
 sons: Mary L. Cady, James C. Hill, Henry A. Var-
 num, Marion Barbee, Corinne Baker, Flora V.
 Chamberlain, George L. Lamberton, Harry Herd-
 man, Leonora E. Lindburg, William James, Frank
 B. Stitt, Charlie Clinton, Lizzie M. Cone, Clarence
 F. Moore, Etie S. Stewart, F. W. E., Ella W. Ram-
 say, Nellie Ramsay, W. S. Gibbons, Anna C. Juer-
 gens, Annie A. Seward, Annie and Phil., Abbie and
 Willie, Anna Jerenson, Attie May Schermerhorn,
 E. N. Fussell, Alfred P. Walbridge, Flora McCarty,
 Carrie M. Young, C. P. Lockhart, Lillian R. Gallup,
 Helen H. Haddan, Alice Purdy, Sallie Vause, Arthur
 O'Brian, Mary N. Whipple, Carl Hinkle, Flora E.
 Priest, Frankie M. Andrews, Virginia Harness, Ste-
 phen Clapp, Nellie V. White, Annie Stinchfield,
 Hattie Balcom, John A. Sox, Charles E. Sharp-
 less, Willie H. Miller, Lizzie E. Riddock, Lucas
 J. Otis, Nellie Grant, Cora Lillian Cochran, May
 Otis, Annie D. Kelly, Maria Madge Mulford, Will
 L. Cox, Ada E. Osborne, Mattie Paul, M. Henry
 Blackwell, Mabel B. Beardsley, Oscar L. Skoels,
 Charley A. Schneider, Lee Sly, Clarence Schenck,
 Frank M. Richardson, Willie C. Barney, Charles A.
 Mead, G. H. Hicks, Fred C. Downer, Willie Blood,
 Hattie Pierce, H. V. Jones, James A. Cook, Kittle
 M. Edmonds, Herman M. Turner, Cynthia A. Har-
 aday.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES, ETC., IN
JUNE NUMBER.

No. 55.—Scripture Enigma—Timothy, Hagar, Obe-
 diah, Uriah, Gideon, Obed-edom, Daniel, Sam,
 Ehud, Elijah, Sisera, Martha, Elihu.—"Thou God
 Seest me."

No. 56.—Charade—Pharos; French, *phare*; Italian,
farò.

No. 57.—Word Square—C O C O A.
 O L I V O.
 C I D E R.
 O V E R T.
 A O R T A.

No. 58.—Enigma—"Work and Play."

No. 59.—Enigma—Fin; ale; finale; na (nay); file;
 nail; fall; if; Nile; ale; line; fen; lean.

No. 60.—Riddle—River.

No. 61.—Puzzle—Sack; cock; pork; duck; truck;
 yoke; spy; Prudy's Pocket.

No. 62.—Geographical Enigma—Macon; Monroe;
 Columbus; Dalton; Marion; Cumberland Moun-
 tains.

No. 63.—Riddle—Clock.

No. 64.—Enigma—Gold.

No. 65.—Word Square—L A P S E.
 A V A I L.
 P A N E L.
 S I E V E.
 E L L E N.

No. 66.—Charade—Bolt; hum; Humboldt.

No. 67.—A Flock of Birds—Woodpecker; killdeer;
 hornbill; toucan; whip-poor-will.

No. 68.—Enigma—Caeco; red; nose; jaw; knock;
 Andrew Jackson.

No. 69.—Enigma—Walnut.

No. 70.—Onesida; Gordon; Pike; Lassen; Tipton;
 Wayne; Ford; Lucas; Placer; Presidio; Llano;
 Spottsylvania; Coffee.

A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures
 of silver.

The Little Corporal.

TERMS—\$1.50 a year. Single Numbers 15 cents.

JOHN E. MILLER,

Publisher and Proprietor,

No. 104 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

THE POSTAGE on the *LITTLE CORPORAL* is three cents a quarter, or 12 cents a year, payable quarterly at the P. O. where the magazine is received.

CHICAGO, JULY, 1873.

LIFE ON AN ISLAND.

BY

HELEN C. WEEKS.

We begin the publication of this new story in the present number. Those who have read *Dora*, will know that this new story, by Mrs. Weeks, will be full of interest, and of itself worth many times the price of *THE CORPORAL* for a year. We can certainly promise our readers a rich treat in the events of *Life on an Island*. Now will be a good time to get a few more names to your club.

A NEW VOLUME begins with this number, which makes it a suitable time to subscribe, or to raise a club and secure one or more of our beautiful premiums. There are yet many thousands of families who do not take *THE CORPORAL*. You can do a great good by giving him an introduction to new families. We want fifty thousand new names before the end of the present year. Send them along.

HIDDEN TREASURE, by Mary A. Denison, will continue through the present year. Mrs. Denison was the successful competitor for the \$1000 prize recently awarded by D. Lothrop & Co., of Boston, for the best Sunday-school book. Never before has *THE CORPORAL* presented each month such valuable reading matter and so popular a corps of writers as during this year. Each number of the magazine contains more reading matter than any book which generally sells for \$1.50; and all the numbers of the magazine for a year are equal to a dozen such books, and yet the price of *THE CORPORAL* is only \$1.50 a year. Remember these facts when you think of subscribing.

Subscribers changing their place of residence, and neglecting to inform us of any change required in the direction of the magazine until several numbers are lost, must not expect us to make good the loss, as we mail every number to the address as given, until a change is ordered.

FOR THE SUMMER CAMPAIGN.

In order to largely increase our list during the summer months, we have determined to offer extraordinary inducements both to subscribers and to those who will send us clubs. The terms offered in this circular are extremely liberal, and we shall expect to receive a host of new names. A few moments' work will secure enough names to entitle you to a valuable premium, in payment for your trouble. If you have not already got a pair of the chromos to canvass with, send 60c. for an outfit, and begin a club at once.

Subscriptions will begin with the July number, unless a special request is made at the time of sending the name, for the year to begin at any other time.

TERMS: \$1.50 a year, including the pair of chromos, unmounted, delivered at our office; or mounted, sized and varnished, sent post paid, for 35c. extra, or \$1.75 in all. This is the best form in which to have them, and we would advise all to have them mounted before leaving the office.

SPECIAL CLUB TERMS.

With the choice of one chromo—either "Mother's Morning Glory" or the "Little Runaway" to each subscriber, mounted, sized and varnished, and sent post paid.

1.—For a club of six subscribers for one year, and \$9.00 received at one time, we will send one chromo to each subscriber, and a croquet set valued at \$5.00, to the person sending the club.

2.—For a club of ten names and \$15.00 received at one time, we will send ten chromos, and a croquet set valued at \$7.00.

3.—For a club of three names and \$4.50 sent at one time, we will send three chromos, and a Globe Microscope as a premium.

4.—For five names and \$5.50 received at one time, we will send five chromos, and a Novelty Hand Stamp.

5.—For five names and \$6.00 received at one time, we will send five chromos, and a Globe Microscope.

6.—For five names and \$5.25, we will send five chromos, and the chromo "Cherries are Ripe," or *First Lesson*, to the person sending the club.

7.—For six names and \$7.50, we will send six chromos, and one-half dozen extra silver-plated teaspoons.

8.—For six names and \$6.50, we will send six chromos, and either Reed's Drawing Lessons, or Royal Road to Fortune, or Self Help.

9.—For five names and \$5.00, we will send five chromos, and one extra chromo to the person sending the club.

10.—For five names and \$6.00, we will send five chromos, and a solid silver napkin ring.

11.—For five names and \$5.00, we will send five chromos, and either Emerson's Binder—Corporal size—or Game of Authors, or Pocket Magnifier, or the steel engraving Rustic Wreath, or Heavenly Cherubs.

12.—For five names and \$8 00, or ten names and \$10.00, we will send a silver fruit knife.

13.—For ten names and \$10.00, we will send ten chromos, and a Globe Microscope, or box of water colors, or solid silver napkin ring, or a silver butter knife, or the chromo Red Ridinghood and the Wolf.

Remember that each subscriber in the above clubs will receive one chromo—either "Mother's Morning Glory," or "Little Runaway"—mounted, ready for framing. The chromos will be sent, post paid, in one package, to the agent of the club, who will distribute them to the subscribers.

Any subscriber may receive both chromos by paying 25 cents extra, to be sent at the same time the club is sent.

In order to secure the above terms, the full club, with the money, must be sent at one time.

All the premium articles on this list are sent prepaid, except the croquet sets, which are sent by express, the receiver paying the charges upon the delivery of the goods.

Old and new subscribers count alike in clubs for premiums.

Our premium articles are securely packed, free of charge, and delivered in good condition, at the post office or express office, and we cannot be responsible for any loss or injury which may occur on the way.

Remit money by draft on Chicago or New York, payable to John E. Miller, or by express, or post office money order, or in registered letter. Money sent in any of the above ways is at our risk—otherwise not.

AGENT'S OUTFIT.—To any one who will try to raise a club, we will send, post paid, both chromos, mounted, sample numbers of the magazine, and subscription blanks to canvass with, upon the receipt of 60 cents. We want one or more agents in every town. Send for outfit at once, and prepare for a vigorous canvass.

OUR CHROMOS.—Every subscriber to THE LITTLE CORPORAL is presented with one or both of our beautiful chromos, "Mother's Morning Glory," or "Little Runaway," size 8x10 inches each.

It will be hard for a lover of children to decide which of these pictures is most to be admired. "Mother's Morning Glory" is a lovely little girl, with her head crowned with flowers; one hand holds up the skirt of her dainty dress, which she is busily filling with buds and blossoms, and altogether she looks as sweet and fresh as her namesake. "Little Runaway" has evidently just crept out of bed to start on his travels, and is as bewitching as possible with the one little garment in which babies look their best. He peeps out through the tall wheat with blue eyes and dimpled cheeks, full of fun and frolic. Taken altogether, the pair are enough to captivate the hardest heart.

FRAMES FOR THE CHROMOS.—To get the greatest possible good out of the chromos, they should be

framed, and the cheapest and most suitable style is the carved rustic walnut frame, with gilt inside and carved leaves on each corner. Such frames are generally sold at retail at \$1.00 to \$1.25 each; but we have contracted with the manufacturers so that we can furnish them at 50 cents each, when ordered in lots of five or more frames at a time. The frames will be securely packed and sent by express, the party receiving them paying the express charges, which, when divided among the members of a club, will be but a trifle to each one. Any one can easily insert the pictures when the frames are received. If the order for frames is received at the same time with the club for the magazines, we will insert the pictures before the frames leave our office. We can, however, at the above prices, fill no order for frames for a less number than five at a time, and the money to be sent with the order in all cases. It is our aim to give our patrons a good, tasteful article for the lowest possible price, and we know they will appreciate our efforts.

THE GLOBE MICROSCOPE, advertised in this number, and offered as a premium on our new list, is one of the best low-priced instruments we have ever seen. In a family of children it will afford an endless amount of amusement and instruction. Objects for examination can easily be obtained and prepared in a few minutes. A few prepared objects, however, will be found very interesting and desirable to have on hand for ready examination.

WHAT THEY SAY.

CLINTON, Mo.
J. E. MILLER—*Dear Sir:* The microscope and binder are just received. Many thanks for them. Harman has already derived much pleasure from the microscope, and the binder will be very useful in preserving THE LITTLE CORPORAL from injury.
Respectfully, MRS. S. P. FARIS.

AUBURN, N. Y.
MR. MILLER—*Sir:* The croquet set came last week. The other game came just after your letter. Zada is very much pleased with both, and thanks you very much, indeed. Says she feels well paid for so many cold walks last winter in getting up her club, and thinks you the most generous of publishers, and will begin earlier next season in starting her club. I thank you, too, sincerely, and remain your friend,
MRS. A. A. PHILLIPS.

DULUTH, Minn.
JOHN E. MILLER—*Dear Sir:* I am glad I read your advertisement of Scripture Pocket Atlas. By so doing I was led to make the best book investment of fifty cents that I ever made. To interest and profit adults and children, I know nothing equal to it. Its publication will add largely to the number of intelligent readers of the Bible. Through it Palestine becomes as well known, as fully defined to the mind's eye, as any State of the Union which we may never have visited. By it you can trace the footsteps of patriarchs, prophets, kings, apostles, and the Master. Yours truly,

H. T. JOHNS.



AMONG THE FLOWERS.

THE LITTLE CORPORAL.

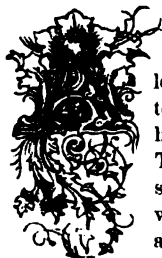
FIGHTING AGAINST WRONG; AND FOR THE GOOD, THE TRUE, AND THE BEAUTIFUL.

VOL. XVII.—AUGUST, 1873.—No. 2.

LIFE ON AN ISLAND.

BY HELEN C. WEEKS.

CHAPTER II.—BLACK AND BLUE.



N NIE awoke from a dream of climbing the ledge back of her old home, to hear a scuffling in the hall, and voices whispering. Then their door opened softly, and a paper parcel was pushed in. There was a giggle and a rush, and the parcel began moving in the most dreadful way. Annie had jumped out of bed to lock the door, and stood now staring at it, not daring to stir.

"It's some of Frank's work," Mary said, sleepily. "Once he threw two eels into the room, and I had such a time to get hold of them. Bring that here, and let's look and see what it is."

"I would n't touch it for the world," Annie said, shrinking back. "May be it would bite."

"Well, it's for you, any way," Mary said, getting up; "'Miss Annie Foster, compliments of Mr. and Mrs. Horse-foot, and will be happy to see you on the Point before breakfast.' Oh, it's an invitation! You'd better go, Annie. We have real fun."

Annie had cautiously turned back one edge of the paper, but started with a scream

as a brown something appeared and scuttled over the floor.

"It's nothing but a horse-foot!" Mary said. "They can't hurt you. Let's hurry and dress, and help the boys fill the baskets before the tide is out."

"I never can dress with that thing in the room," Annie said, with a shudder. "Do put it out."

"You won't mind them, or anything else after awhile," Mary said, pushing the great brown shell outside the door. "Wait till you see a devil-fish, or a stingray. Then you can jump all you want to. I see grandpa now out by the barn. Let's hurry."

"What makes grandfather look so solemn all the time?" Annie asked, as she laced her shoes.

"Oh, he's religious," Mary said, carelessly. "Good folks always do look solemn, you know. They think it's wicked to laugh. Mother can't help it, sometimes, but she always looks as if she did n't mean to. I suppose I should n't want to if I were pious."

"Well, but," said Annie in amazement. "good people ought to laugh more'n anybody else. They're happier than anybody else."

"Oh, my! no they're not! You can't be happy when you think what a wicked world it is, and everybody in it, too. That's what grandpa says. And he says Christ never smiled."

"I'd like to know how he knows!" Annie said. "My father never said that. He said it was a beautiful world, and we ought to be happy always, and Christ wanted us to be."

"Well, grandpa says your father was mistaken about a good many things, and taught you ever so much that was dreadful, and that you'll have to forget, and your mother, too."

"How dare you tell me that!" Annie began, passionately. "My father! the best man that ever lived! And my mother, that everybody loved!"

"Hity tity!" said Mrs. Catlin's voice in the door-way. "Quarreling first thing? That's no way to begin."

"I'm not," said Annie; "but I don't want anybody to say wrong things about my father or mother. I won't stay where they do."

"Hity tity!" Mrs. Catlin said again. "You'll stay where you ought, and mind people that know more than you do. Your father meant well enough; but he was a poor deluded man. You've got among friends now that have your good at heart, and there's a chance for you to learn different ways. But we've got to look out for that temper of yours. Say your prayers before you go out, and ask the Lord to forgive you for being such a wicked child."

"Do n't mind about it," Mary whispered, as Annie sat there burning with desire to speak, and wondering if she had got to bear this every day. "Come out of doors. It's always nicer than in the house."

Annie drew a long breath as she ran out, and felt the sea breeze on her face. Little Rosy came just behind, calling, "Wait for me, tuzzin!" and Annie, as she took the little brown hand, felt glad there was one at least to pet. Oscar passed them carrying a spade and basket, and nodding to her as he went; and as they passed into a

lane leading down to the south shore, Annie stopped for a moment in surprise.

"There's a kind of tower on that end," she said. "I did n't see it yesterday. What is it?"

"Why, that's the light-house," Mary said. "Only a little one to be sure, but it's better than grandma's light."

"Grandma's light?"

"Did n't you know about that? There's a reef off that shore, and once—ever so long ago—a ship coming in was wrecked there. It was when grandma first came to live here, and she felt so dreadfully that always after that she kept a light burning in the upper window all night. The State gave some money after awhile, because there are bad rocks all around these islands, and now there's that little light-house, and old Tom takes care of it. He's been all over the world, and he's got lots of queer things in his room. It's queer you did n't see the light last night."

Annie, looking straight ahead at the light-house, wondering if old Tom would let her go up in the tower, hardly saw where she was going, till the children's voices sounded near, and she looked down to a little sheltered cove, on the firm sand of which dozens of horse-feet were wriggling along.

"Here she is!" shouted Jack, running up, holding a little one by its pointed tail. "This isn't any bigger'n a cent, hardly. Do n't you want it to keep?"

"No, I thank you," Annie said, drawing back. "Won't it bite?"

"Why, it can't. It's only a shell, and some stomach and sort of legs. See;" and Jack turned over the shell, and showed her the brown, spongy-looking creature within. "The pigs love 'em," he went on; "we give them some two or three times a week. See me get that fellow."

Jack ran after a great one, big around as a bushel basket, and turned it over on its back. "I might stick him tail downward in the sand," he said; "but he can't get away either way. I'm going to take mine up to my own pig. Come and see him?"

Annie followed slowly toward the barn, but stopped as she saw something new.

"Why, I thought that nearest island like a little hill with the two trees on it *was* an island," she said; "but it is n't; there's a beach between."

"It's an island at high water. Goat Island, we call it," said Frank; "but you go over there easy enough when tide's out. We go there for shells, sometimes, but you have to remember not to stay too long. It's a nice place."

"Every place seems nice," Annie said, looking off to the green Long Island shore. "It's beautiful out doors."

"Better 'n it is in the house," said Frank, with a little grimace. "I'd rather dig clams all day than learn the catechism."

"What is the catechism?" Annie asked.

Frank looked at her a moment, his feelings evidently too strong for words.

"Never heard of the catechism?" he said at last; "Why, what do you study Sundays?"

"A hymn, or some Bible verses, sometimes."

"Well, you wait till Sunday comes and you'll see! I'd like to know what grandpa'll say. Never heard of a catechism? Why, that's all we do Sunday."

Annie had no time for questions, for the breakfast-bell rang, the horse-feet were left lying helplessly about, and the children all ran. After breakfast came prayers, and then Mrs. Catlin took Annie's hand and led her up stairs to her room. It was on the same side of the house with Mary's, and from the window Annie saw the light-house plainly. A case of foreign birds stood in one corner, and an Indian cabinet in another, and she fancied the whole room smelled like dried sea-weed. On the bed some black stuff was lying, with a great pair of shears, and Mrs. Catlin took up both together.

"It's a good many years since I made a child's dress," she said; "but Sarah says she has n't time, and you've got to have some."

"I do n't want any," Annie began.

"Sho! sho! Little girls ain't to say what they want."

"But I do n't," Annie persisted. "I'm old enough to know about that. I'd like to please you, grandmother, but I do n't want to put on black dresses."

"I've been whipped for saying a good deal less than that to my mother," Mrs. Catlin said, looking severely at Annie. "You could n't have cared much for yours if you're not willing to show any respect to her memory."

Annie choked down the tears as she answered, "You would n't say that if you knew. Mother said black clothes seemed to shut you in and make you think of the dark grave, and instead of that I was to think of the bright sky where she had gone, and remember how happy she is."

"And you could n't do that in anything but colors, I suppose," Mrs. Catlin said. "Now see here, you've done your own way all your life, and now you've got to try somebody's else for a change. Your grandfather and me have got to bring you up till you're of age, any way, and you've got to do as we say. And I'm not going to be told by a child what she'll wear or won't wear. You're to *mind*, and if you do n't mind, there's ways to make you."

"I'm willing to mind," Annie said, after a moment, trying to remember that this was her grandmother who spoke. Mrs. Catlin's face softened a little as she looked at her.

"You do n't look as if we'd have many battles," she said. "Now come and be measured."

"You may measure, but I sha' n't wear the dress," Annie said, looking at her. "I'll do all mother wanted me to, as long as I can, but she did n't want that."

"What!" said the old lady, confounded. "You dare? Then take that!" and before Annie could turn she had been boxed on each ear, shaken until she could not see, and then forced down into a low chair.

For a moment she was dumb. Nothing like this had ever entered her life before. Then she sprang from the chair, rushed

down the stairs and out toward Goat Island, the only refuge she could think of. "Come back!" sounded behind her, and she heard Mary say, "Why, Annie!" but she ran on, crossing the narrow strip of beach, and soon reaching the little hill and the two old cedars at the top. Then she threw herself down and cried bitterly. The blow was bad enough. Nobody had ever struck her before that she could remember, but there was something worse than that. Nobody loved her. Her grandmother acted more as if she hated her, and this place that must be her home was only a prison, after all.

"Oh, mother, how I want you!" she said, over and over again. "I can't live without you!" and then she lay there, so wretched she did not care to lift her head. A thought roused her by and by. What could be said when she went back? for go back she must very soon, else they would come after her.

She sat up and looked toward the house. Her grandfather and Oscar were plowing. Frank and George she could see out beyond the red buoy fishing, and the other children were probably playing on the north shore. Now was the best time for going back, when all were out of the house. She pushed back her hair, shut her eyes tight a moment to stop the hot tears which would come, and then walked toward the little isthmus connecting Goat with the main island. Where was it? She had forgotten the tide had turned, and that as she sat there it was steadily rising, till now she was shut up here for at least five or six hours to come, unless she could wade across. The water was over her knees in a moment, and silently as it seemed to flow in, yet came with such strength that she almost lost her footing, and jumped back frightened to the beach behind her.

"Now I've got to stay here," she thought, "till somebody comes to take me off, or the water goes down. I'm glad of it; it's

so quiet and resty. Nobody to scold, or anything."

Annie curled up under the trees and looked off to the water. She heard the faint sound of a church-bell from the distant town, and now and then a call from the oyster-boats. The tide came softly in, and she watched it creeping up the sand, and tried to remember what made it. She felt like Robinson Crusoe, and began to plan out a little house to be built of the driftwood she saw lying all about. "There could be a sort of summer house," she said to herself, growing interested; "and we could cover up all the old wood with vines and bushes. I wonder if Frank would help us build one? Grandma would say I should n't play in it, though. What a dreadful grandmother she is! I don't see one thing about her like mother. Nobody was ever so good as she was. I never can be. And I thought when I was coming here I should be so good, and everybody would love me, and think I was so sweet and nice. I always do think I'm going to be just right, and I never am. That's what old Nancy used to say, 'De spirit's willin', but de flesh am powerful weak!' Nancy said I'd have a hard time when I got among folks, and I do."

Annie's head went down again with another shower of tears, which she stopped in a moment.

"I won't be a cry-baby," she said aloud. "I'll go to work at the summer house," and she began to drag into one pile all the pieces of wood she could see. There was something that looked like half a mast, partly buried in the sand, and as she tugged at the end she saw it was filled with little white shells, like tubes set in the wood, and began to dig them out. She gathered a handful and wrapped them in her handkerchief, and then went back to the trees to examine them. The sun came down hotly; she was tired with crying and working, and leaning her head against the moss-covered roots, had soon fallen quietly asleep.

CLAIRE'S ACQUAINTANCE WITH A ROYAL PRINCESS.

BY CAROLINE MARSH CRANE.

CHAPTER II.

"Is this my little Claire?" asked Mr. Dopplewurt, advancing across the deck of the steamer, which had just reached its destination, toward the young girl who stood waiting for him.

"Yes, I am Claire," she answered, in a very low, almost tremulous voice, and extended both hands in welcome to the stranger to whom her father had sent her in this foreign land. He took them both, and stood looking earnestly down at her for several minutes. Then a brilliant smile lighted up his face, and he asked merrily,

"What do you think of me, little one?"

"I think I shall like you," she replied, with amusing frankness, while across her mouth the smiles played in and out among the dimples.

"And I know I shall like you," he returned, tucking, as he spoke, her hand within his arm.

He led her across the deck and through the throng of passengers out into the streets of the city. Claire had never seen such queer looking people as those among whom she now found herself. The short gowns and funny shoes and head-dresses made her laugh a good many times before she finally reached the hotel toward which Mr. Dopplewurt was guiding her. As they were climbing the stairway she began to tremble and cling closer to the arm on which she was leaning.

"What 's the matter, birdie?" asked her companion, bending over to look into her face.

"I wonder if she 'll think I'm too little? Mercy said may be she would."

"She?" repeated Mr. Dopplewurt.

"Whom do you mean, my dear?"

"Oh, did n't I tell you?" faltered Claire.

"I mean my cousin B—, that is, I mean—I mean Mrs. Dopplewurt."

"Do you? I think you mean your cousin Barbara, do you not?"

Mr. Dopplewurt had stopped on the stairway a couple of steps below Claire, and was forcing her to look him squarely in the face. It was not an unpleasant one to look into; and so Claire thought as she glanced up from under her half-drooping lids. She could not help mentally adding that she had never seen one so full of sadness and longing.

"Claire," he said gently, at last, as she did not speak, "my poor little frightened bird! I must n't keep you here to explain things to you; but, also, you must n't be afraid of my Barbara. We should both be sorry if you were any larger or older than you are. You are just what we want. You are to be our little girl until your father sends for you, or until you want to go home. But I hope we shall know how to make you so happy that you will not want to run away from us. But the dreadful Barbara," he continued, while the same beautiful smile she had noticed on the steamer again welled up from his eyes and irradiated his whole face, "is n't here. You can't see her for at least three days, for she is waiting for us at home, and you and I are to go there by very easy stages."

Claire laughed, and looked ashamed and gratified and sorry all at once; and then they continued their way up to the rooms, which Mr. Dopplewurt had already secured. He left her there while he went to see about the baggage; then they went out together to see all the strange sights, of which the city was full. They came back to the hotel and dined, and after that Mr. Dopplewurt told her all about the new nome to which she was going, and of which she was to be the sunshine. He told her of his daughters and sons, and how they had all, one after another, been taken from him. Claire listened attentively, wishing more and more that she might be a comfort to him, and heaping one resolve upon another,

until at last he said dreamily, as he drew her nearer to him and pushed back her hair,

"You look a little like Josepha, Claire."

"Oh, I'm sorry!" exclaimed Claire, impulsively; and then checked herself, and blushed, and wished she had n't spoken.

"Why are you sorry, dear child?"

"Was she a very good little girl?" asked Claire, not forgetting to answer the question, but wanting a reply to her own first.

"Not perfect, by any means, Claire; only a faulty little darling; but she tried hard to be good. Will you answer my question now? You ought to have answered it first."

"Yes, cousin Theodore, I will," she replied quickly, taking her courage in both hands, and speaking so rapidly that he could hardly follow her words; "I was sorry because I am sometimes very naughty. I do n't think I mean to be, but I am. I am terribly self-willed. I say and do all sorts of bad things; and afterwards I am so sorry that I would almost eat my own tongue up if I could unsay the dreadful things I say in passion; and I was afraid that if such a bad child looked like any one you love, you would hate her."

Claire was trembling with excitement, and a deep scarlet spot in each cheek was growing deeper and larger.

"There, there, my darling," said Mr. Dopplewurt, soothingly; "do n't take the matter so much to heart. If you have a passionate temper and strong will, you must enlist the last on your side to help you conquer the first. You and the strong will together will surely be more than a match for the temper—only be quite sure that you yourself are commanding the right side."

Claire could n't help smiling to find herself drawn up after this fashion in battle array, and turning suddenly toward her cousin, she exclaimed gleefully:

"You must have an eye on the battlefield, cousin Theodore, for I am a wretched captain! I skulk, and hide behind the trees and bushes, and only show myself again 'when the hurly burly's done!'"

"Do you like to read Shakspeare?" he asked abruptly.

"I like to read almost anything," she replied, excitedly; "that is," she added, shaking her head sorrowfully, "anything except Phæbe's cook-book."

Mr. Dopplewurt laughed outright, and then continued his cross-examination.

"What have you studied?"

"Latin," replied Claire, unblushingly.

"Ah!" said her cousin, approvingly; "that pleases me."

"Oh, wait! please wait!" cried Claire in alarm.

"What is it now, you little enigma?" Mr. Dopplewurt good-naturedly asked, unable to comprehend her sudden agitation.

"You must n't think I have studied it much," she explained, with praiseworthy exactitude.

"How much?" he inquired.

"I never had more than two pair of stockings to mend at the same time, and that did n't take very long," she answered.

This exceedingly lucid reply caused the questioner to open his eyes very wide.

"And what have the stockings to do with it, pray?"

"Oh, I forgot that you did n't know! That was when I studied Latin."

"Ah, I see now," he laughed. "You administered it to yourself weekly, or semi-weekly, as the case may be, as one takes sugar to overpower a disagreeable dose."

"Yes; and when I did n't have the mending to pick out and do over, I did n't have very much time. But I reviewed it all before I came away from home," she added with a deprecating manner, which charmed her interlocutor.

"I advise you to go to bed now, little woman," he said after a pause, during which he studied the bright, intelligent face.

"I will; and, cousin Theodore, I'm going to love you dearly."

"That's right; but be sure you keep a good warm place in your heart for cousin Barbara. I'm only afraid that when she sees you she will so nearly monopolize you that I shall have to stand quite one side. Little wee thing that you are! If I had

been your father I would n't have sent you away."

"It was all for your good, you know, cousin Theodore," returned saucy Claire, as she left him.

Three days afterward she stood at the head of a white marble stair-case, waiting for the bell to be answered. The man who opened the door Claire felt sure was the king. Her cousin spoke to him in a strange language, and then more kings crowded around them to welcome them.

"Who are they?" whispered Claire, as they all fell back with the exception of one who preceded them to the drawing-room.

"The servants," explained the master; and for the next few seconds Claire's busy brain puzzled itself with the question,

"If such glory attends the servants, what will their mistress be?"

Almost before the door was open the mistress was there—a short, plump, comfortable-looking woman—and after the first eager greeting, Mr. Dopplewurt said,

"Well, Barbara, you see I have brought the wee one."

Claire looked furtively up; and then, all her shyness suddenly gone, she exclaimed with a sigh of infinite relief,

"Oh! cousin Barbara, you are n't a bit like what I thought you were. I'm not afraid of you now."

"What a funny child," said Mrs. Dopplewurt, sitting down on the nearest sofa to indulge in a very musical laugh. "What have you been saying to her, Theodore, that she should be afraid of me?"

"Nothing, I assure you on my word of honor. I found the fear already implanted and thriving excellently, and did my best to uproot it."

Claire stood looking smilingly at the lady, whose little short, plump hands lay cosily one within another, and then began unbuttoning her gloves.

"That's right, child, take off your gloves. Theodore, will you kindly ring the bell?"

Mr. Dopplewurt did as requested, and when it was answered the lady said,

"Send Dobbs at once to the blue-room

to dress Miss Claire. Now, my dear," she continued, turning again toward the child, "let me give you a good warm kiss for a welcome, and then I will go with you to make you and Dobbs acquainted with one another."

Dobbs was already waiting in the blue-room. She wore a black silk dress and a bright scarf; and as Claire looked at her she felt sure that she could easily have mistaken her for her cousin Barbara, if she had found her in the parlors.

"May I take your hat, Miss Claire?" asked the maid.

"Yes ma'am," answered Claire. But when Dobbs had taken it from her head and was putting it away, Mrs. Dopplewurt laid her little fat finger across her lips and whispered laughingly,

"You must n't say 'ma'am.' Will you ask, Dobbs," she continued, looking about the room as the maid drew near again, "why it is that Miss Claire's trunk has not yet been brought up?"

Dobbs went out, and soon returned followed by the porter, who deposited the trunk and went out again. Claire wondered if there could be anything in it which was grand enough to wear.

"You may unpack it, Dobbs. I am glad, Claire, that your wise mother provided you with a *small* trunk, for in going to a foreign country it is much better to carry almost nothing beyond what is worn. There, Dobbs, the little dress you have in your hands you may lay aside. Miss Claire will wear it this evening."

When the trunk was unpacked and removed Dobbs brushed out Claire's hair, bathed and dressed her, and then led her to the drawing-room door. Both her cousins were within, waiting for her. Mr. Dopplewurt came toward her and offered his arm with the utmost gallantry.

"My princess!" he whispered.

"That reminds me," said Mrs. Dopplewurt, making room for Claire beside her on the sofa, "that the little duchess Jacqueline is coming to spend the evening with us. She is one of the youngest maids

of honor to the queen, Claire, and a bright little body, full of life and fun."

Dinner was announced, and they all went out to the dining-room. The servants stood behind their chairs anticipating every want, and Claire could n't help thinking, "I wish all the people at home could see me now! Just think, only a few weeks ago I was picking up chips!"

Claire thought it was almost bed-time when dinner was over and they returned to the drawing-room; but no one said anything about it, and she concluded to wait, though from the lateness of the hour she had not a doubt but that Jacqueline had forgotten her engagement.

Her cousins asked her a great many questions about home, and she was just in the midst of an amusing story about her little brother Tom, when the door was thrown open and a lady announced. Both her cousins greeted her cordially, and then Mrs. Dopplewurt called attention to Claire.

"My dear Jacqueline, this is the little girl for whom I told you we had sent to America—little Claire Stacy."

"I am very glad to meet you, Miss Claire," said the lady in broken English, and in a voice which Claire thought the sweetest she had ever heard.

"Thank you," said Claire, putting her hand into Jacqueline's extended one.

Then the young duchess talked gaily on about one thing and another which was going on at court; related amusing anecdotes of the counts, dukes and princes by whom she was surrounded; talked of the princesses, the king and the queen, just as though they were every-day people, in an every-day life, until poor little bewildered Claire began to wonder if she had not fallen into a fairy tale.

At last Jacqueline went away, after having said a few words in a strange language, which Claire could not understand; and the very next day came to Claire a dainty note asking her to come to the royal palace that evening at eight. Claire's surprise was unbounded. She had read in Grimm's Fairy Stories about little girls who,

when busy about their own affairs, were suddenly lifted up on a magnificent charger behind a noble prince and carried away to the king's palace, where they lived happily all their life long; but that she, little Claire Stacy, was really to go to the palace of the king was almost more than she could believe. She turned the note over and over after she had become satisfied that it had been read aright, and at length looked questioningly up at Mrs. Dopplewurt.

"What do you think about it, Claire?"

Claire sighed and then laughed; looked at the note again, smiled, blushed, laughed, sighed and laughed again.

"Well, cousin Barbara, it seems very queer. I hardly know 'if I be I, as I suppose I be.'"

"Would you like to go?"

"Oh yes, please!"

"You may; and there is one of the young princesses who is a great deal with our little duchess. Perhaps you will see her. I hope you may, for people say she is very lovely. If you do see her, you must be sure to address her as 'Your royal highness.' And if you speak about her to the duchess Jacqueline you must be sure to call her 'Her royal highness.' Can you remember this?"

"I'll try," promised Claire; but she did not understand very well what it meant.

"And another thing. It is not etiquette for one to ask a question of any person of royal blood. You must answer a question, of course, if the princess should ask you one; but be careful not to ask one in return. Will you remember?"

"I'll try," Claire replied, wondering all the while what a princess would look like, and whether she would wear a crown.

"Will eight o'clock ever come?" thought Claire, though the hours flew by.

By half past seven Dobbs had tied the last ribbon, and brushed over her finger the last curl, and Claire came flying into the drawing-room the very picture of joy.

"The carriage is ready, thy little snow-bird," said Mr. Dopplewurt, carefully wrapping her in a blue opera cloak.

"Have a good time; give my love to Jacqueline; and turn your toes out when you walk," said Mrs. Dopplewurt, accompanying them to the door.

"Drive first to the park, and let us see how the city looks in the evening," said Mr. Dopplewurt to the coachman.

When they finally drew near the palace gates the guards stood aside to let them pass. They drove under, and came at last into a large open court. Then they alighted, and Mr. Dopplewurt led his little cousin up long carpeted flights of stairs. At the head of one of them they were met by a liveried footman, to whom he confided the child, promising to send the carriage for her at ten.

The footman guided her through several ante-chambers and one or two very large, handsome rooms; and then, after taking her cloak from her, threw open the door of the duchess Jacqueline's apartment. Jacqueline met her with open arms, gave her a seat beside her, and amused her by telling her stories, playing and singing for her, and showing her photographs of all the king's household. Before very long there came a gentle rap at the door.

"My princess!" said Jacqueline; but before she could rise to her feet the door opened and a child of twelve, as lovely as a dream, bounded half way in, and then drew shyly back.

"Come in darling," said Jacqueline; "I want you."

"I wanted to show mademoiselle my dog," said the princess, advancing timidly toward Claire, and holding out to her a small English terrier. "Poor Jack! poor Jack!" she repeated.

"Won't you let me take it? Is it afraid of me?" asked Claire, holding out her hands for it, and totally forgetting her first lesson in "royal etiquette."

"Oh, he is not afraid," replied the princess, releasing the dog. "Poor Jack! Behave thyself, Jack!"

But Jack, though thus admonished by his imperious young mistress, would not behave himself. He hid under the piano

and wagged his tail. A chase ensued, in which Jack was recaptured, and the laughing princess sat down with him on her knee.

Then Claire suddenly remembered that this beautiful girl was the king's daughter, of whom she had been dreaming. There was certainly no crown upon her head, except the crown of golden hair. Her large eyes were as purple as pansies, and the slight, willowy figure was grace itself.

"Have you ever read the 'Lances of Lynwood,' and 'The Little Duke'?" suddenly asked her little royal highness.

Claire had never heard of the two books, but merely admitted that she had never read them.

"Then I will lend you mine," said she, eagerly. "Would you like to read them?"

"Very much, indeed," replied Claire, thinking, "Dear me, what would Mercy say now?"

Just then the footman opened the door and asked if the duchess would receive the countess D—— and her daughter.

"Wait!" cried Jacqueline in consternation; for well she knew it would never do to have the royal princess seen in so uncereemonious a fashion as this.

She opened a door on the opposite side of the room, which led directly into the rooms of the princess. As quick as thought her little royal highness sped through the open door, turning back for a second to whisper,

"Mademoiselle Claire, come too!"

"Run along," said Jacqueline, and closing the door behind the two girls, she said, "Admit the ladies," and advanced to meet and welcome them.

"I wonder if cousin Barbara would think this was 'etiquette,'" thought Claire. But she had n't much time to consider the matter, for the princess showed her her books and her drawings, and the dolls she was fast outgrowing, and the night-cap she sometimes put on Jack when he had a bad cold, and the presents the queen dowager, her grandmother, had given her the previous Christmas. Then she chose out an

armful of books, which she said the duchess would order the footman to take down to the carriage when it came, and which Claire was to read at her leisure. After that she gave Claire a seat on the sofa, and sitting down beside her, said,

"Now tell me about the Indians."

"What do you already know about them?" asked Claire.

"I have read the 'Pathfinder,' and 'The Last of the Mohicans.'"

Claire, fortunately, had seen many of them in the West, and so gave very animated descriptions of their fantastic dress and peculiar manners. They discussed many serious and important questions, among others that of pets, when the princess remarked, with a long-drawn sigh,

"Ah, well! I am very fond of pets. I hope I may marry a prince in Brazil, where they have plenty of monkeys and parrots."

Before Claire could express a hope that

this wish might be gratified, Jacqueline opened the door.

"I am sorry to say that the carriage is waiting for you, Claire."

Claire was sorry, too, but nevertheless rose to go.

"Good-bye," said the princess, offering her hand.

"Good-bye," returned Claire.

The princess went to her sleeping-room, where the maids were waiting to put her to bed; and Claire, after thanking Jacqueline for the delightful evening she had given her, followed the footman down to the carriage and drove home, her little brain all in a whirl, then ran up stairs and threw herself into Mrs. Dopplewurt's arms, exclaiming enthusiastically,

"Oh, cousin Barbara! cousin Barbara! How beautiful she is! She is a perfect little darling, and the very own daughter of the king!"

CARRYING WATER.

BY A. H. POE.

There, now! hoist the jugs up,
One on either horn;
Shake your sides, old horse,
And earn your dinner of corn!
A little nudge in the saddle,
A twitch of the bridle, or so,
A brown, bare foot in the stirrup,
And ready! off they go!

Chestnut is very majestic,
With eyes as grave as a judge;
And he uses his kingly discretion.
Whenever it comes to the *budge*.
With Joe he's as stiff as a hobby,
And yawns a regular yawn;
You'd think him an idiot of a horse,
But he's only "letting on."

With Maggie—that's quite different—
He pricks up his ears and goes;
I think he rather likes to feel
The touch of her sunburnt toes;
And he likes her red cheek close to his ear,
And the stroke of her dimpled hand.
Oh! a braver little rider
Ne'er rode in all the land!

Down through the breezy orchard
They are trotting briskly now;
And Maggie gathers an apple,
And Chestnut gathers a bough.
And on, where the crispy stubble
Burns in the August light,
And the men are wiping their beady brows,
And binding with all their might.

With a smile and a nod they greet her;
The jugs are lifted below;
How good the cool, fresh water tastes,
Only the harvesters know.
The jugs are passed from mouth to mouth.
With many a word of cheer;
And they puff and drink as if their throats
Had thirsted for a year.

Our Maggie looks on brightly,
As she waits in the shade of the stack,
Fanning herself with a big green leaf,
Pushing her sunbonnet back;
Then father tightens the girth for her,
And a few kind words are said,
And he hangs the jugs in their place again,
And Chestnut turns his head.

OUR DUCK HUNT.

BY HARRY CASTLEMON.

I have some good reasons for saying that my young friend Edgar Lathrup is just my style of a boy; and one of them is, I never saw him in the sulks. If things do not go to suit him—if his father tells him that it isn't safe to take the Banner (that is the name of Edgar's sail-boat, you know) out on the river while the white caps are running, and the wind blowing half a gale; if his mother thinks that he ought not to be outside the gate after dark with that young reprobate, Jack Howard, even though he does want to talk to him about the wonderful sights Jack saw while he was off on that whaling voyage to the South Pacific; or if he sets a day for a duck hunt, and gets out his heavy boots and shooting-jacket, and makes every preparation for an early start, and a storm arises and puts a stop to the hunt;—if all these disappointments come upon him at once, it makes no sort of difference with Edgar's good nature. Like the sensible fellow he is, he accepts the situation without a word of complaint, and always finds some other way in which to enjoy himself.

Ducks were plenty that year; and Edgar and his friend, Ned Robbins, and myself had decided upon a certain Saturday for a grand hunting expedition down the river. Unfortunately for our plans, but fortunately for the ducks, for both the boys are splendid shots on the wing—the long-wished-for morning dawned cold and stormy, and a hunt was quite out of the question. About seven o'clock Ned Robbins, with the cape of his overcoat drawn over his head, and his double-barrel enclosed in a water-proof case, galloped into the yard on his pony, and drew up before the door. When Edgar told him that he was sorry to give up the hunt, after anticipating so much pleasure from it, but could not see the use of going out on the river in an open skiff, to be pelted by the rain and sleet, when there was not the least probability that we

would see a single duck—when Edgar said this—Ned stuck out his lips and exclaimed,

"Oh, pshaw! If we don't go to-day we'll have to postpone the hunt for a whole week!"

"I know that," replied Edgar; "and I feel the disappointment quite as much as you do; but you have hunted ducks often enough to know that they never fly during a storm like this. Won't you come in? I have a new book from the library."

"A book!" repeated Ned, in disgust. "That's a poor substitute for a duck hunt, and a camp on the island, and a dinner of potatoes roasted in the ashes! See here, my game bag is full of good things—sardines, sandwiches, bread and butter, and a bottle of cold coffee."

"Well, come in out of the storm," said Edgar.

No, Ned would n't come in; and what was more, he would n't have anything to do with a boy who was afraid of a little rain. He jerked his pony around, hit him a severe cut with the whip, and went tearing down the road toward his home.

I am sure that Ned was a very unpleasant fellow to have about during that day. I will warrant that he grumbled and scolded at a great rate; that he made every one around him unhappy; and if he was not sent to his room in disgrace before ten o'clock, it was no fault of his. On the other hand, if it had not been for Edgar's little sister, no one would have known that he was in the house. She kept running to him every five minutes, while he sat poring over his Virgil, begging him to draw "jes' one more hoss" on her slate; and Edgar always did it, although I could see that these interruptions were by no means welcome. When the hundred lines of Virgil had been mastered, Greek and Algebra occupied his attention until dinner time; and during the afternoon he was so completely wrapped up in Cooper's "Prairie," that it

is a wonder if he did not sometimes forget to breathe.

That week was a long one to Edgar, as I believe it would have been to any other boy who had wild ducks on the brain; but Friday evening came at last, and in order to insure an early start, Ned Robbins came over to pass the night at our house. During the evening preparations for war were actively carried on. The skiff was bailed out and wiped dry; the guns were cleaned and scrubbed until they shone like silver; the game-bags were filled with rations; the powder flasks and shot pouches replenished; and at nine o'clock we were all in bed, dreaming of the exciting sport that awaited us on the morrow.

Saturday proved to be a splendid day for hunting as far as the weather was concerned, but not so for the game; for not a single wild duck did we see. We pulled from one side of the river to the other, visiting all our old hunting grounds, where we had never before failed to bag at least a brace of birds; and when noon arrived we were tired and hungry, and almost discouraged. Ned grumbled lustily over our bad luck, but Edgar was as serene and good-natured as ever.

"It is a bad day for ducks," said he, standing erect in the boat and gazing up and down the river. "If we could only see a butter-bowl or a mud-hen—anything to empty our guns at, I should be—there's a mallard, as sure as I live!"

We looked in the direction Edgar pointed, and saw a solitary duck feeding among the weeds that lined the nearest shore. In a moment more the skiff was flying toward him—Ned lying flat on the bottom, with his gun pointed over the bow, and Edgar standing close behind him, ready, in case Ned's shot did not prove fatal, to take the game as it arose from the water. The bird discovered us long before we came within range, but did not seem to be at all afraid of us. Occasionally he turned his head and looked at us, and then went on with his feeding.

"I never saw a wild duck as tame as he

is," whispered Edgar, when the skiff had approached within fifty yards of the bird. "If he stays there a few seconds longer I would n't give much for his chances. Now's your time. Let him have it."

Bang! bang! spoke Ned's double-barrel, the reports following each other in quick succession. I saw the shot plow up the water on the opposite side of the duck, but not one struck him. Edgar was ready, but he might as well have saved his ammunition, for he met with no better success than his friend. It was my turn now. The old deer-gun roared like a small cannon, and when the smoke cleared away we saw the duck lying motionless on the water.

"Five charges of shot wasted on a single bird," said Edgar, as he picked up the oars and pulled toward the game. "But then you know, uncle Harry," he added, by way of apology, "that Ned and I never could hit a bird sitting. He'll make a dinner for us, any how, and we'll have him served up—"

"I say, thar!" exclaimed a shrill, cracked voice; "what you been a-doin' thar?"

We looked up and saw a woman, who seemed to be highly excited about something, standing on the bank. She followed us as we moved down the river, and continued,

"Now I tell you what's a fact: I raise ducks an' geese for a livin', an' a few minutes ago I seed one of my ole ducks go down to the river. Now I'll tell you what's a fact, you've shot it. Hold it up and let me see it!"

"It's a tame duck if I ever saw one," whispered Ned, as Edgar lifted the bird from the water. "Do n't show it to her. If it belongs to her she'll make us pay for it."

But Edgar is a boy who does not believe in any underhanded way of doing business. He is strictly honest and honorable in everything; and he thought if we had killed the woman's duck, it was no more than right that she should know it. He looked very foolish as he raised the bird and held it up for her inspection.

"What did I tell you!" she screamed. "That's my duck, an' I wouldn't have had it killed for no money!"

Some conversation followed, which we brought to an end by pushing the skiff through the weeds to the bank; and when we came out we were a dollar poorer than when we went in. We did n't bring the game with us, either; for Edgar said we came out after *wild* ducks, and he had given the bird to the woman. This was a nice position for three experienced hunters to be placed in; but we did not have much time to talk about it, for when we pulled out of the weeds into the open river, an unexpected sight greeted us. Near the opposite shore, and about half a mile distant, was a large flock of ducks swimming about in plain sight. We knew they were not tame ducks, for there was no house on that side of the river; and besides, we thought we could make out several canvas-backs and butter-bowls in the flock. Here was a chance to clear our reputations, and to wipe out the disgrace we had brought upon ourselves. Ned and I picked up the oars, and in less than a quarter of an hour the skiff was floating along the edge of the weeds toward the ducks, and we were all impatiently waiting for a shot. Edgar held the post of honor this time, being crouched in the bow of the boat, with my double-barrel in his hands, and Ned and I stood behind him, ready to crack away at the birds as they took wing. In a few moments we were within easy range; but just as Edgar brought his gun to his shoulder and placed his finger upon the trigger, a man suddenly raised his head above the weeds and called out,

"Hold on there!"

We lowered our guns and looked first at the man and then at the ducks.

"What's the matter?" we all asked in concert.

"Oh! nothing," replied the man, with a comical expression on his face, "only them 's wooden decoy ducks; that's all."

The boys let down the hammers of their guns, and I got out the oars and pulled for

home. I thought we ought to go home after that. Hunters who could make such mistakes as we had made that day ought not to be out duck shooting. For a short time there was silence among that boat's crew; and then I heard a sort of smothered explosion behind me, followed by a roar of laughter that must have been heard clear across the river. When we reached home and the folks wanted to know what we had done with our ducks, we looked wise, but said nothing. We made one another the most solemn promises that we would never lisp a word of what had happened; but it all leaked out somewhere—such things never can be kept a secret, you know—and it was a long time before we heard the last of our duck hunt.

A SWISS BABY'S LULLABY.

TRANSLATED BY J. E. RANKIN, D.D., FROM
THE GERMAN OF FREDERIKA BRUN.

Sleep, my nestling! Close thine eyes
In this May-time paradise!
See, above thee, piles of snow,
Breathe the clover's bloom below;
When 'tis May-time,
Children's play-time,
Strong and ruddy, how they grow!

I will hold thee, soft and true,
As the May-bell holds the dew;
See, above thee swallows fly;
Hear the wimpling brooklet nigh;
When 'tis May-time,
Children's play-time,
That 's their best time, so say I.

To my heart, O, snuggle near:
That shall bring sleep's angel here.
He will waft sky-dreams to thee,
Lull thee, like the humblebee:
Sweetly singing,
Softly winging,
Cooling thee upon my knee.

Now thou shuttest up thine eyes,
Floating off to Paradise;
I will bear thee soft away,
And in quiet chamber lay:
When 'tis May-time,
Children's play-time,
That 's the best time; sleep away!

NORA'S BONDS.

BY OLIVE THORNE.

"So our Nora is a lady of property, is she?" said Mr. Howel, sinking into an easy chair before the grate, and thrusting his feet into a pair of comfortable slippers.

"Yes," answered Johnny eagerly, climbing on to his lap; "she's got a whole pile of things—bonds, she calls 'em—and she says she can get money out of 'em. I don't see how, do you, papa?"

Mr. Howel smiled.

"You'll understand all about these things when you're a little bigger, my son; meantime won't you go and see if tea is ready?"

Johnny ran out, and Mr. Howel turned to Nora, who sat by the table drawing.

"So it's true is it, daughter—and the old lady left you enough to go on with your education?"

"Yes, father," said Nora, looking up; "the lawyer was here to-day, and brought it to me. It's in United States bonds, and the interest on them—Mr. Steel told me—is just the same that she has spent for me this last year. I'm to spend the interest for my studies, but I can't touch the bonds till I'm twenty-one. I'm so sorry."

"Why, my dear?" asked Mr. Howel.

"Oh, because I'd like to help you and the boys, and—"

"No, indeed, my dear!" said Mr. Howel; "we are comfortable enough. It won't hurt the boys to hew their own way. I never knew a man of much account who did n't; and I'm very glad your aunt was wise enough to tie it up so that you can't give it away. I guess she knew how generous you are."

"I do n't think I'm very generous, father," said Nora; "but it does seem mean to have the best teachers in everything, and be helped to an education, while they have to work for theirs."

"No, dear, it's all right. They have health and strength to help themselves; but if you had no help you could have nothing

but what you could get from the public schools. Besides, when you are of age, and fitted to take care of yourself—as we hope you will be—you can do as you like with the bonds, if they trouble you."

"Yes, I know that," said Nora, eagerly, "and I know just what I shall do with them, too."

"Unless you change your mind," said Mr. Howel, smiling.

"I sha'n't change my mind! I won't change my mind!" said Nora, vehemently.

"What's that you're so inflexible about?" asked Mrs. Howel, coming in to announce tea.

"Oh, it's a secret, mother," said Nora, hastily. "It's just what I'm going to do with my money when I'm of age."

Mrs. Howel smiled, and looked as though she thought it improbable that she should hold to one purpose for so many years. Nora was about to reiterate, but just then the boys came in, and they all went to tea. During that meal the news was fully discussed, and Nora was relieved to find that neither of her two big brothers felt at all jealous of her good fortune, nor at all vexed at the eccentric old aunt, who not being rich enough to help all, had chosen to help the only daughter of the house to an independence.

"Look out you take good care of your fortune, sis," said Harry, jestingly, as she was going up to bed that night. "Burglars or fire will reduce you to the ranks in a twinkling."

Nora laughed, and said nobody would come to their house for treasure; and as for fire, no house could burn up that held mother, she was so very careful.

"Don't be so sure," said he, teasingly: "some sharper may have seen lawyer Steel bring it up here, and our bolts are none of the strongest."

After much consideration, Nora put the precious bonds at the very bottom of her

trunk, which stood at the foot of the bed. Then she proceeded to lock up her room. This was a new operation; and the first thing she found was that her windows did not catch at all. She shuddered at the idea that any common thief with a ladder could get in without trouble. So—very quietly, not to let Harry know—she made a journey to the store-room, and brought up nails and hammer, with which she secured the windows. She next opened the door, set the lamp on the floor, and made search under the bed and in the closet, to see that no prying thief was already hidden in the room. Finding all safe, she went on to lock her door by pushing the bureau against it; and all in a flutter—from the unusual excitement—she sat down to take out her braids.

She was soon in bed, but not to sleep. The cares of wealth were too much for her. She tossed and tumbled for a long time, listening to every sound, and starting up half a dozen times, thinking she heard some one. Then she began to worry about the hiding-place she had chosen. Of course a trunk would be the first place to look. So she got up, took the precious papers out, and put them between the mattresses on her bed.

After another hour of fidgeting she decided that was not a safe place; so she got up again, and pinned them to one of her dresses in the closet. However, she slept very little, and in the morning she looked pale and tired. Harry noticed it in a minute.

"Ah ha! Miss Nora! I guess your money was too much for you!"

Mr. Howel looked up.

"Sure enough! Dear, you must n't have that around the house. You must take it to the bank."

"But perhaps the bank 'll break," suggested Johnny.

"Perhaps it will," said Mr. Howel; "but we have to take the risk."

"Why not take it to the Safe Depository?" said George, the elder brother.

"To be sure! I never thought of that. It's the very place for you to take it, Nora."

"But what is it, father?" asked Nora. "Can't you take it for me?"

"It's a place to keep things safe from burglars, fire, breaking banks, and everything."

"I know all about it," interrupted Harry; "and I'll go down there with you this very day, sis."

"I would rather have you take it, Nora," explained Mr. Howel; "because then it will be absolutely safe from everybody but yourself."

Nora looked troubled. She began to think it was n't so nice as she had fancied to have property. She did n't like to go to strange places, and she did n't know what to say nor what to do. However, there was nothing for it but to go; for she did n't want to pass another such a night as the last had been. So, after breakfast, she got ready, made her bonds into an innocent-looking roll, and started off with Harry.

They took the street cars, rode down town, and before long Nora found herself before a counter, opposite a gentleman who asked her politely what he could do for her.

"I've brought some bonds—" Nora began, blushing; but Harry broke in with his most grown-up air (he was fifteen),

"My sister wants to rent one of your safes, to keep some property in."

"Oh, very well," said the gentleman; "come into the vault and select one."

He came out from behind the counter, and led the way to an immensely thick door, which stood open.

"What a door!" exclaimed Harry, admiringly. "I guess it would take a sharp burglar to get through that."

"I think it would," said the gentleman.

"Push it open, if you can."

Harry took hold with confidence, but to his surprise it did not move.

"It weighs over a ton," said the gentleman; "and when we turn the lock it throws sixteen bolts." He turned it, and sure enough four heavy steel bolts sprang out of each side.

There was another immense door—also open—and then an open-work iron door,

which their guide opened. Nora looked in. It was a long, low, narrow room, with doors at each end. The side walls were divided into small squares, on each of which was a number and a key-hole. They looked something like boxes in a post office, only they were of steel instead of glass. Two or three gentlemen were in there. The guide went in.

"Each of these little doors," he said, opening one as he spoke, "belongs to a box which you can rent, and to which you keep the key. We have them from fifteen dollars up to forty."

"What's the difference?" asked Nora.

"Merely position and size. One is as safe as another."

"What is the price of this one?" asked Nora, laying her hand on one, the number of which was easy to remember.

"That one is twenty dollars a year."

"Well, I'll have that," said Nora.

"All right. I'll show you how safely we lock up. Will you take it now?"

"Yes," said Nora; "and this is what I want to keep," placing her roll in the safe.

"That is rather a careless way to carry valuables," said the gentleman, smiling.

"Oh, I knew I should n't lose it," said Nora. "It has been too much care for me to forget it."

Shutting the little steel door, he told Nora to lock it and take the key, which she did. Then he drew down from one side a steel plate, which entirely covered the key-hole; put a key of his own into another key-hole, turned it, and lo! the plate was solid as the rest of the door.

"Now you see," said he, "you can't get in without me, and still less can I get in without you."

"That's safe enough—from you, any way," said Nora, laughing.

"Yes; and I'll show you that it is safe from other folks. The walls of this vault are made of plates of hardened steel, and are three inches thick, besides being enclosed in thick stone walls. No burglar can get through that."

"I should think not," said Harry; "but can't they get in from below?"

"No, indeed! The floor is the same; and it is over another vault, where we put large things, like trunks of family silver, or anything; and that is built on a floor of solid masonry. They can't get in from the side, for there are open passages all around. Then we keep the gas burning all the time, have private watchmen, and a good dog. Some of our vaults went through the big fire, and though the five-story Sherman House walls fell on them, they were uninjured, and every dollar came out safe."

"Yes, I heard of that," said Harry.

"Now," said the gentleman, when they were back in the office, taking down a big book; "I'll take your name and description."

"Why?" asked Nora, puzzled.

"So that if I do n't recognize you when you come again, I can be sure you are yourself."

"Why, nobody else would know my number," said Nora.

"Yes," said he; "here's this young gentleman knows it."

"Oh! but that's Harry," said Nora, flushing a little.

"We take every care to be safe," said he. "Now I'll take your full name."

Nora gave it.

"Your age."

She gave that.

"Your birth-place."

She answered laughing, and he wrote a description of her looks.

"Now write your name in this place."

"Oh dear!" said Nora, taking off her glove; "what for?"

"So that if you should be unable to come yourself, you could give an order for the property."

"Oh yes!" and she wrote her name.

"Now you must fix on some word which will be a pass-word between us. When you come in you must whisper that word to me; and unless you can do it, it will be my duty to keep you out. Think of one you'll be sure not to forget, and tell it to no one."

"Well!" said Harry, "this is getting rather serious, seems to me."

"Yes, it is a serious business to have the care of so much property as we have," said the gentleman.

Nora was thinking; but in a moment, remembering the use to which she meant to put her bonds, she decided, and whispered into the gentleman's ear the word "Mother."

"That's a first-rate pass-word," said he. "You couldn't have a better; and I'm sure you'll not forget it."

Well, my story is getting too long, and I must tell the rest in a few words. Nora went on with her lessons, learned the art of wood engraving; and when she arrived at the age of twenty-one, she had been for six months earning a good salary by the practice of the art. The purpose to which she had devoted her bonds the first day she received them had never changed; and as soon as she was of age she took them out

of the Safe Depository and proceeded to carry out her plan. This was to present her mother with a home of her own. Her father, though making a comfortable living, was not able to lay up much, and Nora knew that nothing in the world was so dear to her mother's heart as an independent home. She took her brothers into her confidence, and on the Christmas following her twenty-first birthday all was ready. The pretty house and garden—a little out of town, but near a railroad—bought with her bonds, and the nice new furniture contributed by the boys (now men, by the way).

After the Christmas dinner, George took the whole family out for a sleigh-ride, drove up to the door, made an excuse to get them in, and then, in the name of Nora, presented the whole to his mother.

I hope you don't expect me to tell what they said or did; only one thing I will say—it was the happiest moment Nora had ever known.

"HOLD ON!"

BY MRS. M. F. BUTTS.

"She can't live through the night," said old Dr. Florence, turning away, and wiping his eyes. "You'd better send the children to bed; she won't rouse from this stupor. If there was anything to do I'd stay; but I was up all last night. Good-bye, Mr. Williams. God help you."

"Mary Ann, you'd better take the boys up stairs," said the father.

"Can't I stay with you?"

"I think they need you most; and there'll be a great deal to do to-morrow," was the reply.

Mary Ann did n't say another word. She went up to the bed-side, gave one long kiss to the dying mother; then steadying her voice, so that the little boys might not be frightened, she led them up stairs to bed.

"Why did n't mamma speak to us?" said Johnny.

"I want my mamma! I won't be undressed!" sobbed little Henry, the baby, not yet three years old.

Mary Ann drove back the tears, and asked Henry where the kitten was; and if he knew that somebody had taken the blue ribbon off its neck; and it had been in the mud somewhere, and soiled all its white stockings; and baby must go to bed, and have some soap-suds in the morning and wash them. So the child was coaxed into his night-gown, and presently they all knelt together to say their prayers. The girl's voice faltered when she said "Thy will be done;" but she tried hard, and went back and said it over—the last time so firmly that you would have been sure, if you had heard her, that she meant it. She undressed herself then and cuddled into bed with the children. Swift, terrible thoughts came to her of her father down there alone with

her dying mother; of the next day, and the next, and— but there she stopped.

"It'll do no good to think," she said to herself; "I must n't lie awake; if I do, who'll get father's breakfast?"

So she drew little baby Henry close into her arms, resolutely shut her eyes, and tried with all her might to stop thinking, and in ten minutes she was asleep. And there their father found them—the little twelve-year-old mother, and the two babies of three and six, nestled together—when in the gray dawn he went up to call his daughter.

The mother had died at four o'clock. It is n't necessary for me to say anything about the funeral, for the less we think of this part of death the better; the body is only the poor worn-out garment; and Mary Ann's mother was not really dead; she had only fallen into a sleep, from which Christ would wake her. In three days it was all over, and the house seemed empty indeed. The widow Brown had stayed with them during that time, but she had little children at home, and now they were left alone.

"What shall we do?" said the father, after Mrs. Brown went away. "If I hire a woman, I do n't know as I can ever pay her. We were getting along so nicely with paying off for the farm when your mother was taken sick; but that was all stopped; and now there are the doctors' bills. You know, child, that's nothing compared to losing her; but I must clear off the debts somehow."

"Do n't hire anybody," said Mary Ann.

"But you can't stay here alone when I'm away; and then the work will be too heavy for you."

"I'm very strong, father; and I'm not afraid to be alone; besides, it must be done."

"What, child?"

"The debts must be paid."

"And you are willing to try?"

"I'd like to, father."

The father went out, and left the little mother with the baby boys. A great sense of loneliness came over her. It seemed as if she must throw herself in her mother's

little sewing-chair there by the window and cry. But she must n't; there was so much to do, and nobody to do it but herself. There it was, right before her: first the breakfast dishes, then the beds to make up, and the kitchen to sweep; then dinner to look out for. Steady, steady, little one! On and on, willing feet and faithful hands and loving heart! Many times during that long day the young housekeeper would have sank down from loneliness and grief, if there had been time.

"I can't," she said to herself; "if I should give up, what would become of them? Father has enough to bear; I must be cheerful for him." So when the strong man came in to his dinner, ready to give up, and feeling that everything was against him, there was a neat table, and the three children waiting, with no traces of tears or discouragement on anybody's face.

"Why, my child," he said, "how well you are getting along! Any girl but you would have spent the forenoon crying her eyes out."

"I should, father," said Mary Ann, simply, "only there was n't time. I could n't think back without wanting to cry; and I knew I must n't give up, so I thought ahead; but that did n't do very well, the years seemed so dreary without mother, and so long."

"What did you do then?" said the father, brushing a tear away with the back of his hand.

"I tried to think of what I was doing to-day. I kept all that's gone, and all that's coming, away as much as I could."

"How did you keep it away? That's what I can't do."

"Why, I worked very fast, and I said to myself, over and over, 'I must n't, I must n't.'"

Well, one day is n't much. Mary Ann might easily push through that; but will she keep on? True, one day is n't much; but one day is all there is till another comes; and what girl, or woman either, knows that another will come? Mary Ann had a simple wisdom, that was better than riches,

or learning, or accomplishments. She yarded each day off, and would n't let her thoughts so much as peep through, till weeks had passed, and she could look back and forward without "giving way." "I must n't, I must n't," she said, and worked the harder. Her father earned money, when the harvest was all in, by carrying wood to a factory eight miles away. This took him the entire day; he rarely reached home before eleven o'clock at night. When the simple supper of porridge, or mush and milk, was cleared off, and the little boys snugly tucked in bed, and petted and soothed and amused till they fell asleep, Mary Ann would sit down by the stove, and draw up the little stand, with the tallow candle in the iron candlestick. That was always a hard time to get over. What pleasant evenings she had spent with mother, when father was on the road home with the slow, awkward oxen, that he used for a team instead of horses! But there were father's shirts and stockings, and the boys' little frocks—they must all be kept neat. There was no time to fret; and if she looked back she surely would give up; and it was just as bad to look forward; for the years took hold of hands, and stretched themselves out to a frightful length; and each one said, tempting the child to discouragement, "See, we're all alike. You'll live your whole life exactly as you are now."

The child could n't disprove this cruel assertion. But she could work away at the holes in the big blue yarn stockings with all her might, and that she did. She could say, "I must n't, I must n't," and she did say it, so fast that the cruel years could n't make themselves heard; and a very sweet and tender voice came in their place, and said,

"Hold on! hold on! Sew up the holes in the coarse yarn stockings; be patient with the little boys; go over the common, plain, rough work every day, over and over and over, and by and by—; but never mind; only hold on! hold on! hold on!" This voice came to be so familiar to the

girl, and so much "company" for her, that after a while she used to look forward to the lonely evenings as to a sweet meeting.

Five years went by, and the girl was seventeen. Very monotonous years they were, too. The same dishes to wash; the same beds to make; the same rooms to sweep; and the same stockings—or some just like them—to darn. To be sure, the little boys grew tall and rosy, and they dearly loved their sister. The farm, too, was nearly paid for, and the father prospered, and grew every year more cheerful. That was a great deal; but it did n't make up for school, and companions, and loving sympathy, and many, many things that Mary Ann wanted—wanted deep down in her heart, I mean. She did n't let the wants come to the surface, where they could be seen.

But at seventeen a change came. The unkind years unclasped two hands and let in a bright one. Mr. Williams received one night a letter from a cousin of his wife. She had a daughter in delicate health, who had been ordered by the doctor to spend the summer in the country, on a farm if possible. So the mother, Mrs. Carroll, had written to Mr. Williams as the only farmer accessible to her.

"I will pay you well," Mrs. Carroll wrote; "and shall feel very much in your debt, then, for I do n't know of any other place for Nelly."

"What shall we do, little housewife?" said the father.

"Let her come," said Mary Ann. "The money will finish paying off."

"But won't it make the work too hard?"

"Never mind that; a little more won't hurt me; and the boys help now."

So it was settled that Nelly Carroll should spend the summer at the farm. Mary Ann did n't have long to wonder what she would be like, for she came in a week after the answer was sent back. The farmer went to the depot after her, and Mary Ann received her just at sunset in early June. The two girls went into the little sitting-room together, and looked curiously at each other.

Mary Ann thought she had never seen anything in her life half so pretty and trim and dainty, unless it was a bird, or a daisy, or something of that sort. A little head covered with soft brown crinkly hair, cut short; big blue eyes, a sweet mouth, tiny hands, and a gray traveling dress. Nelly looked at Mary Ann the least bit anxiously, for this was her first absence from home. But her anxiety vanished as she met the clear, dark, faithful eyes, and heard the sweet voice. In short, these two girls fell in love with each other at first sight, and Mary Ann had a friend.

A friend is n't much to girls who have plenty of them all their lives; but to this girl having a friend meant more than I could tell you if I should write a volume about it. Nelly did n't put on any airs; she would help Mary Ann wash the dishes, and get the meals; and when the stocking basket was brought out there were two darning needles at work instead of one; and thus you see the work was quickly done, for "many hands make light work." Willing hands make happy work, too, and these hands were willing, and never was work happier. Pretty soon a letter was sent to Mrs. Carroll, and in reply came a box of books—a part of Nelly's library, with school books included. And now came daily lessons—"getting Mary Ann ready to go to school," Nelly said.

"To think," Mary Ann replied, "that a dear friend and teacher should be sent right into the house! That's what the voice meant when it said, 'Hold on! hold on!'"

It meant more than that, faithful child. One day Nelly had a long talk with Mr. Williams. She told him that his daughter learned far more quickly than ever she did; that she had a lovely voice, and caught tunes in no time, and she must go back to the city with her in the winter.

"How," said Mr. Williams, "can it be done? I'm poor."

"I love Mary Ann as well as if she was my own sister," replied Nelly. "I'm the only daughter at home, and father and mother will be glad to let me have her. If

you can manage to pay the school bills her board sha'n't cost her a cent."

"Well, I'll see, if your folks will let me exchange your summer board for her winter board. I won't put myself under obligations."

When Nelly told Mary Ann of this the girl's heart gave a great leap; then it fell again, for there were the boys.

"What is it?" said Nelly.

"I can't leave the children."

"Not if there were some nice motherly creature that you could trust to stay with them?"

"Yes; but who is there?"

Then Nelly told her friend of a woman that her mother had known all her life, whose husband was dead, and who would like just such a home in the country as that would make her. She had had great troubles, and she longed to get away from the place where they happened.

"It all fits together like a story in a book," said Mary Ann.

So it did, and so it always does when we "hold on," and refuse to listen to the cruel years that say, "It's no use; nothing will ever be any different."

Well, Nelly and Mary Ann actually went back to the city together, and the little mother stayed till the next June, when Nelly returned with her to the farm. Her progress in all her studies was wonderful, and especially in music. That year was the beginning of all kinds of happiness for Mary Ann. Mrs. Harkness stayed on at the farm, and the young girl flitted from city to country, the pet of both homes—for Nelly was married the second year after she went to the country for her health. ~~The~~ last the farm was paid for, and the very next day Mr. Williams received a letter from Mr. Carroll, saying that he knew an excellent chance near the city for a market gardener. This project was at once taken into consideration. The farm was let to a steady tenant, and the family moved to a pretty cottage, not five miles by the horse railroad from Mr. Carroll's.

"Now there's only one thing more,"

said Mary Ann. "If I can only have a school here, and earn money to help educate the boys, I shall be quite happy."

By the holding-on process she collected a profitable number of pupils, and began her school. And there's where she is now—still holding on. Her brothers study with her and farm with their father, and

she studies music, gets books from the library, spends delightful Saturdays with Nelly and the baby, makes new friends, and does the day's work in the day—no less and no more. When anybody comes to her in trouble and discouraged, she says,

"Hold on! one day's trouble is n't so very much, and that's all you ever get at a time."

HIDDEN TREASURE.

BY MARY A. DENISON.

CHAPTER VIII.—A HAPPY DAY.

"I could n't speak," said Tom; "and I wanted you to know I was here. How wonderfully well you play for one so young."

"I have practiced ever since I could touch the keys of a piano," said Stella, regaining her seat with a smile; "and then I love it so! Why did you leave the party?"

"Stupid affair," said Tom. "I'm not much of an admirer of croquet, either. And then the people are got up so stunningly; you know what I mean—dressed exactly as if they were going to an evening ball. Ridiculous! Sally got mad the first thing; of course she did! Our girls are not *ricochette*, you know; rather plain beside the rest. Cousin Lou chaffed her a little because Sally made such splendid hits in croquet. She's a natural born croquetist, our Sally. I always take her for a partner. I do n't know what Lou said, but Sally gave her something to think of. Sally is the most spunky little thing I ever saw."

"Then you did n't enjoy yourself much?"

"No, not a bit. I left Lily all curled up on a music-stool in the grand parlor, picking out the notes. Poor child! she has unlimited faith in a grand piano that brother Tom is going to buy her sometime—and brother Tom will do it, too, if he lives."

"She shall play on mine any time she likes," said Stella.

"Thank you; she is going to be a famous musician, I hope. Ever since she could

speak she has manufactured pianoforte keys out of an old set of dominoes."

"Was Anne playing croquet too?" asked Stella.

"No; Anne was hid away in the library reading. That girl is always reading; she's a regular book-worm. As for Lizzie, I dare say she was inspecting the pig-sties, or hunting after the old cat and kittens. Her tastes seem to run in that direction."

"Were there many people there?"

"Too many; that is, when a fellow do n't know any of them—and they would n't think it worth while to introduce us particularly; we're poor relations, you see."

"Why should that make a difference?"

"The why I do n't know," he answered, flippantly; "but that it does make a difference I do know. Any how, our girls beat their cousins in good looks, if not in spring suits. Won't you sing me something?"

Stella looked over her music.

"I wonder if this will please you?" she asked, as she ran her fingers lightly over the prelude:

There is something that's better than rubies,
And nobler than riches or fame;
It will strew all the future with roses,
If you work to keep bright a good name.

It will give you a seat beside princes,
Will save you from harm and from shame,
No man can e'er meet you with scorning,
If yours be the crown—a good name.

Then work with a will strong and manful,
All brothers astray to reclaim;

But be sure no misfortune can rob you
Of that gift of all gifts—a good name.

The words were homely, but they meant something; and the singer's voice was passing sweet and rich—just tremulous enough to make it very touching. Tom was easily satisfied; but this little song seemed somehow to reach the tenderest place in his heart, and he had to wink hard to keep the tears back; for the memory of his transgression was ever before him. It helped to strengthen the good resolutions he had made, and which he firmly meant to keep. Once the thought crossed his mind, "I wonder if she knows?" but it was soon banished; it was not possible that his sisters had told her, and she had been so much absorbed in her own sorrow that she had not probably given a thought to anything else.

"Have they left any dinner for you?" he asked, as Stella rose from the instrument.

"O, yes!" she replied, laughing; "your aunty laid the cloth, and said there was apple pie in the closet, and plenty of bread and butter, and doughnuts. Now you are here, if you would like it, I will try my hand at making a cup of tea."

"Or French chocolate," said Tom. "I bought some once, and there it has remained on the dresser-shelf. The girls tried it, but they're not fond of anything of that sort, and gave it up. Since then they often chaff me about French chocolate. I should really like it tried again."

"Let me see it," said Stella.

Tom went out and brought in a tumbler full of a brown, sticky condiment, that Stella laughingly said looked more like molasses candy than anything else; but to please Tom she studied the directions, and before long prepared some delicious drink, which Tom declared could not be more French if it had been made in Paris; and Stella was delighted.

"You and I will finish the French chocolate," he said; "let the rest drink their milk and tea; this is good enough for me."

Dinner over, Tom helped with the dishes.

"I did not know there was so much fun in it," he said.

"You would not think there was fun in it if you had it to do all the time," replied Stella.

"Well, I do not know"—Lily's note came to Tom's recollection—"there's a good deal a fellow might do, instead of dawdling around, but it does not seem to be thought just the thing. I do not see why I should not sweep out a room occasionally, as well as mother and the girls; and sweeping always gives poor Sally the headache."

"Sweeping ought to be a man's work," laughed Stella; "mother always said so."

"I do not know but it had. Well, I'll try after this to make myself useful. Let me see; I always bring water for the wash, but that's for scarecrow Philp; is not she a queer one? Then I cut and pile the wood—that's a tough job, I can tell you—and bring it in, with the coal, whenever it is needed. I fill a long box with the coal once a week, but the wood must be taken in every day, because aunty says it makes such a litter. I have plenty of time, and why should not I do my part?"

"Why, indeed?" echoed Stella. "Are you going back to your uncle's?"

"Not I! I'm going to work on my croquet set, for I want to surprise Sally if I can; and by the way, it would be a first-rate job to smooth out the yard behind the house. Fill up one or two uneven places, and aunt Jack's croquet-ground would not be a bit ahead of it. Would you like to walk, or play dominoes?" he asked, a few moments after, seeing that she was silent.

"I should like to go and see mamma's grave," said Stella, in a low voice.

"Then get your hat," said Tom; "I'll go with you."

"But you wanted to work at the croquet set," Stella reluctantly responded.

"Never mind that; I can be at that any time. It's just a lovely day for going out there."

Stella ran up stairs for her hat and shawl. For days she had longed to go to that sacred spot, but had not the courage to ask either of the girls to accompany her. When she came down stairs Tom was ready, with a

light, close straw basket swung on his arm. Stella vaguely wondered for a moment why he brought it, and then gave no more thought to it.

Meantime the guests at 'Squire Jack's had gathered round a sumptuous refreshment table, and were merry enough over delicate sandwiches, custards, islands of crimson and golden jellies, cold boned turkey, and other viands, served in the most tempting manner. All seemed happy; but in that, as in all such pleasant-seeming entertainments, there were elements at work that poisoned the fine dishes.

Lou Meadows was secretly angry with her cousin Sally for playing so much better than herself; also, for coming to their garden *fete*, as she elegantly expressed it, in one of her last year's dresses.

"I think as Sally is the oldest, she might have one new dress a year, made stylishly," she said to her mother. "I am ashamed to introduce her as my cousin."

"Your aunt says she is not able to dress them any better," replied Mrs. Jack Meadows; "but I believe it is the result of her want of judgment that her girls are such scarecrows. She always finds money enough for flowers; and she has actually had a conservatory put up, after a fashion, to please the children. That's more than we would do. Then she has burdened herself with that Martello child—very foolishly, in my judgment. The girl should have been put to work immediately. My brother's wife always did have strange notions, and always will. The idea of bringing up a poor, poverty-stricken thing like that to be a lady! I shall tell her what I think of it, the first chance I get. But la! it won't make any difference."

She was right. Mother Meadows listened, and replied politely, and with wonderful tact changed the conversation.

As for Sally, if she could have photographed the state of her mind in burning letters, they would have stood thus:

M A D.

Sally was very proud, and very fond of nice clothes; but she was not going to let

anybody know that she felt ashamed of her poor ones.

"If I had an overskirt covered with ruffles, and two humps on my back, and heels ten inches high, Lou would be thick enough with me," she said angrily to herself; and then she felt like pinching herself for being angry about such trifles. True, her cousin Lou, who was of her own age, had snubbed her twice; but for all her plain, pretty muslin, and hat without a feather, she received twice as much attention as many of the finely dressed girls, and there was a grain of comfort in that. At the refreshment table a particular dish was ordered to be passed to certain of the guests, but she was ignored. "Mamma, I'm going home," she said, when the repast was over; "Tom has gone, and I'm sick of everything!"

"I'm afraid you are a little jealous, and that makes you uncomfortable, my dear," was the reply.

"Mother Meadows!" Sally responded, with snapping eyes.

"I know you are very angry."

"Yes, I am."

"Is it worth while to lose your temper for such trifles?"

"Trifles! Insults, rather. I'm too high spirited to take them tamely!"

"But you seem to have been very popular, dear, especially in the games. I thought you were quite happy when you came out invariably first best."

"Yes; it's only cousin Lou's spitefulness."

"Do you remember the little couplet that runs something after this fashion,

"No well-bred man insults me,
And no other can 't?"

"I think that is it; but at any rate you see the point."

"Yes, I suppose I do," said Sally, in a lower voice. "I know it is awful to lose my temper so; but some way I can't help it."

"Do you try very hard, Sally?"

"No," was the blunt reply; "generally I do n't try at all."

"And if you tried—"

"Why, of course I should conquer my-

self. But, mamma, do I look very much out of date?" she asked, anxiously, the heat dying out.

"I do n't often repeat compliments," her mother said in reply; "but I heard a gentleman of fine taste ask who that pretty girl in blue was who played so well; and when he was answered, he added, 'What a relief it is to see a girl of her age so simply and tastefully dressed!' So you see you have the verdict of one gentleman—a man, too, whose good opinion is worth having." And she smiled to see the gloom pass suddenly away.

"I *am* foolish," murmured Sally, now thoroughly sorry; "I'll walk a little ways, and come back penitential," she added, laughing.

Her hat was confined by a string to her waist, and she put it on as she moved towards the lawn where another game was just beginning. Quietly she walked past the wickets, smiling to herself as she thought how often she had won, though she had detected her cousin Lou more than once in trailing her dress over the ball to change its position. Two or three voices called her to stop and play; but she shook her head, and passed out of the widening path on the public road. She had not gone far before she saw two figures in the distance.

"One of them must be Tom," she said to herself; "yes, and that is Stella; where can they be going?"

She followed them, still at a distance, till the hill-side grave-yard suddenly came in view. Then she hailed them; and soon after the three opened the rustic gate and went on slowly towards the mound where Stella's mother slept. Then Tom put his basket down, and took therefrom, first a little iron vase, which he planted firmly in the moist earth, and in another moment it sparkled and overbrimmed with flowers—in their midst one superb calla-lily, that had been Tom's pride since it had bloomed.

Stella looked her thanks with eloquent eyes, but tried in vain to speak them. Tom and Sally wandered off a little distance, leaving her alone with her dead.

"Poor little thing!" murmured Tom, with moist lashes; "I tell you what, Sally, I feel more like being a better boy than I ever did before, since she has been with us."

"And would n't it be too mean," exclaimed Sally, "if, now that we are growing so fond of her, her father should come and carry her off?"

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

BY MISS R. W. EASTERBROOKS.

"I won't stay at home till I'm faded and gray;
I will see the world, I declare!"

And the mouse stuck his tail in a desperate way
Through the hole at the foot of the stair.

"My father and mother can travel about,
But I must stay here till I die.

They say I'm too simple—too small to go out,
And think they are wiser than I.

"I'll show them if I can be trusted or no—
If I'm not as cunning as they!

The things they call cats will not find me so slow
But I can keep out of their way.

"I sha' n't lose my breath, as my mother has done,
Nor my tail, as my grandfather did.

The truth is, they're getting too old for a run,
While I am as spry as a kid."

So he twisted about with his stiff little tail
Till it stuck where his head was before,
Then started to walk to the old kitchen pall,
That stood on the bright yellow floor.

"T was quite an excursion, the traveler thought,
As he cautiously ventured ahead.

"How silly!" he murmured. "Mice are to be caught,
Who should do the catching instead!

"Let the things they call cats bother me if they dare!
I'll carry them home for my tea!"

And the mouse looked about with a confident air
For the creatures he thought them to be.

That gray furry mass lying there in the sun
Was a mountain, without any doubt.
He never imagined the thing could be one
Of the cats he'd been cautioned about.

So he walked to its side in a critical way,
As soft as itself, and as bold;

When swoop! went a paw on his jacket of gray,
And—well, what remains to be told?

The old parent mice came home early that night,
And passed the old cat on their way:

Her jaws were all bloody, and close at her right
Lay the last final end of the poor little mite
Who thought himself wiser than they.

MRS. MORTON'S MISTAKE.

BY MRS. H. M. MORRIS.

Twelve years ago Ophelia Morton was a happy young wife and mother. She had a husband who was true and tender, and two sweet, bright-eyed children—a sturdy boy and a dainty baby-girl. But her young husband fell in the battle of Antietam, and scarcely three months later she laid both her babies away to sleep under the daisies and clover. She was an orphan, with no relatives but a young half-sister, and these two lived together in the comfortable home which her soldier-husband had left her. She was a lonesome, sad-faced woman. She thought that there was no ray of light upon her pathway. Her eyes were often heavy and swollen with crying, and the corners of her mouth drew dolefully downward. Little children never came to visit her on long, sunshiny Saturday afternoons; nor did any one, little or big, go out of her presence feeling lighter and cheerier of heart for having met her. There were no flowers in her neat, shady front yard. She said she "had no heart to attend to such things." It really seemed as if the birds did not sing as gaily from their leafy little homes among the trees around her house as among those of her neighbors. In fact, I almost think there were fewer nests in her trees than in her neighbors'. At any rate, there was a constant air of gloom all through her home. The windows were all draped and darkened. And she shut the sunshine of content and gladness out of her heart, just as she did the sunshine of heaven from her quiet rooms. She went almost daily to the mounds in the grave-yard, and wept over the dust which was all there was now of her darlings under the daisied sod. And often and often, when the house-work was done up, she might have been seen kneeling by a little old trunk, and with moans and tears turning over relics of the past—tiny half-worn shoes, broken toys, dainty baby robes, and gay little pants and jackets. So her weeks and months and years went

by, and her life bore no fruits of gladness, either for herself or others.

Over the hill, a mile away, stood a forlorn-looking little house, in a forlorn-looking little yard, where Lettie Brinkerman lived with her slender, white-faced little mother. Lettie's father died three years before, of the terrible rum-madness, and Lettie's mother had managed, by weaving rag-carpets, and doing any little jobs of sewing that she could get, to keep Lettie and herself out of the poor-house. But now her work was almost done, and through these September days she was lying a great deal of the time in her bed, and her eye was too bright, and the little flush on her cheek too hot, to be taken for the glow of life and health.

Lettie had gone to school hungrier than ever for a few days, and one day she could not go at all, for her mother was too weak to get off her bed, and Lettie could bring her a drink of water when her lips were parched, and fan her with an old newspaper when her breath came short and hard. It was about all she could do—the little thing! She was only six years old, and not large, and strong, and rosy, like the well-fed girls who lived in the big white house upon the hill; who always carried such nice, fragrant dinners to school; and who had swings, and dolls, and a wonderful play house, bigger than both her mother's rooms put together. She had stood outside their fence and "peeked in," keeping out of sight as well as she could, for she had a tender little heart under her rags and patches, and it swelled and ached when they called her "ragamuffin," and "little scare-crow."

Lettie sat by her mother's bed, fanning her with the ratty old newspaper, and wiping the sweat from her poor face. She loved her mother just as well as you do yours, my dainty little maidens, if she did wear queer, patched, faded old clothes, and

carry cold johnny-cake—such a little piece, too!—for her dinner. If you had thought of that you never would have laughed at her dresses and shoes, I am sure; and perhaps you might have given her, once in a while, a great, rosy, juicy apple, or a big orange, or a taste of your delicate sponge cake, or broiled chicken, just to give a relish to her poor little dinner.

And her mother loved her, perhaps all the more tenderly, because she could not give her nice dinners, and pretty dresses, and playthings. And she was going now to leave her alone! A sad, hard world, it seemed to her. She would have been glad to leave it, if she might have taken her little girl. But Lettie must stay—God only knew where!

Some one rapped at the half-open door, and Lettie climbed down and went to let the visitor come in. It was a sad-faced, hungry-eyed woman who said "How do you do?" to Lettie as solemnly as though she were speaking to some grave statesman, instead of a little child with innocent mouth and wide, sweet blue eyes.

"Is your mother at home?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am; come in—she's sick."

"Sick!" said Mrs. Morton, stepping over the threshold; "I came over to get her to do some sewing for me." Then she saw the thin, white face on the bed and stopped.

The sick woman looked at her and smiled a sad, patient little smile.

"Good morning, Mrs. Morton," she said, feebly. "Lettie, dear, give the lady a chair."

"Why, I'm surprised!" said Mrs. Morton, taking the chair which the child brought. "I had n't heard that you were sick. How long have you been in this condition?"

"Oh, you know I have not been strong for years, and now—Lettie, you may run out and play a little while. Do n't go far away." Lettie went out, and her mother finished the sentence—"I am almost gone, you see."

Mrs. Morton was shocked. She had a kind heart, if she had been living a selfish

life. She looked around the bare, comfortless room, and back again to the worn, patient face of the dying woman.

"What can I do for you?"

"There is very little to be done for me; but my little girl—" Mrs. Brinkerman stopped and covered her face with her thin hands. Mrs. Morton did not know what to say. It was too heartless to speak of the poor-house. So after a minute she said,

"The Lord will provide;" for she was a Christian, though her life had been so little like the dear Christ's. Then she said, "Who gets your meals, and takes care of your room?"

Mrs. Brinkerman's face flushed a little.

"Lettie does all there is to do," she said.

"Well," said Mrs. Morton, "I must go now; but I will send over to-night and see how you are."

And then she went away; but the best thing had come to her that could come to any unhappy soul like her own. She had forgotten herself and her heart-ache, and was thinking what she could do to comfort another. Remember that, little children, when the dark days come!

She did not send over that evening, as she said she would, but came herself; and Lettie and her mother had, oh, such a supper! only Mrs. Brinkerman was not able to any more than taste of the dainty things. Mrs. Morton stayed all night—the dying woman needed constant care. I can't tell you how much Mrs. Morton did for them in the two weeks that came after. Then Lettie's mother shut her eyes, to wake no more in this world. Just before she died, she opened her eyes suddenly, when Mrs. Morton thought her sleeping.

"Oh, Lettie!" she cried, in a wild, terrified way, "What will become of my little girl!"

"There, there! be quiet," said her friend, softly; "we'll take care of Lettie." She said it to soothe her, hardly thinking what she promised. The dying mother closed her eyes again, too weak to speak the gladness which shone over her white face.

When the funeral was over, and the few

neighbors had gone back to their homes, Mrs. Morton thought of her promise.

"I am going to take you home with me to-night," she said to Lettie, who was sobbing by the bed. "Where are your clothes?"

Lettie found them, and Mrs. Morton tied them up in a bundle—such a pitiful little bundle!—and saying that she would come over to-morrow and see what else she could find, she locked the door, and she and Lettie walked over the hill. They walked rapidly, and Lettie's poor little feet began to ache and lag.

"If you please, I can't walk so fast!" she pleaded, timidly. The pretty little "please," and the modest tone went right to Mrs. Morton's heart.

"To be sure!" she said, shortening her steps, and taking Lettie's hand in hers; "I had forgotten you!" But her voice was very kind, and her touch gentle.

"Have you got any little girls?" asked Lettie, pretty soon.

"No—my little girl died."

"Oh!" said Lettie, pityingly.

"She would have been older than you are now; but she died when she was a little baby."

"I'm so sorry!" said Lettie; and before they reached home Mrs. Morton was talking with Lettie in a way that astonished herself. That night, after Lettie had gone to bed, Mrs. Morton said suddenly to her sister,

"Rhoda, it is our duty to keep that child."

"Well, I declare!" said Rhoda.

"You seem surprised. Well, I've had my eyes opened in these two weeks. I am going to turn over a new leaf."

That was all she said about it; but that was enough. Mrs. Morton never used any idle words. And though it seemed a grim, chilly place for a little child to live in, yet Lettie found it a real sweet heart-home—play-things and all; for the little old trunk was opened, and its treasures brought out to do good in the world. Not only to Lettie—two other little ones have found a home under Mrs. Morton's roof. And I think there is still room for more in Mrs. Morton's heart; for she has opened it to the sunshine; and you know how the sunshine makes things grow! "Mrs. Morton's" is the center of delight to all the children of the village. Birds sing and flowers bloom there, and Lettie and the rest make the place ring with song and laughter.

COUSIN JACK'S CAKE.

BY MRS. E. D. KENDALL.

Before Jack sailed for Singapore—he went first mate this voyage, which is doing pretty well, I think, for a young fellow of twenty—his aunt Alice made him, as she usually does, a couple of loaves of nice fruit cake. I couldn't tell you the number of good things she mixed up in her ample earthen bowl; but I know that although there was plenty of cinnamon, cloves and nutmeg, she did not use any of the cayenne and ginger Harry brought her in his eagerness to help, nor so much as a sprinkling of that volcanic pepper he had told Madge about.

"Can't I do *something*?" asked Harry,

who very much wanted a finger in cousin Jack's cake.

"Yes, you may pound the mace."

Then Jack, hearing the noise, and getting—I suspect—a sniff of spicy fragrance that must have been slightly familiar to him, threw down the morning paper, and coming out into the kitchen, offered his services also.

Aunt Alice laughed.

"I won't trust you to stone the raisins," she said; "but if you'll promise not to use the same blade of your knife with which you cut tobacco, I'll let you chip the citron for me."

"What are *you* about, Hal?" asked Jack. "You're making considerable noise for a small boy, seems to me."

"Oh, I'm smashing something," said Harry. "It smells like nutmeg, but it do n't look like it."

"Mace, eh? Well it has a good right to smell like nutmeg. It *is* nutmeg."

"No it is n't!" replied impulsive Harry, with more promptness than politeness.

"Mother keeps the nutmegs all alone in a box by themselves."

"Harry!" said his mother, reprovingly, "I do wish you would get over your very bad habit of contradicting people—especially those older than yourself. Cousin Jack would n't make the statement he did ignorantly. He knows a great deal more about spices than you do."

"I was going to tell you, Hal, how mace grows," Jack went on. "You'd like to see a grove of nutmeg trees, I'm certain. They're handsome, I can tell you."

"Is mace the bark of the tree?" asked aunt Alice.

"No," said Jack; "It is a part of the fruit, which grows to about the size of an average pear, and has a smooth, thick, yellow rind, white inside, and when ripe cracking open everywhere among the thick, dark green, glossy leaves, and showing the deep red coat of the kernel. That is mace."

"How beautiful it must be!" exclaimed his aunt.

"You're right there," replied Jack, who knows what beauty is, though he roughs it for a living. "And you peel off the mace and there's the nut, almost as black as jet, with about as fine a polish on it as you can get with Day & Martin and a good brush. Inside of that is your speckled, brown, powdery nutmeg. And the tree it grows on can't be beat. It's an evergreen, with a dense foliage, starting almost from the ground, and making a splendid cone twenty to twenty-five feet high. Aunt Alice, it would do you good to walk through one of those plantations—only you'd have to take it early in the morning, or wait till even-

ing; for when the sun shines in Singapore it bakes as well as shines."

And then Jack told about the banyans and cocoa-palms; the rambutan and custard-apple, pomegranate, durian and mango; the immense jack-fruit, weighing sometimes fifty or sixty pounds; the plantain and guava—for they grow in the East Indies as well as the West;—the tamarind, sour-sop and jambu; the bread-fruit, papaya, blimbing, and lanseh; the luscious pine-apples, and that prince of all natural delicacies, the mangosteen, which I believe is found nowhere but in the Malay peninsula and on the adjacent islands.

I had never heard the mangosteen described before, and I do n't believe you have ever—boys and girls who read *THE CORPORAL*—so I will tell you, as nearly as I can remember, what Jack said about it.

It is about as large as a common apple, and looks quite like some of the red varieties, only perhaps it is more brown than red. The rind is a quarter of an inch thick, hard on the outside, but soft within, its juice being astringent. I imagine the fruit is scalloped something like a cantelope or musk-melon, only the number of ridges varies from four to eight or nine; because Jack says that when the rind is divided transversely, and you take off the upper part, the pulp is in curved sections, each enclosing its seed, and easily removed, a section at a time with the fork. The pulp is white, sometimes tinged with a lovely purple, and melts in the mouth—the realization of everything that is delicious. He declares that there is nothing which can compare with it—not even the rambutan, which resembles, outwardly, an immense strawberry, and is perhaps the handsomest fruit of the Indies.

Aunt Alice said it was delightful to hear of these exquisite dainties, but very tantalizing; whereupon Jack insisted that it was more tantalizing to think of them, having once tasted them and become familiar with their luscious properties; and it seems to me he was right.

Well, the cake was baked—two nice

loaves of it coming out of the oven in about three hours' time, with as rich a brown as could be desired—and then it was garnished with a heavy frosting, and set away in the pantry. The next day it was packed in a tin box and Jack took it to sea with him. When he told aunt Alice that he should never eat a morsel of it without blessing God that there was somebody in America to love him, the tears came into her eyes. "And," he added, "your cake shall make some of my shipmates think of their homes, too, before we round the Cape of Good Hope."

"That's right, Jack," said uncle George; "and I'm inclined to think it will do your hearts all more good than it will your stomachs."

"Oh, never fear for us," returned Jack; "we salts have better digestion than you landsmen; and I'll divide it up so that none of us shall be sick. You won't care, I hope, aunt Alice?"

"No; make the most of it you can. It is yours to do with just as you please; and if you'd rather distribute your happiness than keep it all to yourself, why then you shall and welcome."

THE PLEASANTEST THING IN THE WORLD.

BY MARY P. HALE.

"O, Elna! I'm so glad I've met you! I was on my way to find you. See the flowers I've gathered already, just coming through that small grove!—violets, white, yellow and purple, and squirrel-cups—the pretty little things—white, bluish and pink, growing on such downy little stalks! They look so pretty, peeping up from last year's withered leaves, or leaning against the rough bark of the trees. These are the first spring flowers I have seen, and I've been just wild with delight in seeing such lots of them scattered on the banks, and along the hedge, and even by the foot-path. Now, I want some trailing arbutus, and aunt says you will show me where to find them growing in great abundance."

"Just the very things I am wishing for, too, Adele," replied Elna; "for I want some fragrant flowers. There are lots of the arbutus vines trailing all over the hill, just this side that little pine grove. I have an errand to the small house near it, and after that may be you'd like to climb the hill—for there's a fine view from its summit. As you've never been here before, I think you would enjoy it."

"O, yes, that would be splendid! Why, if there is n't a river again! What is the name of it?"

"The Passaic; and it's the same which you saw yesterday, while riding beside those woods," replied Elna.

"O, yes; and I've seen the Falls of the Passaic, too; but they're fifteen miles from here. I did not know that the river reached so far," said Adele.

"It winds about a good deal, too, and just here has such pretty little islands in it that I think it a most lovely river. There! see that tiny isle, with a group of tall trees in the middle, and such smooth, bright grass all around it! And then away off in the distance, those hills have such a soft haze upon them. Would n't it make a beautiful picture?"

"Yes, that it would!" replied Adele. "O, everything is enchanting here. Look, Elna, here are the arbutus blossoms! What a profusion! It is like a flower garden! O, I do think it is just the pleasantest thing in the world to range about among such scenes! I would never be tired of it, I know!"

"O, yes you would, 'Dele; you would want something more substantial—more satisfactory—after a while," said Elna.

"Why, I'm just as happy as can be. O, Elna, look at these thick clusters of pink blossoms growing right over this rich green

moss! Do n't it look as if they grew right out of it?" And while Adele stooped to gather the lovely flowers, she said to herself, "'More substantial! more satisfactory!' How old-fashioned Elna is! I wonder what she finds more satisfactory! But she's just as good as can be, and does ever so many little kind things that make no show, aunty says."

And in the small house beside the willow brook, Adele learned one of the sources of Elna's more satisfactory happiness; for, sweet as was the enjoyment of natural things to her, there was a greater, and one which called forth all the faculties of her higher nature into action. No joy can be more rich than this.

"It is here I am going to stop a short time," she said to Adele. "I want to get Mrs. Scott to do some fine washing for me. She has been better off, but has an invalid mother, in addition to three children, to support; so she is glad to do light washing, as collars, undersleeves and thin dresses; although never having been obliged to do such work till quite recently."

So the young girls stepped into the little domicil, Mrs. Scott welcoming Elna with great warmth, saying, "Mother will be so delighted to see you. She's been watching for you like a child while you were absent—almost counting the hours. This morning she said, 'Elna will be home to-day. I shall see the dear child now very soon.'"

"Dear old lady! I'll go right in. Won't she be glad of these sweet, fragrant flowers?"

Then Adele knew why Elna had so much desired the sweet-smelling blossoms. When she went into an inner room, to visit the sick one, Mrs. Scott said to Adele,

"Yes, she will be very glad of the flowers, for she is extravagantly fond of them; but Elna is the sweetest and best of them all to her."

"Is it because she does things for her that she loves her so?" asked Adele.

"Well, even if she didn't do a thing, she'd love her for her pleasant ways, and

sweet little kind attentions; but she does do much more than you would think—reads to her, sings to her, and often dresses her. She has begged to do this, saying to me, 'I have much more time than you, and can do it more leisurely. You know it tires a weak person to be in haste about doing anything for them.' All the pictures and pretty things about her room are the gifts of Elna and her mother. You shall go in soon and see them."

"Ah, that's why she gathered the flowers with so much zest! She had such an object in view! She seemed just as happy as could be." And Adele remembered her young friend's words about more substantial enjoyments.

"She may well be happy, she's so thoughtful and kind; and what's more, she is just the same at home," said Mrs. Scott.

Adele had not been many weeks in the society of Elna before she had reason to think that to her "the pleasantest thing in the world" was to minister to others, sharing with them her pleasures or enjoyments, and imparting to less favored ones a portion of the good things with which Providence had blessed her, feeling that it is one of the truest sayings of the Holy Word, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

NATURAL SOAP-SUDS.

BY ETHEL C. GALE.

An astonished-looking little girl who has a lively imagination of her own, and who finds not the slightest difficulty in believing "for very true" all the wonderful stories of the Arabian Nights, gravely accuses us of "making up," when we tell her that there are natural springs, where ready-made soap-suds boils up from the earth.

Yet it is true. A spring of this sort is found on the island of Samao in the Malay Archipelago. Owing to the presence of certain minerals in the earth, through which the water passes, it becomes very soapy; and as it produces a strong lather, the natives of the island often wash soiled clothes in it.

Perhaps the waters of this spring, though soapy enough to cleanse soiled clothes, are not enough so to be blown into soap-bubbles. But if they are so, and if the little

Malayans are as fond of blowing soap-bubbles as some American children we know, we can imagine that the neighborhood of the soap-spring is a favorite place of resort.

DEAR OLD SPOT.

BY MRS. W. C. EDDY.

Johnny Strong had never had a dog. Of course it was the very thing he desired more than anything else. One day on his way to school he met Dr. Brooks.

"Johnny," said the doctor, "how would you like a dog—a real English coach dog—for your own?"

"Oh, splendid! splendid!" cried Johnny. "When can I have him?"

"Well you must ask your father and mother about it. If they consent, I will bring him to you in a few days. He gets into trouble in the city; and if I find you take good care of him, he shall live with you always."

Johnny found it hard work to struggle through his lessons that day; and bounding home, without waiting for Mary or Frank, he rushed to his mother.

"Oh, mamma! may I have a dog? Dr. Brooks has offered to give me one—a real English coach dog—if you and papa are willing!"

The mother looked dubious. She did not like dogs. But the anxious, entreating face prevailed; and with an "If your father is willing," she turned the responsibility over to him. It was agreed at length to give the dog a trial; and Dr. Brooks promised to bring him the next time he came. How long the days were! It was almost a week before the doctor made his appearance at the school house door, just as the boys were coming out, and led Spot up to his new master.

"Oh, what a beauty!" cried all the boys, gathering round, while Johnny and Spot made acquaintance. He was white, with large black spots, one larger than the rest on his back, and his deep clear eyes looked up with so much soul into yours that you

felt as if a human soul must be imprisoned there. But Johnny only saw a young, lively dog, who bounded after him joyously, and following him directly into the sitting-room, ran instantly to Mr. Strong, and leaping up, licked his hands; then to Mrs. Strong and to each of the children in turn, kissing and saluting them, as much as to say, "I know I am your dog now, and I mean to love every one of you; and you must all love me." Even Mrs. Strong's dislike of dogs vanished in that moment, and never troubled her again.

Spot was thoroughbred; dainty in all his ways; preferring always to be fed from a silver fork. If you dropped a piece of cake at his very feet, or set a dish of meat near his nose, the water might run from his mouth, but he would not offer to touch it; and when the temptation was more than he could bear, he would turn round and settle down with his back to it. To the kitten he was, and ever remained, a superior being. When she would occasionally mew for something at the table, he would give her a most contemptuous look. She, far from understanding his feelings, would run and look directly up into his face, mewing for him to help her. He would rise, move to the other side of the room, and lie down as far as possible from her. Like some people, who never seem to know when their presence is disagreeable, she would follow, snuggle down by his side, lick his ears, cross her paws, or stretch them out like his, and finally compel him to leave the room to get rid of her. He seemed to know by instinct the character of each of the family, and adapted himself to them and their moods. The moment Frank made his appearance he darted off for a stick, ran and

laid it down at his feet, snatching it up when he attempted to take it, thus provoking a frolic which both kept up until their strength gave out.

But when any trouble came he ran, like the children, directly to the mother for comfort. In winter he had his sheep-skin mat in one corner of the sitting-room. He always walked in after breakfast and took his place there for prayers, keeping perfectly quiet, but springing up as soon as they were through, giving a short, happy bark, as if glad they were over.

The rug in front of the open fire looked most inviting to him, but it was forbidden ground. The moment Mr. Strong left the room he would quietly creep over and lie down there; when he heard his step returning, he darted back to his mat. If Mr. Strong seemed cheerful and smiling, he would creep over stealthily and stand beside him. If not reprov'd, one paw would go on his knee, then the other; then would follow a loving, happy time. And often, when the father's face was clouded with care, Spot's intent, eager look would bring an unintentional smile; and then he was sure to follow it up until he had had his frolic.

And thus, what with hunting woodchucks in summer; going picnicking with the children in the woods, and visiting grandmamma's (all of which amusements seemed even more delightful to Spot than to the children), his years passed happily away. The only thing which caused him grief was the visit of a little woolly poodle, brought by a friend. This dog received much attention, and Spot grew low-spirited. He lost his appetite, grew thin, and the family feared they would lose him. One day they were out sailing upon the lake, when by some mischance the poodle was knocked overboard and drowned. Spot saw the catastrophe from the shore. He ran home, capered around those he found there, manifesting the greatest joy and delight; and from that moment he commenced regaining his appetite, flesh and spirits.

At length the dear grandmamma came to live in the family, and now Spot found his most faithful friend. Grandma never

forgot to feed him. He presumed upon her tender heart so far that he would go and lay his head in her lap at the table, looking up in her face with those mournful, beseeching eyes, which were so irresistible.

"Spot," grandma would say, "it is against the rules to feed you at the table; but I wish, poor old fellow, you were 'where the good dogs go.'"

One day his dear old friend did not come down stairs. He seemed to know the cause by some subtle instinct; and, sitting down at the foot of the stairs, he moaned and cried in his heartfelt grief. When the dear body was carried out from the home she had blessed by her presence, Spot ran to her easy-chair by the vine-clad window, and, jumping into it, he lay down there. The children were indignant. That chair was sacred to grandma. Neither they nor Spot had ever offered to occupy that seat before. So they tried to drive him down. He would not move, and when they carried him out he returned again. No scoldings were of any avail—he *would* lie in that chair. He had no spirits for play; grew old and feeble, and in a few months he was "gone where the good dogs go."

NELLIE'S QUESTIONS.

BY MRS. M. L. RAYNE.

"Shall I ever grow old like grandma?"

Our little Nellie said.

"Shall I look through those funny glasses,

And wear a cap on my head?

Shall I be as wise and solemn,

And never play or run?

Shall I wear long, pokey dresses,

And will it be good fun?

Shall I know how deep is the ocean,

And what makes the world go round?

What becomes of the old moon,

And where the fairies are found?

And if at the end of the rainbow

There is really a pot of gold?

Is there any winter in heaven,

And will God ever grow old?"

Ah! Nellie has gained a knowledge

Greater than earthly ken;

She is wiser now than grandma—

Wise as the wisest men—

For she learns at the feet of angels,

Afar in the upper fold;

And we cannot sorrow, rememb'ring

Our darling will *never* grow old.



Bloomfield. "Dear Prudy: I don't know what I should do without THE CORPORAL. I think the chromos are splendid, and think they are well worth five dollars. We have apples nearly ripe. I think I shall visit you when father and mother pass through Chicago. Good-bye. J. R. CRUMB."

Port Jefferson. "Dear Prudy: I very much hope that Fannie R. Feudge will write again about a court festival. I think it is real interesting. I have been staying with my aunt this last winter and spring to go to school. One night after school, while passing a pond, I saw some frogs lying on top of the water. There is a loose skin about the neck, and when they croak it is filled with wind, so that it looks as if they had a very large neck. They look so queer. I never saw them croak before. My father and second cousin were the first settlers in this place, which was seven years ago; but now there are ten families. The strawberries are now ripe; my sisters and I have to pick. By picking them I earn the money for THE CORPORAL and many other things. This is the first time I have ever written to you, so I hope you will put it in your pocket. I am afraid I have written too much, so I must stop. From your loving friend, ADELLA M. TREBY."

Hannibal. "Mr. Miller—Dear Sir: Imagine my surprise when I opened the package and saw those beautiful chromos! We all admire them very much, and so does every one that sees them. We have taken THE LITTLE CORPORAL three years besides this, and like it very much. I was sorry to see 'Uncle Dick's Legacy' ended. Thanks to you for those chromos. This is my first letter to you. Hoping to see it in THE CORPORAL, I remain very respectfully yours, ARTHUR M. SOURS."

Galveston. "Dear Prudy: I am sorry that I am so very unfortunate as to have all my letters slip through your huge pocket. I have thought that one, at least, might have reached you, and have looked in every number of THE CORPORAL, but in vain. I am writing early in the month this time, and hope I shall be able to find this in the August number. I do not know if any other little girl in this city has written to you, though mother says I am no longer a little girl. I was twelve last January. Have attended school regularly through all the last session, which closed last Friday; and we all thought it time, for it was so intensely warm walking to and from school, which is some distance. We all rejoice at the prospect of a few weeks' vacation. I wonder if you have ever visited our 'Island City,' the 'Gem of the Gulf,' it has poetically been called. Though warm, we do not suffer so much as you do at the North, because

of the delightful breeze, that is continually blowing from the Gulf. Our Gulf beach is a splendid place for a drive, and the bathing is not to be surpassed on any other sea-coast. I know if you were once to come here, you would regret leaving. I suppose you will think me very enthusiastic; but then I was born here, and have never seen any other places. You will get tired if I write any more, so I will close with love and good wishes. Your little friend, HILDUR F. MÖLLER."

Toney Tank. "Dear Prudy: I am taking THE LITTLE CORPORAL this year for the first time, and like it very much. Prudy, I am a little girl twelve years old, and live out in the country. I go to school and take music lessons. I have no brothers or sisters, but wish I had. I am my grandma's pet. My pa ships a great many strawberries, but I think he has never shipped any to Chicago. Prudy, do you love strawberries? I do. I received my little chromos, and think they are beautiful. Which do you think is the prettiest? I think 'Mother's Morning Glory' is. I would like to know who you are. I think you are Mrs. Miller. As this is the first letter I have ever written you, I would like you to put it in your pocket. I would like to see my name in THE LITTLE CORPORAL very much. Prudy, my letter is so long I will stop. Good-bye. From your little friend, EDNA W. POWELL."

Agency City. "Dear Prudy: I haven't seen any letters from here, and I thought I would write to you. I am a little boy twelve years old. My sister Hattie takes THE CORPORAL. I like it very much. I know who you are, Prudy. Mr. Palmer, of Chicago, told me. He was having convention in Brooklyn, Iowa, and stayed at our house. My name is Willie R. Light. We have been taking THE CORPORAL ever since it was first published. I have a little baby brother seven weeks old. I have two sisters, Laurie and Hattie. I think I shall like 'Life on an Island' very well. It is raining now. Don't let this letter slip out of the hole in your pocket. Your little friend, W. R. LIEHT."

North Madison. "Dear Prudy: I thought I would try to write a letter for your pocket. I am a little boy eight years old. This is the first year I have taken THE CORPORAL, but my older brothers have taken it four or five years. My brother Jimmie is two years older than I, and we read every piece in THE CORPORAL and like them all. I think 'Uncle Dick's Legacy' and 'Hidden Treasure' are the best pieces I ever read. Sometimes we can make out the enigmas. I am picking blackberries, and saving all the old iron to sell to get enough money to take THE

CORPORAL next year. If I don't get enough this way, I have got a turkey and will sell it. I guess I had better quit writing, or this letter won't go in your pocket; but I will write to you again sometime if you want me to. Let me know. Good-bye. Your little friend,
ALPHA T. VAWTER."

Spring Valley. "Dear Prudy: I have been reading your letters, and am very much interested in them, so I thought I would write you too. My pa is a member of the Cincinnati Conference. I am eleven years old. We have a few flowers. We have to move so often we cannot have many. Do you like flowers? I do, very much. I am taking music lessons, but I cannot play very well yet. If you ever come to Spring Valley come and see us. Yours affectionately,
LIZZIE LEVERETT."

Rose Cottage. "Dear Prudy: My home is in New Orleans, but I am spending the summer in the country with my aunt. When my little sister Ruth first saw cows she wanted to know if they 'were chewing sweet gum.' I wish you could see her, she is so funny. Dear Prudy, will you ever come to New Orleans? I know I would love you, because you talk so kindly to little children. Will you answer your little ten-year-old friend?
ORA L. DOUTY."

Warsaw. "Dear Prudy: As I have seen no letter from Warsaw in your pocket, I thought I should write and let you know there is such a place. It is not a large city, but there are so many hills here it makes the city look very pretty. I like the 'Hidden Treasure' very much. I am eleven years old. This is the first letter I ever wrote to you. Fourth of July we had a terrible wind storm; it blew three of our trees down, and it blew three or four houses down. It is now vacation. Please put this in your pocket. From your friend, RICHARD DALLAM."

Tipton, Ind. "Dear Prudy: I have just been reading a letter from Pet, who is visiting her aunt in New York. She says she would like to correspond with some little girl who is a reader of THE LITTLE CORPORAL. As I think a little girl who is visiting in the great city of New York could write a very interesting letter, I wish to inform Pet through THE LITTLE CORPORAL that I should be most happy to hear from her; and if she will write to me I will answer her letter. This is the first year I have taken THE LITTLE CORPORAL. I am delighted with it. Yours,
"M. F. RUMSEY."

Danville. "Dear Prudy: I thought I would write you a letter and tell you about how we named our little baby sister. We could not get a name to suit us; so last Christmas, when we were all getting our nice presents, we thought we would give her a name for a Christmas present. Papa and mamma, grandpa and grandma, and we children all wrote names on little pieces of paper and put them in papa's hat. He shook them up and let my little sister draw one out. The name she drew out was Kate, so that is to be her name. Wasn't that a funny way to name a baby? The months seem so long that I can hardly wait for THE CORPORAL to come. I am sorry that 'Uncle Dick's Legacy' has stopped. It was such a nice story. I have three little sisters, and we have a nice tent out in the yard on the grass to play in, and it has a flag on top. Papa made it for us.
"LINNA H. DENNY."

Sheffield. "Dear Prudy: I thought I would write you a letter. I am a little girl six years old. We had a little rabbit, and one day my little sister let it out of the cage, and she went to catch it and she stamped on it and killed it. Was not that too bad? I wish you would write more about Dora. I go to school now. I study geography, reading, spelling, and writing. What do you think? I planted

some flower seeds, and when they came up I pulled them up; I thought they were weeds. Was not that too bad? Please don't let this slip out of your pocket. Good-bye.
JENNIE F."

Waseca. "Dear Prudy: This is the first year I have taken THE LITTLE CORPORAL. I think it is very nice. I wish it would come weekly. Sometimes I think I will not read it till a couple of weeks after it comes; but I can't do it. I am a little girl eleven years old. On the seventeenth of January I had a birthday party. There are four schools here: I go to the highest, or grammar. I have three brothers—all older than myself. Prudy, have you ever been to Waseca? From your friend,
"LOUISA ECKENBECK."

Washington. "Dear Prudy: I saw a letter in THE LITTLE CORPORAL from Washington, but I do not think it was from Washington, D. C. I have a dog named Steve, who is all black except a white spot on his breast, which Mammie—my sister—says is his shirt bosom. We live facing the Potomac river, and we can see the vessels come and go every day. We got the chromos, and think them both beautiful, but I think 'Little Runaway' is the better of the two. Please print this.
LEWIS D. WILSON."

Indianapolis. "Dear Prudy: I have never written a letter to you, but have often thought I should like to find one in your pocket. I am an old subscriber to THE CORPORAL, this being the fifth year. I like it very much. My little sisters always want me to read to them about 'Aunt Silvia'; and mother would not have me quit THE CORPORAL at all. Can you find room in your pocket? Try.
D. T."

North Collamer. "Dear Prudy: My sister takes THE CORPORAL. I like it very much. This is the third year she has taken it. We live on the bank of Lake Erie. I would like to hear some more about 'Court Festivals'; it seems so much like the feast King Ahasuerus made, which we read of in the Bible, when Queen Vashti refused to be presented to the nobles. The lady at the court of Siam fared better than a gentleman I heard relate his experience when he dined with the governor of Jerusalem. He neither had knives, forks, spoons, nor chop-sticks, and was obliged to eat with his fingers. This is the first time I have written to you. I am twelve years old. Your friend,
F. L. ELTON."

Centerville. "Dear Prudy: I am taking THE LITTLE CORPORAL this year, and like it the best kind. I have read the 'Hidden Treasure' through so far, and I think it was very kind in Dora and Lily and Lizzie to give up their little room to poor Stella Martello. I should be very sorry if I were in her place, and I am sorry any way. I live in the southern part of Kansas, and thirty miles east of the only silk factory in the United States. I live in the country and go to school. We live six miles from the post office, and I didn't get my April number of THE CORPORAL till I got the May number; but the reason was that I could not go myself, and THE CORPORAL comes in Tülhan, and my name is Gillhan. I would be much obliged if you would change it to Susie Gillhan. I am twelve years old. Your friend,
"SUSIE."

Tehuacana. "Dear Prudy: As I am taking THE CORPORAL for this year for the first time, I thought I would write to you. I have received my beautiful chromos, and I think a great deal of them. I believe I think little 'Mother's Morning Glory' is the prettiest, but both of them are beautiful. Prudy, a great many of the girls have asked me how old you were, and I could not tell them, because I did not know. Now, Prudy, please tell me in the next CORPORAL. From your best friend,
MATTIE COLLIERA."



CONDUCTED BY PRIVATE QUEER.

No. 18—CHARADE.

All through the long, dark wintry night,
While snow-clouds drop their folds of white,
And all the short, sharp frosty days,
Whose slanting sunbeams feebly blaze,
My first, with neither boards nor beams,
In silence bridges flowing streams,
Invests the harbor-sheltered fleet,
And floors the lake for flying feet.

Anear and far, between the seas,
Covered with grasses, grain and trees,
Lifted in hills and mountain chains,
Checked by rills, outspread in plains,
Furrowed by vales, in beauty drest,
My second bares its genial breast;
Unfolding Nature's bounteous plan,
Supporting birds, and beasts, and man.
In joy or pain, in faith or doubt,
They never cease to flow.

Abused—a sad and hopeless waste;
Employed aright—as angels haste
On errands good and pure,
So speed my ceaseless sands away,
Unto the everlasting day,
Your blessing to secure.

I melt away the winter's snow,
And bid imprisoned riv'lets flow,
And call the birds to sing;
I burst the buds upon the trees,
And, with my warm and welcome breeze,
The apple-blossoms bring;
I warm the brown and mellow mould,
And swell the moistened seeds which hold
The flowers in their hearts;
I woo their sprouts to find the air—
Unfolding forms and colors rare,
Till vernal scenes are everywhere
Adorned with beauty Eden-fair.
And my last day departs.

D. D. H.

No. 19—WORD SQUARE.

A walking stick.
A sea in Asia.
Used in building, made of iron.
Name for a girl.

W. R. Mer.

No. 20—FLOWER ENIGMA.

I am composed of twelve letters.
My first is in sweet alyssum.
That grows like a vine;
My second is in heart's-ease.
That with it we'll twine.
My third is in violet,
So modest and small;
My fourth is in rose,
The queen of them all.
My fifth is in lilies,
Of all colors and hues;
My sixth is in heather,

Of heaven's own blues.
My seventh is in hyacinth,
So fragrant and rare;
My eighth is in crocus,
That greets the spring air.
My ninth is in lilac,
Old-fashioned, but good
My tenth in arbutus,
"Child of the woods."
My eleventh and twelfth
In the heliotrope find.
All these letters, when rightly combined,
Is my dearest of sisters,
Who for you makes rhyms.

Mrs. Cornelia Tennant.

No. 21—GEOGRAPHICAL SUBTRACTION.

Take D from a strait in North America, and leave a girl's name.
Take B from a city in Europe, and leave repose.
Take R from a cape in North America, and leave a unit.
Take F from a river in North America, and leave an animal.
Take L from a city in Europe, and leave a portion of land.
Take T from a river in Europe, and leave a worthless plant.
Take E from a river in North America, and leave a cotton substance.
Take H from a city in Europe, and leave illness.
Take S from a cape in North America, and leave a word signifying power.

M. M. H.

No. 22—ENIGMA.

I am a plant.
I have six parts.
If you subtract my sixth, I am a flower bud.
If you subtract my fourth and sixth, I am the name of a person.
If you subtract my first, I am a friend.
If you subtract my first and sixth, I am what most people indulge in.
If you subtract my first and second, I am a preposition, adverb and adjective.
If you subtract one-half of my whole, I am 155.

Corra Little Cochran.

No. 23—PUZZLE.

One-sixth of an orange; one-fourth of a pear; one-fifth of a peach; one-eighth of a plantain; one-sixth of a cherry, equals what fruit?

Capt. L. C.

No. 24—WORD SQUARE.

A planet.
A pipe.
A son of Adam.
To trust.

Annie P. Daniels.

No. 25—CHARADE.

Without my 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, I am an animal.
Without my 3, 4, 5, 8, 9, I am a liquor.
Without my 2, 3, 4, 7, 8, 9, I am a fruit.
Without my 3, 4, 6, 7, 8, 9, I am a vapor.
Without my 1, 3, 5, 6, 7, 8, I am a kind of tray.
Without my 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, I am a piece of wood.
Without my 1, 2, 3, 5, 8, 9, I am a loud noise.
Without my 1, 6, 7, 8, 9, I am an enclosure.
Without my 1, 2, 3, 4, 8, 9, I am a part of a fish.
My whole is the name of a bird.

M. M. H.

No. 26—PUZZLE.

One-sixth of a parrot; one-fifth of a robin; one-ninth of a partridge; one-fourth of a wren; one-sev-

enth of a sparrow; one-sixth of a canary, equals what bird?

Carrie Keeney.

No. 27—ENIGMA.

I am composed of four syllables. If the first two syllables are taken away, a girl's name will remain; or if the last two syllables be taken away, you will still have a girl's name.

Lizzie Woodruff.

No. 28—MILITARY ENIGMA.

I am composed of fifty-four letters.

My 7, 24, 11, 4, 9, 6, 49, 31, 16, 30, was a great victory won under General Gates.

My 43, 30, 2, 19, 37, 25, 33, was a great victory won by Washington.

My 17, 29, 40, 33, 6, 27, 3, 9, 34, 14, was a British lord who fought in the revolutionary war.

My 1, 9, 18, 41, 10, was a notorious rebel.

My 35, 13, 51, 23, 45, 42, 53, 33, made a raid down the Mississippi.

My 36, 32, 8, 46, 12, 23, was once commander of the army of the Potomac.

My 50, 44, 28, 19, 12, was a brave Revolutionary general.

My 54, 5, 26, 3, fought in the Mexican war, and also in the Rebellion.

My 20, 21, 47, 31, 38, 39, 33, was a general in the Mexican war.

My 15, 27, 26, 43, 50, 5, 13, 31, 36, was a Union general.

My 36, 49, 30, 52, 2, 12, was a Rebel general.

My 43, 37, 39, 30, 46, addressed my whole to his soldiers before going to battle.

Arthur P. Davis.

CORRECT ANSWERS.

Correct answers were sent by the following persons: Ella Adland, Charlie H. Milliken, Ned S. Ferris, Jennie Williams, Harry Herdman, Lullie J. Leaf, Fannie M. Porter, Charlie Clinton, Emily A. Scott, Annie C. Hoyes, W. H. Follmer, Mary W. Webb,

Mary D. Westcott, Arthur E. Woodruff, Charles H. Hines, Mary T. Otis, Leonore E. Lindberg, Minnie Mendenhall, Nellie M. Raymond, Emma Pauly, Kittie M. Earll, Napoleon Carl, Jessie Birch, Lydia Smily, Robert M. Bell, Kittie N. Edmonds, Martia M. Gridley, Mary R. Fitch, Richard E. Goble, Carrie M. Clinton, Mary Schuster, Luthend Baughman, Jessie L. Bachtel, Clara Runkle, Chas. W. Chandler, Minnie Walker, Bessie Gray, Marion Reeve, Edward Fay, Willie O. Stout, Willie H. Koenig, Lizzie S. Hobby, Sophie Hyndshaw, Maria H.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES, ETC., IN JULY NUMBER.

No. 1.—Charade—Iceland.

No. 2.—Puzzle—(T) rumbull; (G) rant; (T) weed.

(B) ragg; (C) ox; (D) rew.

No. 3.—Word Square—H O P.

O D E

P E N.

No. 4.—Enigma—Minnesota.

No. 5.—Charade—Hornet.

No. 6.—Charade—Nine-pins.

No. 7.—Puzzle—Tamarind.

No. 8.—Biblical Enigma—Tiglath Pileser.

No. 9.—Word Square—O M E N.

M U L E

E L L A

N E A R

No. 10.—Charade—Danegelt.

No. 11.—Charade—Juggernaut.

No. 12.—Ornithological Enigma—"The Little Corporal Magazine."

No. 13.—Charade—Morning Glory.

No. 14.—Word Square—T H A T.

H E R E

A R T S

T E S T

No. 15.—Logograph—Dog; Og; O; do; D (ee); g (ee); God; go; od (d); O.

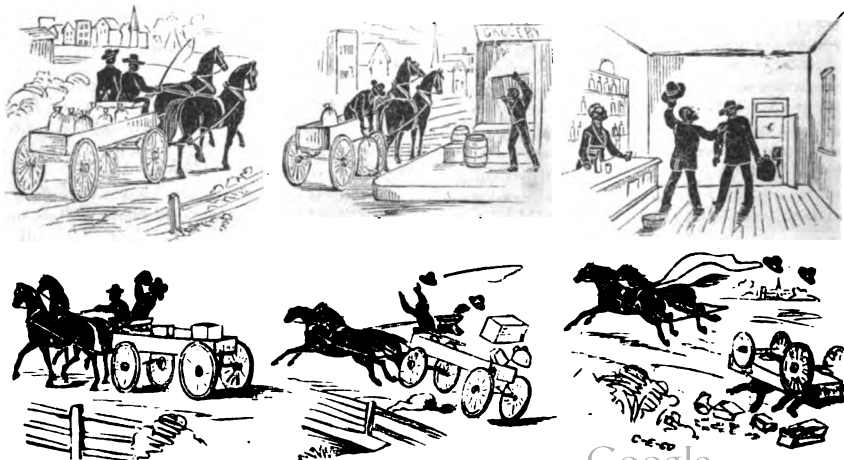
No. 16.—Enigma—"David Copperfield."

No. 17.—Geographical Enigma—Florence Nightingale.

PICTURE STORY NO. 1—RUM AND RUN.

BY L. D.

Translation will be given next month.



The Little Corporal.

TERMS—\$1.50 a year. Single Numbers 15 cents.

JOHN E. MILLER,
Publisher and Proprietor,
No. 164 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

THE POSTAGE on the LITTLE CORPORAL is three cents a quarter, or 12 cents a year, payable quarterly at the P. O. where the magazine is received.

CHICAGO, AUGUST, 1873.

THE SUMMER CAMPAIGN.

The special terms we offer in another place are taken advantage of by a great many, who in renewing their subscriptions, have no difficulty in raising a club of five or ten names at the reduced rates.

Our pair of chromos are still very popular, and we are sending them out in large numbers. We have received many letters from those who have received these beautiful pictures, which we would be glad to publish had we the space. Subscriptions are in order at any time, and the pictures will be sent promptly upon receipt of the names.

PICTURE STORY COMPETITION.—We have awarded the prizes, offered in a previous number, for the best picture stories, as follows: First prize to "L. D." Second prize to Cora Brumback, Piper City. A great many drawings were sent in, most of which were very creditable. Some seem to have thought that the prizes were to be for the best drawings, and so made very elaborate drawings, and gave very little thought to the story itself which the pictures were to tell, and the lesson they were to teach.

POSTAL CARDS are now extensively used for correspondence, which formerly required a sheet of paper, an envelope, and a three cent postage stamp. Our readers can use them to send in their answers to enigmas and charades, requests to change address of the magazine, to call for missing or for specimen numbers, and for a variety of other things. For general private correspondence, they of course are not so desirable, for persons do not care to have all the world read what they may wish to say to each other. The cards can be obtained at any post office, and cost one cent each—whether you buy one card or five hundred, the price is the same, one cent each.

THE GLOBE MICROSCOPE, advertised in this number and offered as a premium on our new list, is one of the best low-priced instruments we have ever seen. In a family of children it will afford an endless amount of amusement and instruction. Objects for examination can easily be obtained and prepared in a few minutes. A few prepared objects, however,

will be found very interesting and desirable to have on hand for ready examination.

We will send THE CORPORAL one year, with the pair of chromos mounted, price \$1.75, and the Globe Microscope, price \$3.50, for \$3.25; or any one who will send us one new subscriber and \$1.50, or with the chromos \$1.75, can have the Globe Microscope for \$1.50, thereby saving one dollar on the instrument, which will certainly enable thousands of boys and girls to procure one of these wonderful instruments.

THE POCKET SCRIPTURE ATLAS which we publish is the best and most convenient book of the kind anywhere. Every Sunday-school teacher and scholar should have one. Read the advertisement in another place; also the following letter from a friend who has purchased one:

DULUTH, Minn.

JOHN E. MILLER—*Dear Sir:* I am glad I read your advertisement of Scripture Pocket Atlas. By so doing I was led to make the best book investment of fifty cents that I ever made. To interest and profit adults and children, I know nothing equal to it. Its publication will add largely to the number of intelligent readers of the Bible. Through it Palestine becomes as well known, as fully defined to the mind's eye, as any State of the Union which we may never have visited. By it you can trace the footsteps of patriarchs, prophets, kings, apostles, and the Master. Yours truly,

H. T. JOHNS.

THE PICTURE STORY.—We publish in this number the picture story to which was awarded the first prize; and now we offer a prize of Five Dollars to any boy or girl, not exceeding eighteen years of age, and who is a subscriber to THE CORPORAL, for the best poetical translation of this story. Manuscripts must reach us by the 30th of August, and be accompanied with the name, residence, and age of the writer.

FOR THE SUMMER CAMPAIGN.

In order to largely increase our list during the summer months, we have determined to offer extraordinary inducements, both to subscribers and to those who will send us clubs. The terms offered in this number are extremely liberal, and we shall expect to receive a host of new names. A few moments' work will secure enough names to entitle you to a valuable premium, in payment for your trouble. If you have not already got a pair of the chromos to canvass with, send 60c. for an outfit, and begin a club at once.

Subscriptions will begin with the July number, unless a special request is made at the time of sending the name, for the year to begin at any other time.

TERMS: \$1.50 a year, including the pair of chromos, unmounted, delivered at our office; or mounted, sized and varnished, sent post paid, for 35c. extra, or \$1.75 in all. This is the best form in which to have them, and we would advise all to have them mounted before leaving the office.

SPECIAL CLUB TERMS.

With the choice of one chromo—either "Mother's Morning Glory" or the "Little Runaway"—to each

subscriber, mounted, sized and varnished, and sent post paid.

1.—For a club of six subscribers for one year, and \$9.00 received at one time, we will send one chromo to each subscriber, and a croquet set valued at \$5.00, to the person sending the club.

2.—For a club of ten names and \$15.00 received at one time, we will send ten chromos, and a croquet set valued at \$7.00.

3.—For a club of three names and \$4.50 sent at one time, we will send three chromos, and a Globe Microscope as a premium.

4.—For five names and \$5.50 received at one time, we will send five chromos, and a Novelty Hand Stamp.

5.—For five names and \$6.00 received at one time, we will send five chromos, and a Globe Microscope.

6.—For five names and \$5.25, we will send five chromos, and the chromo "Cherries are Ripe," or *First Lesson*, to the person sending the club.

7.—For six names and \$7.50, we will send six chromos, and one-half dozen extra silver-plated teaspoons.

8.—For six names and \$6.50, we will send six chromos, and either Reed's Drawing Lessons, or Royal Road to Fortune, or Self Help.

9.—For five names and \$5.00, we will send five chromos, and one extra chromo to the person sending the club.

10.—For five names and \$6.00, we will send five chromos, and a solid silver napkin ring.

11.—For five names and \$5.00, we will send five chromos, and either Emerson's Binder—Corporal size—or Game of Authors, or Pocket Magnifier, or the steel engraving Rustic Wreath, or Heavenly Cherubs.

12.—For five names and \$6.00, or ten names and \$10.00, we will send a silver fruit knife.

13.—For ten names and \$10.00, we will send ten chromos, and a Globe Microscope, or box of water colors, or solid silver napkin ring, or a silver butter knife, or the chromo Red Ridinghood and the Wolf.

Remember that each subscriber in the above clubs will receive one chromo—either "Mother's Morning Glory," or "Little Runaway"—mounted, ready for framing. The chromos will be sent, post paid, in one package, to the agent of the club, who will distribute them to the subscribers.

Any subscriber may receive both chromos by paying 25 cents extra, to be sent at the same time the club is sent.

In order to secure the above terms, the full club, with the money, must be sent at one time.

All the premium articles on this list are sent prepaid, except the croquet sets, which are sent by express, the receiver paying the charges upon the delivery of the goods.

Old and new subscribers count alike in clubs for premiums.

Our premium articles are securely packed, free of charge, and delivered in good condition, at the post office or express office, and we cannot be responsible for any loss or injury which may occur on the way.

Remit money by draft on Chicago or New York, payable to John E. Miller, or by express, or post office money order, or in registered letter. Money sent in any of the above ways is at our risk—otherwise not.

AGENT'S OUTFIT.—To any one who will try to raise a club, we will send, post paid, both chromos, mounted, sample numbers of the magazine, and subscription blanks to canvases with, upon the receipt of 60 cents. We want one or more agents in every town. Send for outfits at once, and prepare for a vigorous canvass.

OUR CHROMOS.—Every subscriber to THE LITTLE CORPORAL is presented with one or both of our beautiful chromos, "Mother's Morning Glory," or "Little Runaway," size 8x10 inches each.

It will be hard for a lover of children to decide which of these pictures is most to be admired. "Mother's Morning Glory" is a lovely little girl, with her head crowned with flowers; one hand holds up the skirt of her dainty dress, which she is busily filling with buds and blossoms, and altogether she looks as sweet and fresh as her namesake. "Little Runaway" has evidently just crept out of bed to start on his travels, and is as bewitching as possible with the one little garment in which babies look their best. He peeps out through the tall wheat with blue eyes and dimpled cheeks, full of fun and frolic. Taken altogether, the pair are enough to captivate the hardest heart.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Any of the following books will be sent, post paid, by the Publisher of THE CORPORAL, upon the receipt of the price annexed.

Kitty and Lulu Books, by Joanna H. Mathews, have reached the end of the series, and the six volumes, most of which have been previously noticed by us, have been placed in a neat box, and form an excellent little library for the young people. Six volumes, \$1.00 each.

Aunt Sadie's Cove, by S. J. Pritchard, is a first rate book, and worthy of a large sale. Price \$1.25.

Faithful in Little. The story of a Carrier Dove, pleasantly told, by the author of *Daisy Maynard's Four Promises*. Price \$1.00.

Brightside, by E. Bedell Benjamin. Price \$1.25.

The City of Morocco, and *Silver Keys*, two good little volumes, by A. L. O. E. Price 75 cents each.

Rhoda's Corner, by Agnes Mitchell Payne. We recognize in this name the author of *Cash Boy's Trust*, which fact will give this new book a hearty welcome by all our readers. Price \$1.25. The above are all from the publishing house of Robert Carter & Bros., New York, and for sale by W. G. Holmes, Chicago.

From D. Lothrop & Co. we have received *The Marble Preacher*, by Mrs. Henry Steele Clarke, one of the popular \$1.00 series. Price \$1.50.

Hadley Bros., of this city, send us a copy of *Work*, Miss Alcott's new book, which we have read with great interest, and consider it time well spent. Price \$1.50. Published by Roberts Bros., Boston.

Mischief Brewing, and *The Strawberry Girl*, are two beautiful chromos, the former given to every subscriber of the *American Agriculturist*, and the latter to subscribers of *Hearth and Home*, published by Orange Judd & Co., New York. These periodicals are worth more than the price asked for them, but when the chromos are given in addition, it certainly should be a great inducement to persons to subscribe.



PROTECTION.

THE LITTLE CORPORAL.

FIGHTING AGAINST WRONG; AND FOR THE GOOD, THE TRUE, AND THE BEAUTIFUL.

VOL. XVII.—SEPTEMBER, 1873.—No. 3.

LIFE ON AN ISLAND.

BY HELEN C. WEEKS.

CHAPTER III.—SEALED ORDERS.



"HOY there! Ahoy!
A-h-o-o-y!"

Annie opened her eyes suddenly and sat up, forgetting where she was, or how she came there.

"Ahoy!" the voice sounded again, this time plainly from the Sound side; and she looked down to see a

small boat, and in it an old man.

"You're harder to wake than the seven sleepers," he said. "What are you doing there? It's high tide, and you can't get off unless you're taken. Want to come with me?"

"Yes," Annie said, thinking he was the queerest, as well as most delightful-looking old man she had ever seen.

"Then skip along," he said, "and I'll take you round outside."

"Outside" was another mystery; but she "skipped" as directed, and sat down in the end of the boat, expecting to be put off in a moment on the main island. Instead of this, the old man rounded the Point, and rowed out beyond the line of rocks, over which the waves always tossed and tumbled, and where white caps could be seen,

even in still weather, when the two or three miles between them and the Connecticut shore were smooth and glassy. The boat pointed toward the light house; and she knew this must be old Tom, who rowed long strokes, which sent them flying over the water.

"You're a pimping-looking little piece," he said at last. "Is that the best they can do up in your mountain country? Poor kind o' country, with the land all set up edge-ways."

"No," Annie said, gravely; "they do better, sometimes; but I've been sick a good deal."

"Well, you've come to a good place for that, though 'tain't good for much else, unless it is clams. You look as though you were beginning it hard, eh? There's the same kink round your eyes your mother used to have when she'd got tired of everything here, and come down to hear me tell yarns of the places I'd seen."

"I know," Annie said. "She told me about you; but I thought you were dead."

"Dead! No," said the old man briskly; "not but that it seems pretty nigh time; but I shall sail along awhile yet. Orders ain't all opened, and there's some ports to make yet. Want to come into my house?"

Annie, who had forgotten grandmother and every other trouble, looked with the greatest interest at the light-house as they drew near it. It stood on a long narrow point, running far out into the Sound—a little white, solitary tower, the air in which seemed almost cold as she passed out of the bright sunshine.

Old Tom, after he had unloaded, rowed his boat out to the buoy, fastened it there, and came back in a little punt, which he pulled far up on the shore. Then he picked up his bundles, and walked into the room where Annie stood waiting.

"I know what you want first," he said. "Run right up those stairs, and you'll come to the lamp; but do n't you touch. There's nothing much to see, though, after all. You'll have to come down toward night, when I light up."

They were both in the top of the tower now; but all Annie saw was a something in the middle covered with a white cloth.

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"That's the oil-pump that I fill the thing with. You have to keep the oil about so high or the lamp burns dim. You run over here to-night, and I'll show you just how it works."

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here was one friend who would certainly help her over some of the hard places.

"Now your grandmother," he said when she ended, "she's a sailor's wife, you know, and been used to see folks step round pretty lively when the word came. It's just as she says. You've got to mind; and if you do, you'll be the best friends in the world. But she's sot in her way. She's the one, though, you're nat'rally bound to mind. Jest make believe she's the captain and you're one of the sailors—bound to obey orders, even if you do n't understand 'em. That's the way you hev to begin: and it do n't hurt anybody to learn that. You'll command all the better some day for having been under discipline yourself."

"But I do n't want to command. I'd rather have everybody pleasant and nice. I can't mind when I think it's wrong."

"She's a good woman," said Tom; "and though she may make you do contrary things, they won't be *wrong* things. You take 'em easy, an' you'll get clear of 'em after awhile. She'll see when you've got where you can read your own orders. Law child! we all have to mind one way an' another. If 'tain't grandmothers 't is something else. You'll find that out fast enough. And you'll find another thing, too. You can't steer your own ship all ways you like. Give up the helm to the Lord, and He'll keep you in the right course; and it'll be comfortable for you, too. Now you run home an' tell her you're sorry you got into a passion, and you'll be all right."

"She'd no business to strike me," Annie said, looking angry as she thought of it.

"That's her way," said old Tom; "an' it's most sea-folks' way—a word and a blow, and likely the last first. But you must n't provoke her. Come down an' see me when things get too hot for you, an' we'll try and settle 'em up. That's to-day's order."

"You keep saying '*orders*,' Annie said.

"Do n't you know, child, ships start out—a good many of them, any how—not knowing just where they've got to go, till they're in mid-ocean; an' then the captain

opens his sealed packet, and finds it written there where he's to go and what to do. That's the way in the navy, when I was in it; and a whole squadron might start out and not even the admiral know the end o' the cruise till he'd opened his papers. An' that's the way with all of us. Leave all sorts of ports behind us; places we want to stay in, an' places we do n't; an' every day comes a new order; an' the Lord knows what ports we'll touch at before we make the last harbor of all, an' go into port forever. Run along, child, an' don't be down-hearted."

Annie walked slowly away, turning once to look at old Tom, whose long white hair waved in the wind as he stood in the light-house door. Then she began thinking what had better be said to her grandmother, when, turning the corner of the barn, she ran into Frank.

"You!" he said in great astonishment. "Why, how did you get here? Grandmother told us you had run off to Goat Island and got caught there, and she guessed it would be good for you."

"Well, it was," Annie answered, smiling. "I feel a great deal better than I did when I went over."

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"That's more than I'd do for anybody," Frank said, shaking his head and running off as Oscar called him.

Annie looked up to her grandmother's window, and wished she could begin again without any words. And just then the window opened, and Mrs. Catlin threw out a tumbler of water, which came straight into Annie's face and eyes, making her speechless and gasping for a moment.

"Lawful sakes!" said Mrs. Catlin, as she saw what she had done; "come right up here and be wiped, quick as you can. Now," she went on, as the dripping Annie

appeared before her, "how'd you get here, and what are you going to do?"

"Going to tell you I'm sorry for being so cross this morning, and then get dry," said Annie, who could not help smiling at her grandmother's look.

"See that you do n't act so again," was all Mrs. Catlin said, as she rubbed her dry and then turned to the baby lying on the bed; and Annie, after a look, crept away to her room, to find Mary crying in the corner.

"Oh, it's been an awful day," she said. "You gone, and mother shut up with one of her headaches, and Milly cross, and everything. Mother says there are earthquake days, and this is one, I'm sure."

"It's too bad," Annie said, feeling guilty at her own share in it. "Can't we do something?"

"Nothing but keep still, and have the children not make any noise after they go to bed."

"Then I'll fix my drawers now, and you can see my things," Annie said. "I have n't taken much of anything out of my trunk yet; and there are all my books to be unpacked besides. I won't try to get at them to-day, though, because the box has got to be pounded open. There's something in the trunk I'd forgotten all about—something Mahala gave me the very last thing."

"Who's Mahala?" Mary asked.

"Why, Mahala Ledway, the girl that always lived with us, and took care of mother when she was sick. Here it is in this box at the bottom. It's a big fruit-cake—rich enough to keep a year, she said; but it won't keep a year, I know. I'm going to cut it now, and we'll have some this very afternoon. Where do you suppose the children are?"

"On the north shore. That's where they're all at work on the play-house. Let's go out there now, and unpack some day when it rains. I'll get you a knife."

Mary was back in a moment with a knife and plate, and watched while Annie cut slices for each child.

"I'll give the big people some when we

Annie, who had forgotten grandmother and every other trouble, looked with the greatest interest at the light-house as they drew near it. It stood on a long narrow point, running far out into the Sound—a little white, solitary tower, the air in which seemed almost cold as she passed out of the bright sunshine.

Old Tom, after he had unloaded, rowed his boat out to the buoy, fastened it there, and came back in a little punt, which he pulled far up on the shore. Then he picked up his bundles, and walked into the room where Annie stood waiting.

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"I'll give the big people so."

With a scream was heard, then another. Rosy's voice, certainly. All the children ran toward the bluff and looking off to the oyster docks, saw in front of them the flutter of a pink frocked. "What? Liuk? Peter? No! Frank said fiercely. He's gone off with her! I'll throw him overboard. I'll hang old Tom; he'll give it to him!" And another ran off toward the light house. "I saw what she had done," "come right up here and be wiped, quick as you can. Now," she went on as the dripping Annie

OUR FOLKS.

BY MINNIE B. SLADE.

Not all of us, there are so many, but just some of us, and our folks. You see, father lived over the river when he was a boy, and the Howards had farms all along shore from Howard's ferry to the bridge, five miles up the river; and father's father, whom everybody called "Elder Howard," had been pastor of the Baptist church in Leavitt for years; had married all the couples, preached to all the people, and kissed all the babies in the village; so he called them all his children. And that, you see, makes all the over-the-river people of us.

I do n't remember grandfather very much, except that once he came into the barn where we were. We had put a long board into the swing, and were playing steam-boat. He came and watched us for a few minutes, and then, saying "Happy children," went into the house to talk with father about the Atlantic cable, and the power of electricity, as everybody talked in those days. And then once after that, he came down from his farm (he lived out in the country, you know, or in a country village, and had a farm as well as a church) with some vegetables for us. He told us he had brought some carrots on purpose for the children; and, though I do n't like carrots a bit, I always eat a little piece, even now, because grandpa said we must. I do n't suppose he meant that we must always eat them; but I thought I ought to when I was a little girl, and have always kept on thinking so. Pretty soon after that grandpa died; but we always go to Leavitt every spring to see grandma, and that's the way that all the over-the-river people are included in our folks.

Then mother's father was "Old 'Squire Ellery." The country people used to say "*Square* Ellery." Mother says she used to wonder why they called him so, for she could n't see anything that looked square about him. He married people, too, for he was a justice of the peace. He lived on a

farm, too, and was known all around River Falls. Mother had twelve brothers and sisters, and everybody used to visit at grandpa Ellery's; and the "Ellery girls" taught school and made friends of their scholars, who were only a little younger than they themselves. And that's the way we know almost everybody on this side of the river. And of course if everybody is our folks, everybody's children are.

So you know I could n't tell you the story of all of us at once; and if I could, you would be most interested in our two babies—Jamie and Maggie.

They belong to all of us. I think babies almost always do; but if you want to know any more definitely, I do n't mind telling you that their mother is my cousin—Mrs. Morville. I do n't believe you ever saw her, but I wish you could. She is real nice.

Jamie is three years old. I think he will be so vexed when he is a big boy that they call him *Jamie*. It's pretty for a baby; but I rather think he'll petition the legislature to change it to Jim when he grows up. Some of us call him "little Jim" now. Maggie is a year younger, and is the very brightest baby that ever lived—every baby is. Why, as much as three months ago a lady saw her walking around the room, and, as people will talk to babies, not expecting them to answer, said to her,

"Why, Maggie, can you walk?"

The girlie looked up, and as plainly as any one could talk answered, "Yet ma'am."

About a week ago she came to me with her little picture primer, to show me how many letters she knew, and telling me stories at the same time.

"'At is B. Want to hear ye 'tory?"

"'B 'tan's for a *bire*, of a dinner in need,
Prancing wild goats o'er ye rocks at full speed."

She said, "I know all ye letters except E. I can't remember 'at."

So I told her to tell papa about it when he came home. At night she ran up to him and said,

"Oh, papa! papa! I know all but E."

"Show me where it is, Maggie."

She opened her little book, and, pointing to it with a sad little quiver in her voice that she could n't remember it,

"There it is, papa."

"There is what, Maggie?"

"E; ye letter 'at I can't remember."

Jamie thinks he loves his little sister very much, though he does plague her sometimes. His father heard a cry in the next room, and went to see what was the matter.

"Jamie, what have you been doing to your little sister?"

"Noffin much."

"Jamie, tell me."

"Well, papa, if you *must* know, I was a-bitin' Maggie."

But often he is very good to her, and tries to "muse" her with stories, as this:

"Pegpie"—some of us call her Peggie, and her mamma says she is a little magpie, so he has fashioned a pet name for her—"Pegpie, did yer ever see a tame bear?"

"No, Jimpy."

"Well, Pegpie, yer gran'pa has." He has a way of assuming that he is her pa and gran'pa, which indicate comparative and superlative degrees of tenderness. "I was walkin' along de street, and a tame bear was in de middle of de street, and I said 'good morning' to him. He did n't say noffin, only he just looked round and laughed at yer gran'pa; and I had some nuts in my pocket wid de *hells* all off of 'em, and I gave 'em to de tame bear, and he said 'Hank you very much,' to yer gran'pa, and den he walked down de street."

Now this was a story that just suited Maggie's intellect; and so, gravely admiring her big brother as a courageous hero, she said, after a moment's pause,

"Hay 'at again, Jimpy."

Sometimes our baby girl makes good resolutions before she gets up in the morning, and tells mamma all about them. She means to be so kind, and not plague Jamie,

or mamma, or nurse, or her kitty at all in all day.

"Mamma, Maggie is going to be good to-day. Dear mamma, I will not pound Jimpy, and I will not 'tep on my kitty, and I will not 'tep on my poor little hoppotamus in all day."

"Hoppotamus" is the baby name for the favorite picture of her scrap-book—a hippopotamus. Such good resolutions, as regards Jamie and the kitty, are seldom kept all day.

The nurse is a queer, dear woman, who has n't been in this country very long; and sometimes she makes such strange speeches. She is just learning to read and write; and she came to my cousin a few days ago with this queer remark:

"Oh, Mis' Morville! I've got so I can knock a little sinse out o' readin'; and it won't be long afore I can knock sinse out o' writin'!"

She loves the children dearly, and takes very good care of them; only she has some strange ideas about what good care means. Once when she had put little Maggie into her clean white dress—which does n't stay clean long—and put on her cunning little baby croquet slippers, and made her all ready to meet mamma when she came up from her afternoon "among the shops," she took her sharp scissors and cut little childie's hair all off; as close, almost, as what the boys call "a pine-apple cut." It was just too bad. We almost cried when we went down to see her first after that. Her hair was regular spun gold, and was in lovely little curls in her neck. We were all proud of it, even to the fifth cousins; for you know Maggie belongs to all of us.

"Why, Mis' Morville," said Mary, "I did n't go for to make you feel badly about it. I did n't think you'd care. I had washed the dear baby, and put on her sweet little dress, and I thought I'd tidy up her hair a bit. It's the way we do in the old country. But, Mis' Morville, I'll never cut off any baby's hair again, if you'll forgive me this once."

The girlie's hair will grow out sometime,

of course, but it is all ends now; and meanwhile she is growing up a regular girl—already interested in dry goods. We did n't know she was listening to us yesterday, when we were looking at some patterns. One of us is going to be married. Oh, no matter which one, now; may be I'll tell you sometime. And we were looking at patterns of silk and poplin, and all that sort of thing, and remarking on their probable wear and present appearance. This morning I found the child at a bundle of silks her mother had left out, after taking the piece of black that she needed for cord-covering. Maggie had them all spread in a semi-circle around her, and was talking to herself, taking bit after bit from its place on the floor.

"Now *yat* I fink is diligant; and yat is diligant too. And now yese free is diligant." And then, taking a piece of blue and white striped silk, and rubbing it between her mites of fingers, with her head gravely twisted round to one side, she eyed it, and after considering carefully its merits, said, "Now yat color I call black, and I fink yat is diligant, too; but I doubt if it will *tear* well."

"Elegant" seemed to be the one word she caught from our dry goods adjectives. On the whole, I think I have but one objection to Maggie, and that is that she will not kiss me. She has a queer little freak not to kiss ladies. She runs to every boy that comes in, and is all ready to kiss and to be kissed; but our little two-year-old has no such favors for ladies, except her mamma. On rare occasions, if she wants a caller to go home, she runs up and kisses her, because she has associated in her mind the kissing with the leave-taking.

But Jamie makes up for her by giving his kisses willingly and indiscriminately. His boyishness is developing, as is Maggie's girlishness. He wants for his plaything just now an axe. For a long time we could n't think what mischief he needed it for; but he at last confidentially told his father that he wanted it because "I think it will be so nice to cut Maggie with." I'm

afraid his mind runs on cruelty. And, too, I fear he has too large an inventive faculty, for he tells us the strangest stories, affirming constantly that they are true, and with such a sober face and honest look that we should have to believe him if his stories did n't speak for themselves. He came running to his mother with this sad story of what he had just seen:

"Why, mamma, I was lookin' out of de window at de cars, and dey ran right over a little boy, just like me, mamma, and dey squeezed him and squeezed him till dey squeezed ev'ry bit of life out of him, and he was all killed dead."

"Why, Jamie, I know you are not telling mamma the truth."

"Oh, but I am, mamma; and was n't it so sad for the poor little boy to be killed?"

Now, what shall we do with him? And when he comes in from his play and tells us about the fairies that come to him out in the yard and try to get him to come up on to the top of the house and slide down the roof with them, shall we tell him—only three years old—that he is a very naughty little boy? or shall we believe that the little baby eyes do see fairies that our grown-up eyes are too blind for, and our grown-up minds too practical and every-day to comprehend? Only I wish his fairies would n't tempt him to climb ladders, and slide down house-roofs, as he says they do.

This is all for now. You say I have only told you of two of us? Well, did n't I tell you in the first place that I could n't tell you of all "our folks" at once? for you know our name is almost "Legion."

THE PEARL.

BY ORIA.

The pearl is a very beautiful as well as costly ornament, and is much prized as an article of jewelry. Several theories have been advanced in regard to its formation, but none are quite satisfactory; and we only know that a certain part of the oyster, after undergoing chemical transformations, becomes at last a pearl.

There are three good pearl fisheries in the East—the best near the island of Ceylon; five American ones in the Gulf of Mexico; and several in Europe and Tartary. The fishing season in the East commences in February and lasts until April. A signal-gun is fired by which the boats go out and return. Twenty men go in each boat. Ten are divers, and the others oarsmen. The divers are provided with bags, in which to put the shells; and they frequently take large stones with them to accelerate their descent. These are attached to ropes, and when the diver is about to plunge, he seizes the rope with the toes of his right foot, and the net-work bag with those of the left. (It is customary with the Indians to use the feet as we do the hands.) He grasps another rope with his right hand, holding his nostrils with the other, and speedily reaches the bottom, where he remains two or three minutes, gives a signal, and he is drawn up. These men often make forty or fifty plunges in a day, each time bringing up one hundred oysters; but they never live long, by reason of the great hardships they sustain.

A machine called the diving-bell is now

generally used at the fisheries, which greatly lessens the danger of the diver, and allows him to remain longer under the water.

The shells, after being taken upon shore, are broken open, and the pearls drilled and strung. Blacks are generally employed for this purpose, as they are wonderfully expert; and, though very carefully watched, they sometimes succeed in secreting a valuable pearl. The oriental pearls are finest, in point of size and lustre; and white ones are most prized, although some persons prefer those delicately tinted.

Pearls have been used as ornaments from the earliest ages to the present time, and among all nations. Even the North American Indians esteemed them; for when the Spaniards first came to this country they found quantities of them stored away; but these were inferior, being of a yellowish shade, because the natives used fire to open the shells.

Cortez describes Montezuma, the Mexican king, at their first interview (1517), as wearing garments embroidered with pearls; and his subjects wore them, also, in bracelets and necklaces.

MOLLIE'S TRIALS

BY CARLOTTA PERRY.

I am little Mollie,
Eight years old to-day,
Never have done noffin'
On'y just to play;
Grandma says that idleness
Worstest kind o' sin;
Got to learn to work, I s'pose—
Might as well begin.

So I hemmed a towel—
Real well, mamma said—
Had a dre'ful time, though,
Losin' out my fred;
For somefin' ailed the needle,
Don't know 'zactly what,
Till mamma took and tied it
In a little knot.

Do n't like hemmin' towels,
'Tain't a bit of fun;
I was dre'ful thankful
When the thing was done,
'Cause then I sewed for dolly,
Made a little dwess,
And made it just as nice, too,
As you could, I guess.

Made it wiz two ruffles,
Overskirt and basque;
Now, what more, I wonder,
Could a dolly ask?
'T was much more interestin'
Than hemmin' towels, too.
I wonder why the good things
Are so hard to do?

Then I pared some apples,
Helpin' Kate, the cook;
Then I read my lesson
In that old spellin' book.
Now, spellin' books are awful,
Ev'rybody knows,
Just made to try our patience—
Good for that, I s'pose.

When night comes I often
Hear my mamma say,
"Did n't 'spect, this mornin',
Such a busy day;
Seems to me I never had
Quite so much to do!"
Tell you I can sympathize—
Feel just that way too!

GEORGE'S VISIT TO AN INDIAN CAMP.

BY MRS. L. M. BLINN.

"Whoo-oo!" yelled little Harry Trevors, clapping his fat hand over his red lips and sending the sound out by degrees, as he burst into the kitchen, where his mother was helping Norah to bake pies for dinner. "Do n't I look like a Ninjun, Norah? and can't I make a noise just like they do? Whoo-oo! Oh, mamma, I did n't know you was here! I thought may be Norah was all alone, and lonesome, and I'd 'muse her."

Mrs. Trevors surveyed the conical little figure before her with looks of dismay at the plight into which he had put himself in order to look as nearly as possible like the picture of an Indian warrior which he had seen in Mollie's geography, while Norah glanced at him severely, and said to herself with a little tired sigh,

"Whatever will that tiresome child be thinkin' to do next, I wonder? If I was the mother of him, I'd teach him better than to make a haythen of himself!"

One of brother Ned's red flannel undershirts had been confiscated by the would-be red man, and by dint of rolling up the sleeves, folding over the body, and fastening it at the waist with grandpa Allen's old soldier-belt, put on double, was made to do duty as a warrior's blanket. Face and hands were painted a bright red, tattooed with blue, in queer lines and curves, the paints having been selected from sister Fanny's choice box of water-colors.

The same had been applied with a generous hand to the chubby bare feet; but the artist, growing weary of his work, or, what is more probable, getting out of material, had left the ankles fair and white—contrasting funnily enough with the red wrapping and painted extremities. In his belt he carried a hatchet, taken from the tool-chest in the wood-shed, and a rusty bread-knife; and fastened across his shoulders a bow made from a barrel-hoop and a piece of cord, and a bundle of arrows split from a

shingle. A band of tape tied about the curly head, and stuck full of feathers from the tail of the great Shanghai rooster, the pride of the barn-yard, completed handsomely the costume of the young savage!

"Mamma, did you ever see a Ninjun? Do I look like one? Ned said I did. Oh, Norah, you need n't be a bit afraid; I won't kill you! I'm only going to pretend to cut your hair off, the way they did in the *geogefry* book;" and, sulking the action to the word, he mounted a chair beside her in a twinkling, and seizing the queer little top-knot she wore, he flourished the rusty knife in uncomfortable proximity to it, and gave utterance to another shrill little war-cry.

"Sure, ma'am!" cried Norah, seizing the knife from his hand, taking the hatchet from his belt, and setting him on his feet upon the floor with a not very gentle shake; "sure, ma'am, that child will be the very death of me yet with his tricks! I'm never safe from a scare one blessed minute, only when he's in his bed and sound asleep, and the saints a-watchin' over him, the troublesome darlin'."

"Come here, Harry, and sit in this chair beside me, while I make the pie-crust for Norah, and I will tell you a true story about your uncle George's visit to an Indian camp when he was a little boy like you."

"Oh, mamma, did they cut his hair all off, where his head is so bare and shiney on the top? Let me have a *teeny* piece of dough and your other roller-pin, mamma, and then I'll be *pacified*, and you can tell me about it while I make a little pie for Rover."

Rolling-pin and pie-crust were supplied, and Norah gave sundry little delighted winks and nods at Mrs. Trevors, as the little warrior, looking like a something between a Comanche chief and a picture in a comic almanac, went gravely to work rolling and patting the piece of dough, which

soon assumed colors entirely new in pie-crust; his feathers fluttering, and the red robe flapping about his white ankles and blue-and-red toes.

"When your uncle George was a little boy like you, Harry, your grandpa was sent to a new part of the country, where there were few white people, to trade with the Indians. I do n't think you would at all like to live as little George had to. Instead of a nice house like this, with pleasant parlors and large, airy bed-rooms, theirs was built of rough logs, and had but one room and a chamber overhead, with a ladder for stairs. When grandpa was away grandma used to take the little children up there to sleep, and pull the ladder up after her, so that if the Indians came around, they could not trouble her and the babies. There was a camp of them only a few miles from the settlement, and one day the chief and some of his men came to the little village to attend to some business with grandpa; and when they were ready to return home, asked permission to take the little boy home with them to the camp, saying that he should be brought back the next day.

"They did not dare show any unwillingness or fear; and George, delighted with their beads and flying feathers, and more than all, with a little dog they had with them, begged to go. So, just as the sun was setting, the chief left the settlement, with George trotting along contentedly by his side, holding the dog by a string.

"There was n't much sleep that night in the little log house; and I guess there were two pairs of eyes that looked often and anxiously down the road that led from the village to the camp, through all the morning and early afternoon. Just at sun-down they saw the chief coming, with George sitting in great state upon his shoulders—his pockets and hands full of trinkets, and upon his feet a cunning little pair of moccasins that one of the Indian women had given him."

"What did he have on his feet, mamma?"

"Moccasins; a kind of shoe made of deer-skin, and trimmed with beads."

"Oh, yes; I know now. I wish I had 'em," said Harry, looking down at his own little bare feet.

"The old chief shook hands with grandpa and grandma, and said, 'Allen much brave to give him boy—good boy—not afraid—make good Indian.'

"After the little fellow had been bathed and rested, he told glowing stories of what they had done to please him; how they had danced, and played on funny little reed flutes, and that he and the little papposes had turned somersaults in the grass."

"The little *what*, mother?"

"Papposes, Harry; the little Indian children."

"Yes, yes, I know; go on with your story, mamma."

"They made a feast for him that noon, and had a nice soup, of which he ate his entire dinner. At length they started for home, and he asked if the little dog might go too. 'Oh,' said the Indian, '*make soup—eat him—much good for little white boy, eh?*'"

"Oh, mamma Trevors!" said Harry, dropping his rolling-pin and dough to the floor, and staring at her in wide-eyed wonder; "*Uncle George eat a dog!* I should think he'd be 'shamed of himself!'"

He stood for a moment by his chair, his eyes cast down as if in profound thought, burying his toes in his pie-crust; and then, creeping closer to his mother's side, he asked,

"Will there be chiefs in this town, mamma? and will they want little boys to go home with them, and eat dog-soup, and get *moggersons* on their feet? I guess, Norah, if you'll get my clothes for me I'll put them on. If they *should* come they'd think I was one of their little scamposes. You do n't want a little Ninjun for your boy, do you, mamma? I'd rather be your own little worker, and help you make pies and things, and pump water and scour knives for Norah. You'd be lonesome if I did n't stay here and 'muse you, would n't you, Norah?"

That night, when the curly head and

tired little feet were ready for the crib, and mamma had told him the prayer, he looked out from between his fingers and asked,

"Mamma, may I make a little pray of my own?" Then leaning his head down

again, he whispered softly, "If you please, God, do n't let any old Indian chiefs come here and tease me away from my mother to be their little 'scampoose,' or get poor Rover to make *dog soup*! Forever and ever. Amen."



HOW TO IMPRESS LEAVES, FERNS, ETC., ON PAPER, WOOD AND CLOTH.

BY AUNT CARRIE.

Last summer, as we roamed the woods, we collected many specimens of ferns, prettily shaped leaves, and feathery sprays. We carefully pressed them in some old account books, newspaper, or music books—robbing the kitchen of flatirons and weights, and the library of heavy books, under which we placed our books full of the beauties of the woods.

After three or four days we changed the leaves on to different pages, to prevent the dampness from depriving the leaves of color. (Be careful and select a dry place for your pressing apparatus.) Of course many leaves lost their bright green color, and many ferns were not fit for bouquets, or any ornamental winter decorations. We determined to make a selection from all those we had pressed, whose shapes were perfect, and take an impression of them by the art of spatter-work. We selected an old account book, and cut out the leaves, leaving an inch on which to glue other leaves. We then bought a number of sheets of thick drawing-paper, and cut these sheets the size of the leaves of the account book. On these we arranged our best specimens. We then, by spatter-work, took a *perfect impression* of them—even the tiny lace-work points of delicate ferns and leaves were faithfully impressed on our drawing-paper. After we had removed the pressed leaves, etc., we traced the veins of the leaves with a dark pencil.

We have now arranged sufficient leaves to half fill our account book. We carefully pasted the leaves to the strip of the old leaf left, only pasting on every third strip, as

the drawing-paper was thicker than the original leaf. We are now collecting from greenhouses all rare specimens of ferns, lycopodiums, and maiden's hair. This summer we shall strive to find new varieties in the woods, and among even the weeds by the roadside. These impressions are lasting. We hope some of our young friends will commence to gather a collection of the lovely ferns and leaves scattered broadcast over hill and dale by the good Father of us all. Look at every little weed! The weed yarrow is as beautiful as lace-work!

Perhaps some of our readers do not know how spatter-work is done. We will tell them our way. First get a ten cent cake of India ink, and a paper of number 11 or 12 needles; then purchase a small piece of netted wire at a sieve-maker's, or take a piece of the netted wire of an old sieve (most people use a small comb, but this fine netted wire makes finer spatters). Then get a nail-brush or tooth-brush (an old one will do quite as well as a new brush). Then purchase some drawing-paper, and your materials are ready. Rub your India ink in a saucer with a little water; be careful and not have it very thin. The spatters are made by dipping the end of the bristles of your brush lightly into the liquid ink in the saucer, and rubbing the brush on the wire or comb. Before using it on your work you should have a piece of waste paper to try it. If the spatters are large, you have too much ink on your brush. The spatters should be in so fine a spray as scarcely to be seen at first. Patient and

constant work will make the shading delicate and even.

Now you are ready to commence work. You should have an old table or a board for your work, as the points of the needles might injure it. First spread a sheet of thick wrapping-paper over your table or board. Place your drawing-paper on the table, and arrange your leaves as you desire to represent them. If there is any danger of the leaves moving, or they are not perfectly flat, fasten them gently down with fine needles, using the handle of your brush for a hammer. Then hold your wire netting in your left hand, dip your brush lightly into the moist ink, after trying it on

waste paper, then spatter your paper all over and around your leaves, until there is as dark a shade as you desire. Let the ink dry before you unfasten your ferns, etc. Then remove them carefully from your paper. If well done, you will have a perfect impression of your ferns and leaves. It adds to their beauty to trace the veins with a dark lead pencil. If you desire to keep any portion of your paper free from spatters, you should cover it with paper, leaving only the place to be spattered uncovered.

We will give in our next number directions for making many lovely articles for presents.

THAT RUFFIAN, BURGAN.

BY ROSELLA RICE.

One day the Professor, of the village academy came to me, at the beginning of a new school term, and said,

"I would like to ask your advice, Rosy. This is likely to be a very full term; new students are coming from all directions, and there is one whom I may have to reject. I want your opinion first. He comes from the coal regions; is a large, dark, thick-set fellow, with strange black eyes, and he looks ruffianly and coarse. His character is not good. He uses profane language; and when I was talking to the boys about their duty, his lip curled, and he looked doubting and scornful. I feel as if I did n't want him here at school; and yet we might do him good. Appearances may be against him; he may have had a sad, gloomy childhood, and low associations, and no opportunities. We know not what the poor young man may have encountered—what battles of the soul he may have fought—what sorrows undergone. He is trying to take a step forward in the right direction—he is walking towards the light; I dare not turn from him. God forbid!"

And so the young man's name was enrolled among the students of Brookside

academy. He did look coarse and ill-bred, and he had sooty black hair, and his pantaloons were tucked inside of his boots, and his thick lips set as though, come what would, he was determined to meet it doggedly.

We all understood each other, and resolved to treat him "like one of us;" to show him respect and attention; and to do him all the good we could. It was not much I could do—I was only one of the patrons—but when I met him I always smiled, or nodded, or waved my hand. Two or three times—when we had strawberry short-cake or peaches and cream—I invited him to take tea with us.

Would you really believe it! before three months the stern lines in his face began to relax and soften; a sunny light came in his dark eyes; he began to know what to do with his hands; and he would raise his hat gracefully when he met a lady. The interested ones nudged each other, and said,

"How Burgan grows! Did you ever?"

More than one pair of eyes were misty with tears—real tears of rejoicing and gratitude. I frequently said to the Professor,

"Is it well with the young man Burgan?"

Have you not observed his growth in every desirable direction?"

"I cannot feel grateful enough," said he, "for the good angel's whisper that induced me to look with favor upon that poor fellow."

Last week was commencement. The students held a re-union in the evening. No face in the throng was more expressive than the poor boy's upon whose life hard fate had set her seal. As they were about separating, and were shaking hands, with "Good-bye, Dick," "Farewell, Tom," "Let us hear from you, Will," and all these cheery-sad things, that make the tears come in spite of made-up laughter, Burgan said huskily,

"Will you come into the library a moment, Professor?" He went, and when the door was closed, the poor boy, standing up before his teacher, said, "I could not possibly go away without telling you how much I am indebted to you. I wish I could make you know how much it is—" and here he lifted up his trembling hands and tenderly laid the open palms on the sides of his benefactor's face, leaned his head down upon the faithful breast, and cried out like a broken-hearted woman. It was very touching. Brokenly, he said, "I had n't a friend when I came here; I stood alone in this world, with every human face turned against me. I was despairing; this was my last chance—my last effort. I had tried to be a good boy, but people distrusted me, and met my endeavors with scorn and doubt in their faces. They called me 'that ruffian—that hard case, Burgan.' I had learned to hate my very name. I had nothing to plant my feet upon; no rock to stand on; no rope to lay hold of; no light; the very heavens were brass. I happened to pick up a waif of a newspaper in which was the advertisement of Brookside academy—a quiet village, where no intoxicating liquors were sold, and where the inhabitants were peace-loving and united. Perhaps a good angel dropped the paper in my way—I do n't know; I almost believe it—but something urged me to come. You

know the rest. God bless you, sir! you planted my feet upon a rock, and put new resolves into my poor heart. I have tried to drop my bad habits. I have only used profane language a few times, and then not because I wanted to—it came from mere habit. Oh! I'm coming back again, Professor!" and he smiled royally; and his teacher told me that the face before him seemed illumined with a beauty that was heavenly.

And thus they parted, in a rain of tears; and those two strong, muscular men, with bearded faces, kissed each other like weeping women. That must have been a sight beautiful enough for the seraphim to witness—the glad teacher, and the poor student, behind whom lay all his past years, dwarfed, and shadowed, and broken, and filled with thwarted hopes and fruitless aspirations.

LITTLE MAY.

BY JOY IRELAN.

Last night, when the dreamy twilight
Touched to earth her dusky feet,
And the tired heart of Nature
Beat with pulse more slow and sweet,

One by one, up high in heaven,
Gleaming stars had winged their flight,
And their glimmer, glow, and sparkle
Brightened all our sombre night,

Little May I found beside me,
In her trailing night-robe white.
She had lisped her "Now I lay me,"
Kissed me many times "Good-night."

Now her blue eyes were wide opened,
As she eager grasped my hand,
Pointed with her baby finger
To the circling stars so grand!

"Oh, mamma!" the soft voice whispered,
"See the gold lamps in the sky!
God did let the angels light them!
Shall I have one when I die?"

Heavenly peace, and trust, and beauty
Gazed from out the wistful eyes
Of my little baby daughter
Standing 'neath the bending skies.

And I told her of the fullness,
Of the joy, and peace, and love,
Of the harps, and crowns, and music,
In the happy home above.

LICHENS AND RAINY DAYS.

BY GRACE MORVEN.

Lichens are flat expansions of vegetable growth, found on the ground, bark of trees, exposed rocks, old logs, and the north side of old fences or stone walls.

I have heard people call them moss. But they are not the true mosses, which have a distinct stem and leaves. Lichens and mosses both belong to what botanists call the cryptogamous, or flowerless series of plants. That is, those destitute of proper flowers, and propagated by *spores*, or minute cells, instead of true seeds.

There are a good many kinds of lichens—many of them very curious and beautiful. Indeed, a close observer will find much more to admire in them than one would think, who has always passed them carelessly by. But this is true of all of God's works. And we are worse than blind to go carelessly through life, never opening our eyes to the minute as well as majestic forms of beauty with which the Creator has so lavishly adorned our earthly home.

The botanical study of lichens is somewhat difficult for a beginner; and I do not purpose to enter into it here. I merely thought of telling THE CORPORAL's girls and boys of a way in which these pretty growths may be made to adorn our homes, and become "things of beauty" through the long, cold days, when the green grass and bright flowers are withered. I say boys, too, for I do not see why boys may not make such thing as well as girls. It is very foolish to despise beautiful things, as I have sometimes heard boys do. But THE CORPORAL's boys and girls love the Beautiful, as well as the Good and True!

I have never seen, in any of the magazines or papers, directions for the use of lichens in rustic frames, etc., although there may be such, and perhaps many of the children know already all about it. But I do not doubt there are others who do not know; and for their sake I will give the following brief directions:

First, on a dry day, at any season of the year when you can find them, with a broad-bladed knife remove them as carefully as possible from the logs, rocks, or other places. They are somewhat brittle, and may break up, but that will do no harm. It is a good plan to carry your knife and box or basket with you whenever you go for a walk; for you do not know what treasures you may happen upon. But I have brought home many of them in my pocket or handkerchief. When you have collected a sufficient quantity you may go to work. And now you will see the connection between lichens and rainy days. It is very pleasant work for a rainy day. Be sure you keep your materials on an old newspaper; then you will not make a litter and annoy the good mother, who will be pleased enough with the pretty present you will make her on her birthday, or at Christmas.

A great many beautiful things may be made with them; and, if put on carefully, and not handled roughly, they will keep their beauty for years. They require no varnish; and a few cents will purchase glue and pasteboard. But stiff boxes—such as you can procure at the dry goods stores—are better than common pasteboard. If neatly and tastefully arranged, your rustic frames, etc., will be a great deal prettier, I think, than impossible flowers in worsted or leather-work, while they are much easier to make. In addition to frames for photographs and small engravings, you may make vases for dried flowers and grasses, of any shape or size you wish. A simple bowl of pasteboard, with a round or oval bottom, may conceal a vessel of coarse earthenware or other material, to hold either earth or water for plants or cut flowers. A little green moss will conceal the edge of the vessel. A very pretty way is to make a pasteboard basket—like the straw baskets you have seen—cover the outside

with lichens, and fill it with moss, in which you can insert everlasting flowers and grasses. It may stand on a table; or, if you add a handle, it may be suspended like a hanging basket, in a corner of the room.

For framing pictures, your frame may be of unpainted pine. Indeed, this is the best; but old picture or small looking-glass frames may be used, if you take the precaution to scrape off the paint and varnish; else the glue will not adhere, and soon begin to peel off. You may frame photographs and small engravings like the *pass-partout* frames. Bind a strip of muslin with strong paste over the edges of the glass and pasteboard between which you place the picture. Let the glass and pasteboard be an inch or two larger than the picture, that the border of lichens may not hide it. These are very easy to make, and quite as beautiful as any. Miniature houses, of any size, make a pretty present for a child. You may make tiny furniture of pasteboard, covered with colored paper, or painted with water colors if you choose, or they are pretty without. I have made them with several rooms. One can exercise a good deal of ingenuity in inventing furniture, carpets, curtains, and the like. The outside of boxes, oyster kegs, etc., which are unsightly, may be converted into pretty receptacles for plants.

And now I will suppose that you have your frame, vase, basket, or whatever you choose to make, neatly prepared and ready for the lichens. Prepare some glue by putting it in a cup or basin and setting it—in a larger basin containing hot water—on the stove. I sometimes add a very little water to the glue to make it of the proper consistency. With a little wooden paddle or a small brush put a little on the frame while it is hot; select such pieces of lichen as you wish, and press them firmly on the hot glue. A little practice will soon enable you to do this neatly. Do not be discouraged if some of them refuse to stick. See if bits of rotten wood adhere to the lower surface, and remove them. Remember the

story of Bruce and the spider, and “try, try again.”

You can fill the spaces left with smaller bits of lichen or tufts of moss. And you can exercise a good deal of taste in the arrangement of the colors. Indeed, you will be surprised to see the variety of tint, from darkest green, through varying shades of gray, to silvery white.

If you wish to send a specimen of your work to any of your friends, you must pack it carefully in a box, so that the lichens may not be rubbed off. Old cotton will answer well for this purpose.

I hope some of you will make some things, and then write to Prudy in THE CORPORAL, and tell us how you have succeeded.

CUDDIE'S COMPLAINT.

BY EUNICE E. COMSTOCK.

I'm tired of all the dollies!

Pink 's got a puffy face,

Dot 's run away, and Lolly's

Both thumbs are out of place.

The snow came down so thick and white,

And covered up the walk last night,

I can't at all go out to play,

And so I'm *velly* tired to-day!

I'm *velly* tired of playin'

With all the things at home;

And *velly* tired of sayin'

I wis' the boys would come!

They stay so *velly* long at school,

I think that Rob has missed his rule.

Or Fay forgot, and laughed some more,

Just as he did one time before.

And May—the lazy baby—

Sleeps all the while so long

I'm 'shamed of her; but may be

She's so little 't is n't wrong.

And mamma sews, and sews, and sews,

And click-ty-click! the old 'chime goes;

She's makin' May and me a dress;

She'll never get 'em done, I guess!

I hear the wind a-blowin',

And shakin' at the gate;

And see the peoples goin'

So fast—it 's gettin' late.

If papa'd only come, I'd give—

That 's him 'n' the boys, I do believe!

The 'chime keeps still, 'n' I hear May call,

And I'm not so *velly* tired at all!

HIDDEN TREASURE.

BY MARY A. DENISON.

CHAPTER IX.—TOM'S TEMPTATION.

The scene changes to the sick ward of a large hospital. In the bed marked "forty-five" in red numerals at the head, lay a man apparently in the last stages of consumption. Though very much emaciated, he was not in that dangerous condition, but recovering very slowly from the effects of a fever.

The long, clean room, with its rows of white-covered cots, looked very cheerful. The windows were wide, and the sunshine came in *ad libitum*. In one of the sunniest a canary hung, and the sill was covered with blooming plants.

These—both plants and bird—belonged to the matron, the lone woman who, years before, had blessed Peter Philp with the gift of her hand and her heart. Stout and kindly-featured, with laughing eyes, and dimples all over her comely face, Mandy Philp was just the one to move among the sick wards of a hospital.

Number forty-five seemed in a comfortable condition, for a man who had barely escaped death. He was not prepossessing in his appearance. On the contrary, it seemed as if, in rude health, his face might be more repulsive than otherwise. But it made no difference to kind-hearted Mandy Philp whether her patients were rough Irishmen from the bogs, or gentlemen, in appearance, at least; she was as tender and attentive to one as the other.

"Would you like your broth now?" she asked, coming round to number forty-five. The man answered, with a slightly foreign accent, in the affirmative.

"Then here it is; and I'll put a napkin over that long beard first. Queer, men want such; they're always in the way," she added. "I think you told me this morning your name was John. Did you ever live in Danville? and had you a wife and a little daughter that you left behind? and were you shipwrecked on your way to Italy?"

The man was silent; but his great hollow eyes regarded her attentively, as with instinctive cunning he forbore to answer. At last he said in a faint voice,

"What do you want to know for?"

"Because, if you are this John Martello, his wife is dead, and she has left a beautiful little daughter, my sister writes me, who has been taken home by a friend. Whether John Martello, her father, is dead or not they never knew. At least, he was not heard from again."

The man turned his eyes away, and seemed revolving some idea in his mind. Presently he answered,

"My name is John Martello. I told you that before. As for the other matter, I do n't want to talk about it till I am stronger. I had a wife and child once—that is enough."

And he was silent upon the subject for several days. Meantime Mrs. Philp, who was one of those active women who must work either with hands or tongue, from sunrise to sunset, spoke to him often of the letters that passed between her sister-in-law and herself, until, by means of adroit questions, the stranger knew Stella's history from the time her father left her to the present moment.

"A daughter!" he muttered, one night when the sick men to the right and left were quietly sleeping; "young and pretty; let me see—what could I do with her? Ah! a great many things. She is musical; I am poor. Who knows what I might make by her? Good! even as a street musician! Young and pretty! She would pay! There's no harm in keeping watch; she's but a little thing at present. I'll see what can be done when I get out of this miserable place. Who knows but she will have a fortune left her? Ah! I feel it in my bones! I shall have at last a streak of luck. But how to prove this thing!"

And so he muttered, moving restlessly



back and forth, till the small hours of the morning. Meantime Stella, all unconscious of the net that was being woven for her, grew daily more in love with the Meadows household. Lily and Anne were both under her instruction in music; while she, having spoken Italian since she was a little girl, and sedulously cultivated that beautiful language under her mother's supervision, took great pleasure in imparting it to Sally, whose one overmastering ambition was to become a skillful linguist.

Tom, since that unhappy night when he was brought home in a state of intoxication, had kept his resolution not to be caught in such company the second time. His wily cousin had tempted him again and again, until at last he became angry with Tom, and swore that in some way he would make him recreant to his vows.

"See here, Tom," he said one evening, "you're fond of pictures; there's to be a splendid thing raffled off to-night, down at

Green's, and the chances are dirt-cheap—only fifty cents.”

“I’m not lucky at such things,” said Tom.

“You never tried, I guess. Here, just come along to Green’s window and see it. It’s worth fifty dollars!”

Tom walked on a few steps farther, till they turned on the main street. The picture was really well worth the price, and evidently the work of a master’s hand. Tom enjoyed its long reach of silvery water, the rich moonlight, the ship in the distance the boat drawn up to the beach, the figures on shore illuminated by the beams of a full moon.

“I should like that picture, boys, I confess,” said Tom, forgetting his mother’s injunction never to take part in anything of the kind.

“Well, who knows? Come in; the raffle is to take place at nine o’clock, and it’s only a little after eight. I say, fellows, I’ll treat you to some oysters; they have them here of the first quality,” and he half pushed Tom in, winking to his other companions.

Green kept oysters and liquors. His saloon was the brightest little place in town—its walls shining with mirrors and pictures, its length decorated with the nicest little tables, on which sparkled glass and china.

Oyster stews were called for, and something whispered aside to the waiter, who nodded with a knowing smile, while Lemuel Meadows turned to his friends with a queer expression on his sallow face. Presently decanters of red wine were set on the table, and glasses beside them.

“Now, boys, the health of the lucky winner!” said Lem; and in a twinkling all the glasses were filled.

Tom looked up. Morally he was a coward—or had been. The other boys were drinking with the ease of veterans. He took the glass, conscious that his cousin’s eyes were fixed upon him; he lifted it, when all at once a vision of home came up before him—the mother who trusted him

so—his sisters, who waited for him to make one of their happy party at the fireside—and Stella, for whom they had all pledged themselves to provide, seated at the piano. How distinctly he seemed to see them all! How plainly the words of the song echoed in his ear:

“No man can e’er meet you with scorning.
If yours be the crown—a good name.”

“No, boys,” he said, his face turning crimson as he set down the glass; “I promised my mother I would n’t drink—and I won’t. I’m much obliged for the oysters, Lem, but *you* ought to know that I can’t drink that wine.”

“Just so, Tom! I always thought you were weak in the head,” retorted Lem, “now I know it. Boys, he’s afraid of a glass of wine!”

“You’ve hit it!” said Tom gayly, determined not to be driven to a fight; “I am afraid of it; and God helping me I mean always to be afraid of it. I sha’ n’t take a share in the picture, Lem; it’s gambling, or something very like it. Good night;” and he hurried from the shop.

He heard the insulting laugh that followed his retreat; but he felt so strong and happy—so like a conqueror who has won a hard-fought battle, short as the conflict was—that he fairly hugged himself for joy. They would not know it—that dear little home-circle! His mother would fasten her loving eyes on his face, never dreaming what her boy had resisted; and the rest would look up to him, proud and happy to call him brother, without a single thought of Green’s, or the raffle, of which they had probably heard through Nancy Philp. And as the bright windows, lighted for him, gleamed out afar in the darkness, he thanked God again that he had never but once brought a cloud upon the purity of that home.

It was all as he had imagined. Every pleasant face turned fondly towards him as he entered; and instinctively he felt, “they lean upon me; they look to me to keep spotless the honor of our name!”

"I'm so glad you've come!" said Lizzie, running forward with Blackie on her shoulders; "we are going to have such a nice game!"

"What is it?" asked Tom, depositing his hat in its place in the hall; "one of your getting up?"

"Partly. We call it 'Past and Present.' Now listen, for Stella is just personating a character."

Stella sat in the large chair, like a queen on her throne, with her throng of devoted admirers around her.

"Go ahead," said Tom, adding in his heart, "this is way past Green's, with his wines and his gambling."

"Very well, I am ready," said Stella, with a grave smile.

"Are you dead or alive?" asked Lizzie, while Tom laughed at the question.

"Dead—terribly dead," replied Stella, quietly.

"You mean you have been dead a great many years," said Lily.

"Yes, a great many."

"Were you celebrated?" asked Anne, "and what for?"

"Principally for my beauty," answered Stella.

"Then you were not an author?"

"O, dear, no; I was not an authoress."

"Ah! a woman?" said Sally.

"Yes, a woman."

"Are you spoken of in history?"

"Dear me, yes," answered Stella.

"Were you a queen?"

"No; but a queen called upon me once."

"What did she say?"

"She said dreadful things."

"Can you tell what century you lived in?"

"If I remember rightly, the twelfth," answered Stella.

"In the reign of Henry Second," said Tom, becoming interested.

"Eleanora of Acquitairre!" cried Sally, who had been lost in thought.

"No; she sent me to a convent."

"Dear me!" and they guessed again and

again, and were about to give it up, when Tom, who had been looking mischievous for some moments, said,

"Did Eleanora find her way to your bower in an unusual manner?"

"Yes," said Stella, laughing.

A long-drawn "O-h!" sounded from every voice but Stella's.

"You are 'Fair Rosamond!'" exclaimed Anne.

"Yes," said Stella; "but Tom knew it all the time—I saw he did. Now let him take a character."

"Mine is in the present," said Tom; and after he had puzzled them in an ingenious manner for nearly half an hour, it proved to be Stella herself.

"That was very well done," said Mrs. Meadows, laughing heartily.

Charades succeeded, and then tableaux. Tom cast back no regretful thoughts to the beautiful painting, the bright saloon. Never in all his life was he more thankful for a temptation conquered, than on that memorable evening.

Suddenly Stella startled them all by crying,

"O, Mrs. Meadows! who is that?"

"Who, my dear?" asked the home mother.

"A face in the window, looking straight at me. Oh! such an evil face! I never saw it before."

Tom ran valiantly forward, opened the window and sprang out. The moon was just rising, but the little garden-path was in shadow. He looked and listened. Nobody was in sight—nothing could be heard but the baying of a distant dog.

"You were mistaken, I think, Stella," he said.

"No; I stood here, putting up my music, when as I looked up I saw it. I could not speak at first. When I did cry out, it was gone."

"Your imagination has been too much excited, my child," said Mrs. Meadows.

"O, I am certain, certain!" said Stella, with terrified earnestness.

THE STORY WITHOUT ANY END.

BY PRUDY.

Tommy had a sore thumb. The fact is, Tommy burned his thumb, and burned it pretty badly, too, while he was trying an experiment with steam. It happened in this way:

Wally Roberts was what they call a *genius*, which means he was always poking and prying about, trying to find the reason of everything; and once or twice he had blown himself up with his experiments; but he kept on, just the same.

Well, Wally happened to be at Mrs. Bancroft's when the tea-kettle was boiling furiously, sending a cloud of steam and vapor curling away from the spout. Tommy was playing the kettle was his engine, and he ran about the kitchen tooting loud enough to deafen you.

"I'm lodomokif," said he to Wally.

"Wha-a-t?" said Wally, squinting at Tommy.

"Lodomokif; that's the man makes the toot go on the ingine," explained Tommy. "See how the smoke comes out when I toot."

"It is n't *smoke*," said Wally, squinting at Tommy and the tea-kettle together; "it's *vapor*; and it *has* to come out, because the heat *expands* it. If you should stop up the *noze* to the kettle the *lid* would fly off; and if you should fasten down the *lid*, the kettle would *burst like a cannon*!"

Wally had a very emphatic way of talking, and the italics made a great impression on Tommy. He stood still all through this long speech; and when Wally went away, he kept on looking at the tea-kettle, thinking how much he would like to stop up the noze, and fasten down the lid, and see it go off like a cannon. He could not think of any way to manage the grand result; but at least he could stop the noze and see the lid fly off; and so he tried it with—what do you think? *Why, his poor little tender thumb!* The lid did not fly off, but Tommy did,

and he tooted louder than "lodomokif" himself.

Bridget ran, and so did mamma; but nobody knew just what had happened, for all the unfortunate discoverer could say was,

"Oh, my fum! my fum! It's hurted mos' a-def!"

Of course it stopped aching after awhile—nearly all hurts do stop aching—but that was not the worst of it. The thumb was all done up in linen rags, wet with some sort of disagreeable stuff, and poor tired Tommy could n't go to sleep and forget his troubles, because he *could n't put it in his mouth!* You need n't laugh—it was no laughing matter to him, I assure you; for he did n't know how to go to sleep without sucking his thumb, any more than you would without shutting your eyes. That was how papa came to tell him the story. Mamma had gone over every one she knew, and at the end the big eyes were as wide open as ever, and the dismal little voice wailed out,

"I can't go to sleep 'out my fum!"

"Now, Tommy," said papa, "shut your eyes, and don't open them once, and I'll tell you a story without any end."

"*Cruly?*" asked Tommy, popping up his head.

"Yes, truly, of course. Nobody ever lived long enough to hear the end. Once there was a little boy—"

"'Bout big as me?" put in Tommy.

"No; smaller than you—with a little red, mouth that was always laughing, and a little red tongue that was always chattering, and two round red cheeks with dimples in the middle, and a whole cap full of red curls—"

"Usht you'd buy me some cap full red curls," said Tommy, longingly; then suddenly started up to say, "Oh, papa, the bobber man bobbered all Siddle's curls off—I did n't leave any bit of hair, clear down to the seeds of it."

"Now Tommy," said papa, when he stopped laughing, "you must n't talk. This little boy with red cheeks and red curls—"

"Name Billy?"

"No; his name was Clarence, but they called him Corporal Trot. This little boy went down to the sea-shore with his papa and his nurse—"

"Not his mamma?"

"No; poor little Clarence had no mamma. His dear mamma was dead," said papa, very impressively.

"What deaded her?" asked Tommy.

"She was sick—very sick indeed—and the doctor could n't make her any better."

"Why did n't his papa buy 'nother one?" said unfeeling little Tommy; "They buyed a new mamma to Wally's house."

Papa went on with the story.

"Every day the nurse used to take Clarence and put a red flannel bathing-suit on him, and take him with her to bathe in the surf. They would stand on the smooth sand, holding on to a rope, and the great waves would come rolling up and splash them all over, and almost lift them off from their feet."

"O-h!" said Tommy, sitting right up in bed, his eyes shining with delight at the thought, for Tommy was a regular little fish, and loved nothing so much as the water.

"It was n't fun to Clarence," said papa, laying Tommy back upon the pillow; "he hated the water, because he was afraid of it; and when he saw it coming he would scream, and the salt water would get in his eyes and nose and mouth and choke him."

"Oh, papa!" said Tommy, "I choked me awful day after morrow wid a bone to a peach, and Bridget shaked me till I unswallowed it."

"Tommy," said papa, desperately, "if you don't stop talking I shall have to go away."

"Do n't you care 'bout your poor little Tommy got hurt?" demanded the youngster in a plaintive tone; and papa tried again.

"Clarence hated his bath so badly that he used to puzzle his simple little brain trying to contrive ways to get rid of it. He

used to hide; but nurse always hunted him up and dragged him away. One day his papa went to Boston, and when he came back he brought Clarence a little red wooden pail, and a bright tin dipper, and told the nurse to put on his bathing-suit, and let him go and play in the surf. That was jolly fun, I can tell you! He was a little afraid at first; but he soon got used to the spattering, and a very brilliant idea came to him. He saw how quickly the water disappeared when he poured it on the sand; and he determined that he would dip up all the water in that great tumbling, roaring ocean and throw it away, so nurse would have no place to torment him. He worked like a little beaver all the morning, dipping up water and pouring it away, dipping up water and pouring it away, dipping up water and pouring it away—"

Papa's face was very sober, and he never once took his eyes off from Tommy's face, but kept on saying over and over, in a slow, drawling tone, "Dipping up water and pouring it away." Tommy waited and waited to hear the rest of it; but papa kept on and on, and Tommy's eyelids began to drop lower and lower, he lifted his thumb once towards his mouth and dropped it again; then he gave a little sigh, and his eyes shut quite up.

"Poor little kitten," said mamma, "his troubles are over for this time."

PAYING HER WAY.

BY KATE WOODLAND.

What has my darling been doing to-day,
To pay for her washing and mending?
How can she manage to keep out of debt
For so much caressing and tending?
How can I wait till the years shall have flown,
And the hands have grown larger and stronger?
Who will be able the interest to pay
If the debt runs many years longer?

Dear little feet! How they fly to my side!
White arms my neck are caressing;
Sweetest of kisses are laid on my cheek;
Fair head my shoulder is pressing.
Nothing at all from my darling is due—
From evil may angels defend her—
The debt is discharged as fast as 't is made,
For love is a legal tender!

DICKY O'DEA.

BY CLARA G. DOLLIVER.

He is a small boy, with blue eyes, very wide open, and soft, light hair, which his mother cuts, I think, with a pair of very dull shears, for it always looks as if the rats had gnawed the ends off. His face is covered with big brown freckles, which would quite cover and hide the roses of his round cheeks if those roses were less bright and fresh.

He lives in the fourth story of a back street down our way, with his mother and his sister Melinda; and he goes to a school not far away, which takes him past my door every morning. Last term he had a very cross teacher—at least the other boys say so; but Dicky says, with a dozen blushes all blushed into one, that he "just loved her, and she was never cross to him, and she *tached* him splendid, and he would n't never have got into the fifth grade if she *had n't* kept him after school for spelling." Dicky *can't* spell!

And I have reason to believe that that same cross teacher—for all she never showed it a bit—"just loved" Dicky, too; and felt half like crying to have him go out of her class, with his blotted spelling-papers, and his bright head of pitiful, uneven hair. I know that she looks, every morning, down the long fifth grade line, to see the smallest boy, and the roundest, rosiest, most freckled, dearest little face of all; because there is always a bashful, loving little smile for her there.

This term the teacher is n't cross, so the boys say; she does n't trouble them particularly about spelling; and gives only one check for talking; and never keeps them after school. Yet Dicky O'Dea—funny boy—says he do n't like that kind of a teacher at all, and wishes "she was cross, any how."

Mrs. O'Dea is poor. I do n't know that she always has enough bread for supper, even. The fire is always put out as soon as the kettle is boiled; for when hard wood sticks are carried up three flights of rickety

stairs, they are very liable to be scarce; and they all get up very early in the morning, and seldom sit up late at night; because the blessed daylight costs nothing, and kerosene bought by the pint is very dear.

Melinda works in a curtain shop, and wishes that her sixteen years were twice as many, so that she could be better paid; and the old mother—for she is gray and bent and wrinkled, although her years are not so very many—goes out washing, or charring, or nursing, whichever thing she can get to do. But for all this poverty, and poor fare, and poorer clothes, and hard work, I believe that they are very—no, not *very*, perhaps, but pretty—happy. And the one dream of Mrs. O'Dea is that she will sometime get money enough to send for her old feeble mother, who lives in New York, where winters are bitter cold, and summers cruelly hot. "One year in California 'll be the making of her," says Mrs. O'Dea. And all the time that Melinda sits in the curtain shop stitching, she is thinking and dreaming of the day when Dicky will be a man, tall and handsome, and good and true, with lots of book-learning—which poor Melinda has n't got herself, poor child, but which she is determined that he shall have, if she sits in the curtain shop stitching until she is gray. It is quite useless to say, after telling this, that Melinda loves Dicky.

He knows it well, and tries to be good; and, in spite of his failures and mishaps and slips—which occur very often—I think he *is* a good boy, if for only this reason: that down in his deep heart there is a wish to be honest and honorable and kind, and never to be otherwise. If he *has* told some lies he is ashamed of them, and wishes he had n't, and is sure he never will again; if he *did* keep the rubber he found, when he knew it belonged to Tom Lee, he went to Tom with it in a few days, and told him that he felt "as mean as dirt."

One day he was good when it was very

hard. Things had gone wrong at school from the first. He devoted too much attention to ball-playing the afternoon before, and consequently did not know his lessons at all. His teacher was sick, and the principal of the school—who was very strict—had charge of the class. Dicky sat down with a guilty feeling, and took out his spelling-book. Tim Thompson, who had no such feelings, and felt in a very jocund mood, took his pen and began a choice drawing on the back of Dicky's faded and well-mended jacket. Upon this the uneven head turned round, and the brown little fist gave Tim a "punch."

"Come out here, sir!" said the principal, in awfully stern tones.

Dicky went.

"Stand there till I have time to attend to you," she said, pointing to the corner behind the stove.

Dicky crept into the place indicated, feeling very small and very contemptible, and wishing that he had brought his spelling-book with him in his banishment. After a while the principal took out her rattan—very familiar to most of the boys, but an awful mystery to poor Dicky, who had never received a whipping in his life.

"Come out here, young man," said the principal, straightening it out with one hand, while she held it in the other.

Dicky hated to cry. He did n't cry once when he had a double tooth pulled; but now this was such a disgrace, and, to his mind, such an injustice, too. If he could have had his choice between having four double teeth pulled, and taking that whipping—even if it was the easiest that could be given—he would cheerfully have chosen the teeth. He tried, but he could n't help the big tears rolling down his round cheeks, over the paling roses, and the brown freckles.

"Please, Mrs. Leslie, I—"

"Hold out your hand!" she said, shortly; "I saw you."

"Please, Mrs. Leslie," he faltered, "I *did* punch him; but I never, *never* got a whipping before. Please, Mrs. Leslie, I—am sorry."

The teacher looked at him rather kindly, he thought, and so he tried once more.

"Please, ma'am, it ain't the hurt; but I never was whipped in my life!"

She put the rattan down on the desk. I think she had a very warm heart, if she was severe.

"Tim Thompson," she said, "what were you doing?"

"I was just a-touching his back," said Tim.

"With what?"

"My pen."

"Was there ink on it?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Let me see your back," said Mrs. Leslie, turning Dicky around.

The well-defined outline of a horse revealed itself to her practiced eye.

"Ah, ha!" she said. Perhaps she liked Dicky for not telling of Tim, for she said, "Those boys in favor of letting Dicky off from this whipping raise their hands."

Dicky looked around anxiously, eagerly, wondering how many enemies he had. Every boy's hand went up, and Dicky went back to his seat and his spelling-book; nevertheless his paper was appalling, and he spelled "butcher," in the midst of many blots, "b-u-c-h-e-r," which made Mrs. Leslie frown until he quaked again.

All day long his mishaps continued. He tripped against a nail in the yard and fell down on his face, and clambered up with a skinned finger, amidst the derision of the boys, feeling profoundly miserable. He had not taken any lunch. His mother put up some for him, but he left it on the table, as if by accident. He usually does do so when the closet looks bare, and he knows that his lunch means Melinda's going without. Although he does n't take any credit to himself for this, and it has never occurred to him that he has done anything self-sacrificing, yet he has a healthy boy's appetite; and he felt ravenously hungry that day. Spare pieces of bread and crackers were sometimes given him by his class-mates; but on that unlucky day none happened to offer; and Dicky would have starved before

he would have asked for the smallest crust.

He was usually very lucky in geography, and stood fifth that day, with hopes of getting up to the head; but Mrs. Leslie gave them little time for thought, and he missed and missed until he found himself eighth from the foot. Just before dismissal, Mrs. Leslie gave the class a "talking to," and gave Dicky a special dig for his bad geography lesson, and that unlucky "bucher;" so that when he slung his books over his shoulder and started for home, he found it convenient to pull his cap over his eyes, lest the boys should spy the two or three tears that would bubble up to the lids, do what he would.

As he walked slowly along, in anything but a cheerful frame of mind, he saw a crowd of boys on the opposite side of the street, yelling, hurrahing, and throwing stones, pieces of brick, mud, or anything else they could get hold of. Dicky stopped and looked for a few moments, and then—as any boy would—crossed over the street to see the "fun." The fun proved to be a wretched old Chinaman, who had put down his baskets, and stood at bay among his tormentors. You know, I suppose, that there is a prejudice among some people in California against Chinamen. They do their work so well and so cheaply that these poor people think that they will finally get all the work, and that they will be left to starve; so that they encourage their boys to throw stones at them, to beat them, and injure them as much as possible, so that they will become disgusted with this country and go back to China. They are mostly very peaceable, and unwilling to fight; but when a crowd of boys surrounds them, stealing fruit and vegetables from their baskets, and throwing mud, sticks and stones at them, they try to defend themselves as well as they can.

Dicky was too kind-hearted to take any active part in these affrays, which were of frequent occurrence in his neighborhood; but I am afraid that he rather sympathized with the boys; not because he was cruel, or

liked to see any one hurt, but because they lived in his street, and were his playfellows.

Melinda often expressed herself in very strong terms in regard to this "fun" of the boys, and would n't speak to little Barney—Dicky's chum, who lived on the same floor—for a couple of weeks, because she saw him in a crowd of Chinamen-beaters, though Barney declared to Dicky, on his honor, that he was only looking on, and did n't throw a thing, and offered to present two slate-pencils to Melinda as a proof of friendliness on his part. Well, when Dicky came up, the boys—who were mostly of his class—called out,

"Hey, O'Dea!"

So he could hardly help stopping.

"Give him a clipper, Dick; you're a straight shot!" called out John Keany, a big boy, who was often kind to the little one in his way.

Dicky came up closer, and had a great mind to. You see he felt so ill-tempered about the day's work; and he knew all these boys; and he knew, too, that they would call him "booby," and "coward," if he refused; and no boy is indifferent to what other boys think of him; yet he thought of Barney, and a faint thought of Melinda's big gray eyes and tired face stole across his mind.

"Oh, let the poor old fellow go," he said to John.

"Oh, he's a soft snap!" called out Tim Thompson; "afraid he'll get a lickin'! Dovey O'Dea!"

The horse which Tim had drawn on his jacket yet remained there, showing by broad black lines how poor and faded it was. The blood mounted into Dicky's face; he doubled up his fists, and cried,

"Come on here, and I'll show you if I'm afraid!"

"Oh, bother! gin it to the Chiney, and no one'll say you're 'fraid," said John Keany, sending a stone so straight that it cut the Chinaman's forehead, and made the blood flow down his face in a broad stream.

Dicky forgot insults, wrongs, and the charge of cowardice. He gave one run-

ning jump, and found himself by the poor Chinaman's side. He had taken the stick from his baskets some time before, and hit those about him as well as he could; but now the blood flowed into his eyes, and the pain was so great, that he dropped it, and tried to wipe the wound, which was very deep, and bled every moment faster and faster. Dicky threw his books on the ground, and pushed his old cap to the back of his head; he clenched his brown fists, and the fire flashed angrily from his blue eyes.

"Come on and fight me if you want to," he said; "but do n't hit a feller when he's down. Let Chiney alone—he's hurt. I'll fight you if you want to fight."

John Keany laughed. Dicky was so little, and looked so brave! But Tim Thompson picked up a stone and shied it close to the ground, so that it just struck Dicky on the ankle, and so took his strength away that he had to drop to his knee. It hurt him. Oh, how it hurt him! The color faded all out of his face in a minute, and made the big brown freckles show out plainer than ever. But he still shook his fists (they trembled a little now), and called out in a sweet, boyish voice, that tried not to quiver,

"Come on, you coward, I can fight you yet!"

"Lay low! lay low! lay low!" said the boys on the edge of the crowd, as they took to their heels; and in less time than it takes to tell it, the boys had disappeared; and when the policeman came up (for it was the sight of him which caused the cry, "Lay low!") he found only the bloody-faced Chinaman, sitting on one of his vegetable baskets, and Dicky, sitting on the ground leaning against the other, with a dislocated ankle, and a face ashen white.

The policeman inquired into the matter; bound up the Chinaman's head with his own handkerchief, and carried Dicky home in his arms. Tim Thompson, John Keany, and two or three others, spent that night in the city prison; and only escaped longer confinement because the Chinaman could not be found to testify against them. As for Dicky, the judge praised his courage before the whole court, and the policeman himself passed the hat around among the lawyers, and gave Dicky a big gold double-eagle as the result.

Mrs. O'Dea said, "Now, God bless you, gentlemen;" and Melinda, through her tears, is surer than ever that Dicky will grow up to be tall and handsome, and good and true.

THE PRIZE DRAWING.

BY WITCH HAZEL.

Not long ago, when visiting an old friend of mine, I began a very interesting study—the study of the character of a little girl.

Louise Stanley was certainly very bright and attractive; and but for several unfortunate failings in her disposition, would have been one of the most charming little girls I ever knew. The most serious of these troublesome traits, sad to say, was envy. This unhappy propensity of mind led her to depreciate her own possessions—no matter how much more valuable her clothes, books, trinkets or toys might be—and look with longing eyes and a mind

tinged with jealousy on those belonging to her school-mates and companions. Yes, by fostering this evil tendency, poor Louise kept herself almost constantly in a state of unhappiness, without any cause whatever.

One day, shortly after I arrived at her pleasant home, Louise began to beg her mother for a Swiss muslin apron, "because Julia Higgins had one," she said. Whether wisely or not, her wish was gratified; for in a day or two after she appeared in a fanciful little affair in the shape of an apron, all ruffles, and lace, and bows of pale pink ribbon, which she wore to school with a

beaming face. When she returned in the evening, however, something had evidently gone wrong, for she gave a cross little slam to her books as she put them on the library table, and an ugly scowl disfigured her brow.

"Well, Louise," I said, "did you have a pleasant time at school to-day?"

"Not so very," she answered shortly.

"What went wrong?" I asked.

"O, I do n't know—nothing in particular," was her ungracious reply.

I said no more, feeling very certain that Louise would soon be ready to pour out all her grievances in my patient ear. Sure enough, she presently came to the window where I was sitting, and began:

"We had a new scholar to-day."

"Who was she?" I inquired, laying down my magazine, the better to listen to the lament which I knew was coming, by the discontented expression of Louise's face.

"Her name is Fannie Briggs. She is a niece of Mrs. Gladwell's, a city girl—you can tell that by her clothes."

"And is she intelligent, refined, and amiable, Louise?" I asked; "for these qualifications are of much more importance than her dress, my dear child."

"O, I'm sure I can't tell," said Louise, impatiently; "I did n't even speak to her. But she had on a Swiss muslin apron, Miss Abbott, that was ever so much prettier than mine—a puff above the ruffle, Miss Abbott, and a blue ribbon drawn through."

"Why, Louise!" I exclaimed, "you were delighted with your apron only this morning."

"I know that," she said; "but then I had n't seen Fannie Briggs."

I said no more, knowing by experience how useless it was for me to reason with Louise about her besetting sin. But I sadly reflected, what a great pity it was for any one to let such a trivial matter disturb her peace of mind for one moment.

Some time after this conversation I called on Mrs. Gladwell, and then met Fannie for the first time. She seemed to be a pleasant, frank, unaffected girl; apparently free from

the jealousy and envy that so darkened the natural disposition of Louise. My favorable first impressions were afterwards confirmed; and I was glad to see quite an intimacy springing up between the two girls; for I trusted that the more generous impulses of Fannie would exert a good influence over Louise.

"O, Miss Abbott!" exclaimed Louise, dancing into my room one day, "I have something splendid to tell you! The drawing-class are to compete for two prizes, to be given on Commencement Day. The first will be a copy of Tennyson's works, in a magnificent binding—just what I've been wishing for this long time! I'm *determined* to have it. But, dear me, how I will have to work!"

"You have my best wishes for your success, Louise," I said; "but the second prize? What of that?"

"O, that's nothing but a picture—white lilies and green leaves twined round a cross, and painted by Miss Leslie, the drawing-teacher, herself. I would n't have the old thing! If it's awarded to me I'll certainly decline it," and Louise made a haughty gesture, as if she were in the very act of repelling the despised second prize.

"I sincerely hope you will not be disappointed, my dear Louise," I said; "but in such a large class there must be much talent to compete with."

"I'm not afraid of competition," returned Louise, proudly; "and at any rate it will all lie between Fannie Briggs and myself; for we are dubbed 'the artists,' by the whole school."

"But if the second prize fell to your lot, Louise," I argued, "you could not be so unladylike as to refuse it. Were I in your place, I think I would almost prefer it, not only as a charming souvenir of my school-days, but as a memento of Miss Leslie, who is a very lovely young lady."

"No! no!" cried Louise; "the first prize for me, or none at all! That superb Tennyson I *must* and *will* have!" And she hastily ran from the room.

The days wore on, and the spring term

was drawing to a close. Commencement Day was nigh, and nothing was talked of among the many "artists" of the school but their pictures and the prizes, as they worked with a will over their drawings. Other prizes were to be awarded, but of these I heard nothing, as both Fannie and Louise seemed to ignore them altogether in the strife for the coveted Tennyson.

The pictures were all copies of one subject—a beautiful landscape. Louise often brought her drawing to me, asking triumphantly if I thought any of the girls could beat her in sketching or shading.

"Remember, Louise," I would reply, "I have not seen any of the others, and therefore cannot fairly judge."

Then Louise would smile to herself, as if to say, "O, you are very cautious, indeed, Miss Abbott; but wait awhile—you will see!" But as examination day drew nearer I noticed that Louise smiled but seldom, while an anxious expression seemed to settle over her face like a cloud.

Commencement Day dawned. While the chapel bell was ringing I ascended the stairs with many others, and found myself in the large school-room, already well filled with the parents and friends of the school-girls, who were looking fresh and pretty in their white muslin dresses. Louise passed me on her way to her seat, and whispered excitedly that Miss Leslie and Miss Griswold were in the recitation-room, where the drawings were placed for exhibition, with closed doors, and were at that very moment deciding the merits of the pictures. After recess their fates would be known to all.

Classes were examined; then came recess. I glanced about for Louise, expecting she would come and speak to me; but she had suddenly disappeared. The bell rang. Seats were resumed, but Louise was nowhere to be seen. Just as Mr. Evans, the principal of the school, was about to step upon the platform she came hurrying in. Her face was pale, and her eyes were bent upon the floor. She took her seat without once glancing in my direction. Fannie leaned over and spoke to her. Louise

shook her head without raising her eyes. "Could the child be ill?" I wondered. But Mr. Evans was addressing the audience. He was saying that the prizes would now be presented to the two most diligent and talented members of the drawing-class. The prize pictures would be brought to the platform, the one bearing the blue ribbon being entitled to the first, and the other, with the pink ribbon attached, to the second premium. The names of the two successful competitors (of which he himself was ignorant) being read, they would step to the platform to receive their well-merited rewards. The pictures would then be returned to the post of honor in the recitation-room; and when the exercises of the day were concluded, all were invited to pass through that room, and examine the entire collection of drawings.

A flutter of repressed excitement stirred the drawing-class as the prize pictures appeared; and with pleased surprise I heard the name of "Louise Stanley" read from the corner of the one bearing the blue colors. Louise slowly arose. At the same moment Miss Leslie and Miss Griswold exchanged startled glances, and Miss Leslie started to her feet, but immediately sat down again. Louise made her way up the aisle and received the beautiful volume which Mr. Evans smilingly bestowed. But there was no answering smile on Louise's face—no triumphant glance at me as she solemnly returned to her seat.

"Fannie Briggs," was then called; but she hesitated a moment before she went up to receive the second prize; and all the color seemed to have fled from lips and cheeks as she pictured "Cross and Lilies" was placed in her hand.

"How strange!" I thought; and I was deeply disappointed in Fannie, as I witnessed how keenly she resented being outrivalled by her friend. On a close examination of the pictures in the recitation-room, I was much astonished at the disposition of the prizes; for Louise's picture, though carefully copied and elaborated in every detail, lacked the boldness, spirit, and finish which

characterized the lines of Fannie's drawing. On the way home Louise was strangely silent; and Fannie hurried off by herself, looking neither to the right nor to the left. I remarked this to Louise, but she murmured some unintelligible reply, and started off at such a pace I could scarcely keep up with her. On reaching home she ran up stairs to her own room, saying she had the headache. She did not make her appearance at the supper-table; and in the evening I went to her room to see if her head was better. She was sitting by the window, with a gloomy face, her elbow on the sill, and her chin resting on her hand.

"Tennyson's poems seem to have rather a bad effect on our little Louise," I said, laying my hand softly on her head.

"I wish you'd never speak of that hateful book, nor of this hateful day again!" she passionately exclaimed; and pushing away my hand she burst into tears.

In vain I tried to pacify the child; but, evidently, there was something on her mind which she endeavored to tell me, while sobs choked her utterance.

"Yes, yes; everybody will hate me!" at last fell brokenly from her lips; "Fannie will despise me—Miss Leslie and Miss Griswold already hold me in utter contempt. They knew all about it, of course, yet they said not a word. I knew they would n't before the school; but I could not bear it—I could not have my name read second before them all!" And burying her face in her hands she wept convulsively.

"Louise!" I said, sternly, "calm yourself and tell me what this means."

At that moment came a light tap at the door. I opened the door carefully, so as to shield Louise from observation. Fannie Briggs was standing there. Her face was flushed, and she appeared much embarrassed.

"Mrs. Stanley sent for me, saying that Louise had the headache," she said; "and she thought I would do her good. Auntie made me come, though I said I would rather not. I hesitated about coming up; but Mrs. Stanley insisted on my going right to

Louise's room;" and, having finished her speech, Fannie looked as if she were about to run away.

"Fannie!" called Louise, in a faint voice, "will you come and speak to me?"

"Of course I will," was Fannie's prompt reply; and entering the room, she stood gazing sorrowfully at Louise's tear-stained face, not knowing what to say.

"O, Fannie!" burst forth Louise, "if you knew how wicked I was, and how meanly I have served you, you would not even look at me—you would not touch me even!"

Fannie looked sadly at her friend, without speaking. With tears trickling down her cheeks Louise reached for the volume of Tennyson, which lay on a table near her.

"Take it, Fannie," she said, "it is yours. At recess I ran to the recitation-room, for I was wild about the prizes. I found—what I had scarcely hoped—that the door was unlocked. Fannie, you do n't know how I felt when I saw the blue ribbon on your picture. My head whirled; I tore it off without thinking what I was about, and to change with the pink was the work of a moment. But, Fannie, why do you look at me so? Are you struck dumb at my wickedness?"

"No," said Fannie, tears rising in her eyes; "I knew it all before."

"O, Fannie!" and Louise hid her face in her hands.

"I went into the hall to get a drink from the water-cooler—the recitation-room door was ajar; I saw you change the ribbons; then you flew out and ran up stairs, brushing right by me."

"And now you will hate me forever," sobbed Louise.

Fannie knelt down on the floor and wound her arms about her for an answer. I quietly went away, leaving Louise weeping on Fannie's shoulder as if her heart would break.

Soon after this occurred I returned home; and presently I received a letter from Louise, one paragraph of which relates to my story.

"Miss Leslie and Miss Griswold have

both forgiven me; and I have hung the 'Cross and Lilies' opposite my bed, so that I can see it the first thing in the morning when I wake, and the last thing at night

before I close my eyes; for I think it helps me to resist the temptations of my besetting sin; and I am sure you remember what that is, dear Miss Abbott."

COUSIN JACK'S JOURNAL.

BY MRS. E. D. KENDALL.

Up stairs, in aunt Alice's lumber-room, is a long shoe-box, closely nailed, which Harry has frequently used for a counter, when he and Madge have played store together there on rainy Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. It is full of old books and papers—some of them uncle George's, and some of them cousin Jack's.

The other day Harry, who had been to Barnum's menagerie, came home in a somewhat excited state over the animals—and particularly the monkeys—he had seen there. I believe the monkeys in a zoological exhibition are always the prime favorites with the boys.

In connection with his account of their pranks, Harry recalled some of cousin Jack's stories about the monkeys in the East Indies, and rehearsed his version of the habits of Borneo orang-outangs, many of which are very curious, and evince a considerable degree of something which looks vastly like intelligence.

"I wish I could read something about animals, mother," said Harry. "I think they are a great deal more interesting than ciphering."

Aunt Alice bethought herself of two fine volumes of natural history, beautifully illustrated, lying up stairs in the shoe-box. She had studied them when a girl. After dinner she spoke to uncle George, who took a hammer and chisel up into the lumber-room, and presently came down bringing quite an armful of books. Among them were the natural history, and a little journal of cousin Jack's first voyage, in his own full, open hand-writing.

Harry caught sight of it at once, and in a moment the treasury of animal lore was quite forgotten.

Now, I do not think Jack's diary was especially entertaining, for it only recorded the experiences of his first thirteen days out from Boston, ending with this commonplace entry: "Shall probably pass the Western Islands to-morrow; but the captain says it is not likely that we shall see them. Our course at 12 o'clock to-day was E. S. E., Wind S. W. Distance made, 177 knots."

Of course, where one only sees ocean and sky day after day, much incident cannot be expected; and up to the date when Jack made the record I have just quoted, there had been no severe storm, and the bark had spoken but two vessels. One night, however, she had come nigh running down an English schooner; and the startling cry of "Sail, ho! right ahead!" from the watch stationed on the top-gallant fore-castle, had caused quite a thrilling sensation for a time. But it passed; and beyond the fun during the voyage made by the three passengers, there was little noted down in Jack's sixty pages, except what seemed to me to be the barest facts—dry in detail, rather than otherwise. I found, however, that Harry did not share my opinion. He had not looked into the journal more than five minutes before he was lost to all his surroundings, and making the voyage with his cousin. But it was not long before he came to himself. The nautical terms staggered him a little, though I must own that Jack has made him pretty familiar with a good many of them.

"What's a starboard bow?" he burst out.

Uncle George explained; and for the benefit of some of the readers of *THE LITTLE CORPORAL*, who do not live near the ocean, and to whom ships and their appurtenances and details are almost as myste-

rious as the matter and movements of the heavenly bodies are to some of us older people, I will tell you a little about them.

I suppose all large sea-going craft capable of carrying sail may be called *vessels*. Steamers, ships, barks, brigs, sloops, schooners and yachts may be spoken of as large or little "vessels;" but a sloop is not a brigantine, nor a fishing-smack a ship. Vessels may be three-masted, two-masted, and one-masted. Of course, to support three masts the hull or body has to be pretty large and strong. Ships and barks have three masts. Brigs and schooners have two masts. Sloops and cutters have but one. There is also a difference in the rigging of vessels; that is, in the arrangement of the sails and ropes. Square-rigged vessels have the principal sails suspended by yards hung to the masts by the middle. The three masts are known as the foremast, main-mast, and mizzen-mast, and I have named them in the order in which they are set in the vessel. The fore-mast is nearest the bow or forward part—that which is sharpest, and cuts the water first. The main-mast is in the middle, and the mizzen-mast at the back end, or stern, as it is called. When the masts are injured or swept away, as they frequently are at sea in severe gales and storms, a temporary one is sometimes rigged to take the place of the disabled or missing one. This is called a jury-mast. Perhaps you will remember it better in connection with its use, if I tell you that it is supposed to have been originally designated an "injury-mast."

And now, if I could enlighten you upon the subject of the sails, I should be very glad to; but I am afraid I shall have to make some inquiries of cousin Jack before I shall dare attempt to describe them fully, giving you their proper appellations; for there are so many—main-sails, and stay-sails, and top-sails, try-sails and studding-sails, top-gallants and royals, gaffs and jibs and spankers, and what not—that I fear I should make some very stupid blunders were I to give you my present idea of their various positions and uses. But I will ask Jack the next time I see him.

However, I could have answered Harry's question about the "starboard bow," if uncle George had not done so, for I separated "starboard" and "larboard," "windward" and "leeward," in my mind, a long time ago. The starboard is the right side of the vessel as you stand upon the deck and look toward the bow, and the larboard or "port"—for the terms are used interchangeably—is the left side. "Port your helm!" or "Helm a-port!" means "Turn your steering apparatus to the left."

What Harry was reading was this: "After supper we saw a sail on our starboard bow bearing down upon us. She was a brig, and soon crossed our course, but so far away that we could not make out her name." Jack writes afterward that the bark's course was S. E. by E. So I drew a diagram for Harry, showing just about how the vessels must have appeared to each other, and the manner in which they passed without meeting.

And now let me explain those other two terms, "windward," and "leeward." "To windward" is toward the quarter *from* which the wind blows. "To leeward" is in the direction *toward* which the wind blows. The windward and "weather" side of a vessel are the same. They are next the wind. The leeward side is, of course, *from* the wind. A "lee-shore" is very dangerous, particularly if rock-bound; for the breakers, driven before the wind, lash it furiously. That is why we on the Atlantic coast dread easterly storms of long continuance or great fierceness. Vessels nearing the land are in imminent peril, and are often dashed in pieces, becoming the prey of the hungry waves—the skill of men being utterly powerless before their terrible volume and force.

"I know how they heave the log," said Harry. "I read all about it in Jack's journal."

"I rather think I shall have to take a peep between those dilapidated covers," remarked uncle George. "Jack's journal seems to be a well-filled repository of valuable information. Let's see it, my boy. No; you shall read what the lad says your-

self. Tell me, in Jack's own words, how they heave the log."

That pleased Harry, and he made a great effort not to stumble in his speech, though he found it much more difficult to read script without hesitating and tripping than print. Still, he managed pretty well, and here is the account:

"The structure and method of using the log are very simple. The most important of its parts is what is called the 'chip.' It is a triangular piece of wood, loaded on its lower edge with lead, in order to make it stand in an upright position in the water. The line is attached to the upper corner of the chip, and to the two lower corners are fastened two short strings, which meet at a pin. This pin is loosely inserted in a wooden socket on the line, and keeps the chip in place while the line is slack. The line is wound upon a reel, and is knotted at regular intervals of twenty-two and a half feet each. When they 'heave the log' the mate takes a fourteen-minute glass, and as soon as the line begins to run from the reel—which is held in the hands of a sailor—he turns the glass so as to bring all the sand into the upper part of it. When the sand has all descended into the lower part of the glass, the line is instantly stopped, and the number of knots which have wound from the reel is the number of miles the vessel is making per hour.

"On winding up the line, the mate gives it a quick jerk, which draws the pin out of the socket, and the chip, being set free, skips along on the surface of the water, and is easily drawn on board."

"Very clear—very clear, indeed," said uncle George, when Harry had finished. "Why, Madge could understand that. But, Harry, some of the vessels carry a new sort of log now-a-days—a patented affair—a little brass cylinder, I believe, with quite a different apparatus for measuring speed. We'll go down to Martin's nautical instrument store, some day, and have a look at one of them."

"I always used to think," remarked Harry, "that the sailors threw a log of hard

wood overboard, with a rope tied to one end of it, and let it float as the vessel went along. But I did n't see how that could tell anything about how fast she went."

Uncle George laughed.

"I do n't wonder it was a puzzle to you. It used to be to me, too, when I was a boy. I suppose you know, Harry, that the 'log-book' is the book in which they set down the number of miles the vessel sails per day, and the number of knots she makes per hour, together with the direction of her course, and the quarter the prevailing wind blows from, with other details of the weather, and so forth. But do you know what the 'signal-book' is for?"

"Yes, sir," replied Harry, promptly.

"I suppose Master Jack's journal was your teacher there, too."

"Yes, sir. And the number of the vessel he sailed on was 4,311."

"So that was the 'Young Turk's' number, eh?"

"And they signalled a ship that run up four red flags. Then Jack's captain looked in his signal-book, and against 1,111 he read her name. That's the way they know when the vessels are too far off to speak them. You see they have a different kind of a flag for every number up to nine, and another one for the cypher. I do n't know what they all are, but the 'Young Turk's' were a red flag with a white square in it for 4, a flag half red and half white for 3, and two red flags for 11. The four was at the top, the three under it, and the two ones in their places under that."

"And is that all the signal-book is for—to tell the names of vessels when they pass each other on the ocean within reach of the spy-glass?"

"I suppose so. That's all Jack said."

"Well, I do n't know how it is now-a-days; but when I was a young man I once got a peep into the 'American Signal Book,' then used in the merchant service very generally, and found that some of the numbers stood for other words than the names of the trading craft, and even represented whole phrases. I remember that

818 stood for 'A mutiny on board;' and 718 meant 'We will send assistance;' and another number was 'Mutiny is quelled.' Then, too, there are national signal-books, with devices for communication known only to the commanders of the vessels, and perhaps a few other officers in the navy of the government they represent. Rockets and fires are made use of, as well as flags. In case of war, when the flagship of a squadron is likely to fall into the hands of the enemy, the signal-book—which is heavily weighted with lead—is immediately thrown overboard."

"What's that for?" asked Harry.

"So that the victorious foe need not employ it treacherously, and reap further advantage," replied his father. "That would be like giving a spy free ingress to a fortification, and afterward sending him away with complete plans and statistics. After the rebels took Sumter, we had to change our whole system of signals. But, my boy, it's your bed-time now, and beyond it. Good night, Harry."

"Good night, father. May I go down with you to see the patent log, next Saturday?"

"Yes, if you behave yourself till then. And perhaps we'll take a stroll about some of the wharves."

"That's jolly, now!" exclaimed Harry, delighted.

But I'm afraid aunt Alice did n't think so. She was fearful that Harry would get too strong a liking for the sea. And she said to herself that one sailor in the family was enough.

A PECULIAR COUNTRY.

BY ETHEL C. GALE.

We are sure that our little boys would consider that a very peculiar country in which were neither horses nor dogs. And that our little girls would agree with their brothers in so thinking, when told that in the same land were no dear little kittens nor rabbits. And boys and girls together would exclaim in amazement when told that in this queer country were to be found

neither sheep, nor cows, nor goats, nor chickens, nor woodpeckers, nor robins, nor pigeons; in short, none of the animals which we are in the habit of seeing daily. Neither are there any lions, tigers or elephants in this strange country.

But among the birds we hear of honey-suckers, cockatoos, and brush-tongued lorries. And among four-footed animals we are told of such singular creatures as the duck-billed platypus (all readers of the *Swiss Family Robinson* will remember this animal as the "beast with a bill"), wombats, opossums, and kangaroos.

Ah! that last name has betrayed us! All our little folk will now see that this queer country is Australia.

It is true that all our domestic animals are at present found in Australia, because they have been taken there by the settlers; but when that big island was first explored it possessed no animals that are familiar in Europe and North America, and only one or two kinds that had ever been seen on the islands which were but a short distance from its own shores.

WATCH WORDS.

BY ELLIS GRAY.

Three watchwords brave to us are given,

To soothe in pain,
Bring hope again,
And cheer our woe
While here below—

A Mother, Home, and Heaven.

By raging tempests wildly driven,

In fragile bark,
O'er waters dark,
The beacon light
That guides aright

Is Mother, Home, and Heaven.

Who hath with sin for vict'ry striven,

With fainting heart
From Satan's dart,
Remembers well
The magic spell

Of Mother, Home, and Heaven.

And when, through faith and love forgiven,

Death's river past,
We're safe at last,
With angel throng
We'll sing the song

Of Mother, Home, and Heaven!



LETTER FROM PRUDY.

"*Dear Little Corporal:* Prudy is writing a letter for her own pocket—the big pocket that hangs up, you know where—so be sure you put it in. For by this time the boys and girls must be wondering what has become of her. Well, let me see. When the July number went to press—that was in June—Prudy was away in Kansas, in a farm house from whose door she could look for ten miles in every direction across the great green swells of rolling prairie, and see the little white houses scattered here and there, looking exactly like ships on the ocean. It was a long journey to get there, and she made a good many stops by the way. First in the beautiful city of Quincy, with its many charming homes, one of which will long remain in Prudy's memory as the *House Beautiful*, where the gentlest and kindest of friends ministered to her rest and refreshment. Then a pleasant little steamboat ride on the Mississippi, and a long railroad ride quite through the State of Missouri, some of the way a little dreary, but most of it 'Fair as the garden of the Lord.' It would take too long to tell you of climbing up the bluffs to the habitable parts of Kansas City, late at night, when the twinkling lights along the terraced streets seemed to be hung in the air; of rushing away to Atchison, through the dense green thickets, and past the fields where children—black and white—were gathering wild strawberries; of a Sunday spent in that city of Atchison, whose houses seem to have dropped down, like wild birds, in the clefts of the rocks, but whose busy people have found time to provide at least one hotel that for thorough excellence in every department cannot be rivalled in the West. And as hotels cannot blush at their own praises, Prudy tenders her compliments to the Otis House. The Missouri river was not pleasant to look at; it seemed to have been 'on a bum'; the channel was full to the brim with thick, muddy water; snags and logs were continually floating by, and people were anxiously watching the rise of the current, and throwing up embankments to protect some low lying farms. But the boys seemed to find some mysterious satisfaction in bathing in the clayey stuff; and in dozens of places we saw them bobbing up and down like young ducks. Then there was a ride of a hundred miles on a Kansas railroad, where the train stopped at least twenty times for the engineer and brakemen to drive the herds of cattle off the track. They would stand and watch the approaching train with utmost complacency, blinking mildly at the most diabolical shrieks of the whistle, and trotting deliberately along the track when the train came inconveniently near, only jumping off when they were pelted with lumps of coal. Most delightful of all was a ride across those great trackless prairies, guiding the horses as we chose through the

rich green grass, dotted everywhere with flowers, and spreading frequently into great masses of solid bloom, like wonderful garden beds. Well, we could not begin to tell it all; but one thing Prudy must not forget. Everywhere, from first to last, were the children—grave and quiet, merry and noisy, pale and rosy, black-eyed and blue—and everywhere Prudy looked into their faces and wondered, all to herself, if they belonged to her dear little army. Some of them did, she knows very well. She found her little soldiers keeping up the fight for the good and true, where there was a great deal of evil around them, and striving hard for the beautiful where it must have been weary work. She felt like a general going the rounds, and was pleased to find the sentinels all on duty. But, dear me, Mr. Corporal, you are beginning to fidget already, and I haven't said half I wanted to. I've stopped in Kansas, and here I am in Connecticut this blessed minute! Well, I suppose I must stop for this time; but you really will have to give me another chance. PRUDY."

The Corporal will comply with Prudy's request, and keep this space for her letter from Connecticut.

Walton. "*Dear Prudy:* I belong to the class 'Older people who have young hearts.' I love THE CORPORAL. It does me as much good, when my work is done, to read it as a fine dish of strawberries with ice cold cream and white sugar after a long walk in the woods. Our forests are very grand, and abound with beautiful ferns of every variety, and oh! the most delicious mossy logs you ever sat on. I do wonder if you are afraid of bugs, spiders, frogs, toads and worms? I am not, because I have seen them so often; but I see ladies who cannot enjoy woods at all for fear of them. Prudy, I just love you, because I believe you are good, true, and beautiful in heart, else you would not care so much what becomes of the dear 'little folks.' I am a Sabbath-school teacher. I have a large class of real little boys and girls who cannot read, so I instruct them orally. They are very much interested now in the history of David. We are away in the backwoods of the old Hoosier State; and if you are from the 'East' you would smile at many expressions you would hear; but for all that we have good warm hearts, and some are educated 'quite a right smart,' and we have a 'heap' of good schools. Do you love kittens—nice white clean ones? I do; and there are the sweet little downy chickens. I just kiss them on the head; and I have some of the dearest old hens you ever saw. I make them sit six weeks, and sometimes then I give all the chicks to one old hen. I have one with seventy. Oh! they will be nice fried in butter with cream gravy! Come over, Prudy, in harvest, and we will have a nice time. I have a

big alry house, and close to the woods; there is a bird's nest in a low bush in the yard—four greenish eggs, a little brown bird. I send you an everlasting flower. I will send you some ferns if you love them. Please put this letter in that wonderful pocket of yours. Yours lovingly,
AMANDA W."

Nevada. "Dear Prudy: We live on a farm, and have a nice place. We shall commence harvest about the 25th of this month. Father has a Marsh Harvester, and we boys will drive to cut about one hundred and twenty-five acres of grain, and that is fun, I tell you. Crops look fine. Father thinks the wheat will go fifteen bushels to the acre, and oats sixty. We are looking for high prices and good times this fall, to pay us for the cold winter we had. We have eleven horses and three little colts, and they are as playful as kittens. If you ever come out to Minnesota, do not fail to come and see us. I love THE LITTLE CORPORAL very much, and it would please me more than I can tell to see this in your pocket; but if you do not think it worthy, let it go through that hole that you are obliged to let many others better than this slip through, and I will try again when I am older and know more. Yours truly,
RUFUS A. BISBEE."

Riverside. "Dear Prudy: I began to take THE CORPORAL this year, and I like it very much. I am always glad when it comes, and the rest of the folks are too. I like 'Hidden Treasure' and 'Life on an Island.' Our yard extends back to the great Ohio river, and from our croquet ground we can see the beautiful Kentucky hills. I am ten years old, and go to school all the year but two months in the summer, when we have vacation. I must close, for fear my letter will be too long, and you will not put it in your pocket. So good-bye. From your affectionate reader,
BELLE C. OYLER."

Weeping Water. "Dear Prudy: I thought you would like a letter from this beautiful little valley of ours. Perhaps you would like to know why they call this stream Weeping Water. The Indian name is Nehanka. The story is that there was a great battle fought between the Otoes and the Pawnees. All the braves on both sides were killed, and the squaws wept so much that their tears formed this river. They must have been crying ever since, for the river never dries up; and they must have felt worse than ever the last two or three days, for the stream has been so high that it has swept away bridges and injured the dams very much. I have taken THE CORPORAL four years, and like the stories very much. I wish you would put some more in about the court festival. From
FRANK."

New Philadelphia. "Dear Prudy: I wish to tell you about a little bird that came to a box that I put up. The blue-birds had built a nest, but did not stay. So this little bird went to work and tore down the old nest, and made one to suit itself. The bird is of a brown color, with long black bill, a tail that sticks up pretty straight and saucily, sings very prettily, and is about the size of a chipping-bird. Will some one please tell the name? Yours truly,
"H. PATRICK."

Oakland. "Dear Prudy: I am sorry to hear of your going away, for fear you will not come back soon. Will you come and visit me if convenient? I am eleven years old. This is the first year I have taken THE LITTLE CORPORAL. I never read much better stories than 'Life on an Island' and 'Hidden Treasure.' Yours truly,
DORA PAYNE."

Marcy. "Dear Prudy: As I have never written for any paper before, I thought I would write and tell you about my home. We have thirty-four cows and four horses, and only one that I can ride. I

have taken THE CORPORAL two years, and like it very much. I think 'Hidden Treasure' is a splendid story, and I want to know whether it is true or not. I am taking music lessons, and have taken four terms. I guess I will bring my long letter to a close now. Yours truly,
MINNIE E. WOOD."

Atlanta. "Dear Prudy: As I have never seen a letter for you from Georgia, I believe I will write to you. I take another magazine, but like THE LITTLE CORPORAL much better. I have got vacation now, and, like most boys and girls, I am right glad. We have public schools in our city, and most of the people like them very much. The stories called 'Dan's Adventure with the Bears,' and 'Rush Morgan's Trip,' are very nice. I have got a whistle made out of an alligator's tooth, which I made myself. The two little pictures are very beautiful. And now I have written you a right long letter, and please do n't let it fall through that big hole in your pocket. Your friend,
JAMES R. NUTTING."

Reed's Landing. "Dear Aunt Prudy: I have never written to you. I am a youngster four feet four and one-half inches tall, and weigh sixty-eight pounds. You may guess how old I am. The money for my CORPORAL I earned working in harvest for my grandfather. I tried to make a cradle out of an egg shell, but did not succeed as well with that as with one I made from a cigar box. I used two pieces of lath for rockers, and by cutting down the sides and rounding off one end for the foot it looked very pretty after it was varnished. I have two sisters—one three years old, for whom I made the cradle. The other is fifteen, and is away at school, but will be home Christmas. I have taken THE CORPORAL four years, and this is the second club I have sent you. Please put this in your pocket. Give my love to Tommy.
ROSIE."

Terrell. "Dear Prudy: I am a little girl thirteen years old. I have two little brothers. I also have a little cousin, who lives with us. My youngest brother takes THE CORPORAL. We all read it. I think the chromos are beautiful. I like 'Hidden Treasure.' I have no sisters. I had but one, and our Heavenly Father took her to himself; and only a few weeks ago He called our dear little Alice from us. She was a sweet little girl that had lived with us nearly three years. She used to read THE CORPORAL with us. She loved 'Dora' most of all she read. If you have room, dear Prudy, please put this in your pocket. Yours truly,
NELLIE JOHNSON."

*"Dear Prudy: I am a little boy eleven years old. I have a little iron-gray pony and saddle. I help my pa drive cattle. Therets a little quail comes into our door-yard and lays in a hen's nest. She has laid five eggs. Don't you think she is a funny quail? Your friend,
WILLIE."*

Crystal Springs. "Friend Prudy: Our boys are warm admirers of THE CORPORAL, and read it with much interest. They have often spoken of writing to you, but while very good scholars in the usual English branches, and music and Latin, they are indifferent scribes. Alex is thirteen, quite a business boy, and expects that he will call in person at your office some day. Georgie, eleven, has a talent for music—already performs quite well on the piano and organ. 'Uncle Dick's Legacy' and 'Aunt Silva' already have interested mamma and aunties, as well as the boys. Alex has already had two volumes of his magazine bound in New Orleans. With the best wishes for your prosperity, and the earnest desire for a blessing upon your labors in behalf of the young people, I am very respectfully yours.
"S. M. N."



CONDUCTED BY PRIVATE QUEER.

TO TRANSFER ENGRAVINGS.

One of our subscribers sends us the following, which we think worthy of a place in this department. We should like to have our friends try the experiment, and let us know how they have succeeded.

Take glass that is perfectly clear—window glass will answer—clean it thoroughly, then varnish it on one side only, taking care to have it perfectly smooth; place it where it will be entirely free from dust; let it remain over night, then take your engraving, place it in clear water until it is wet through—say ten or fifteen minutes; then lay it upon a newspaper, that the moisture may dry from the surface and still keep the other side damp. Immediately varnish your glass the second time, and place your engraving on it, taking care to lay it on straight, press it down firmly, so as to exclude every particle of air; then rub the paper from the back carefully until it is of uniform thickness, so thin that you can see through it; varnish the third time, and let it dry.

I never tried painting them, but think they could be painted to advantage before they are varnished the third time. Wood cuts or newspaper engravings do to transfer, although of course they are not so nice as steel plates. To make the varnish, take two parts balsam fir to one part spirits turpentine, mix well, let it stand two or three days, shaking it occasionally. Apply with a camel's hair brush.

No. 29—BURIED EUROPEAN RIVERS.

Call Meta, Gus, at once.

We marched our orphan school-children in front.
My brother has just come with a message for you.

A worse catarrh I never knew.

Baldwin and Mary have gone home.

James gave me some myrrh one day.

J. E.

No. 30—WORD SQUARE.

Performed.

A boy's name.

A valley.

A girl's name.

Capt. Lu.

No. 31—RIDDLE.

Up from a tiny bulb I spring;
Latest news of the weather bring;
Placed in the sun, or near the fire,
Soon you'll see me shooting higher.
When the cruel frost-winds sweep,
Straightway back to my bulb I creep.
With air-balloons through space I run,
O'er Arctic seas, 'neath tropic sun;
Up on mountains covered with snow,
Down in the depths of caves below;
Men of science my tidings prize,
Questioning often with their eyes;
I always try to tell them true;
Say, is not this the way to do? M. H. S.

No. 32—CHARADE.

I am a word of three syllables; of which the first sounds like a great body of water; my second conveys the meaning of 'for fear that'; my third, if you reckon rightly, you will find to be just three-fourths of nine; and my whole is the name of a Pope, who, to display his power of making and unmaking kings, kicked the crown from the head of the Emperor Henry IV., as that monarch knelt at the Pope's foot-stool.

P. R. F.

No. 33—WORD SQUARE.

A disagreeable sensation.

Having power.

A scarlet oak.

Nearest in place.

Bella.

No. 34—ENIGMA.

My first is in new, but not in old.
My second is in warm, but not in cold.
My third is in stand, but not in table.
My fourth is in anchor, but not in cable.
My fifth is in ice, but not in water.
My sixth is in son, but not in daughter.
My seventh is in pigeon, but not in dove.
My eighth is in hate, but not in love.
My ninth is in broom, but not in brush.
My tenth is in canary, but not in thrush.

My whole was the name of a President of the United States.

Joseph W. Jones.

No. 35—GEOGRAPHICAL SUBTRACTION.

Take S from a country in Europe, and leave distress.

Take O from a river in North America, and leave an herb.

Take A from a river in Asia, and leave a marsh.

Take F from a cape in North America, and leave a human feature.

Take N from a river in Europe, and leave a girl's name.

Take B from an island on the coast of the United States, and leave a fastening.

Take N from a city in Italy, and leave frozen water.

Take P from a river in North America, and leave a nobleman.

M. M. H.

No. 36—ENIGMA.

I am composed of thirty-two letters.

My 3, 8, 10, 22, 26, 24, is a boy's name.

My 25, 7, 23, 21, 33, is a flower.

My 11, 5, 14, 23, is a metal.

My 10, 7, 21, 28, is an insect.

My 22, 23, 31, 29, 17, 27, 25, 1, is an animal.

My 14, 17, 18, 2, 6, is a kind of tree.

My 19, 11, 27, 17, 30, 12, is a color.

My 2, 6, 23, 15, 21, is a planet.

My 24, 14, 30, 27, 13, 13, 9, is a girl's name.

My 16, 15, 12, 13, is a girl's name.

My 4, 13, 27, 23, 1, is a river in France.

My whole is the motto of one of the United States.

Josie E. J.

No. 37—CHARADE.

First.

With toilet fine and dainty.

Bowing here and there,

Tripping very lightly,

Twirling cane in air.

Second.

Through the forest roaming,

Fierce, untamed and free;

Or caged for exhibition,
For all the world to see.

Whole.

Coming with the blue-birds,
When the winter's gone,
With its golden blossoms
Brightening field and lawn. *M.M.H.*

No. 38—WORD SQUARE.

A grain.
A mixture.
A cleft.
A sound in music. *Bella.*

No. 39—RIDDLE.

I am a letter, a sign, a sound, fame, promise, notice, a comment; curtail me once, and I am not; now spell me backward, and I live at the end of many cities and villages, and weigh two thousand pounds; curtail again, and I never ask, but answer many important questions. Transpose my letters, and I am a vibration of air, and am used in music, in medicine, in reference to morals, society, health, books, speeches. I am sometimes called rich, splendid, deep; sometimes soft and low; and sometimes they call me major, and sometimes minor. Curtail me now and spell me backward, and I am not; and then put back my tail, and I am what I was at first. *D. O. Uno.*

No. 40—AN OLD PUZZLE.

If the B π r put:
If the B. putting: *M. M. G.*

No. 41—A FLOCK OF BIRDS.

To plunder, and a preposition.
A beam, and to impel a boat.
To injure, and a metal.
An utensil used in eating, and a note.
A boy's name, an exclamation, and to unite.
To a great extent, and a sharp point. *M. M. G.*

No. 42—CHARADE.

I am composed of four syllables; of which my first is an institution abused by many, but sure to be patronized when money "is tight;" my second is a small particle implying ownership; my third is the name of a foreigner quite famous in this country; my third and fourth combined, give the name of an important European monarchy; and my whole abides in a large house, in a narrow street of a great city, whose people are fond of saying of me that "she is the richest old lady in the world." All my orders meet with prompt obedience, yet they are immediately cancelled. My credit is unbounded; my "promise to pay" is readily taken by prince and peasant; and when I issue an order, the proudest man in Europe is willing to be my messenger. In fact, so great is the eagerness to become the bearer of my dispatches, that men have been known to kill each other in contending for them. The very paper on which my notes are written, is manufactured for my express use, within the walls of the building where I reside; and whenever one of them falls in my way the second time, it is immediately destroyed. Now who am I, and where do I live? *F. R. F.*

No. 43—HISTORICAL AND ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

Find the initials of the following:
A country made famous by a recent war.
An immense empire, now attempting to add to its vast domain.

A hero of the Trojan war, famous for his prudence, and his wonderful adventures.

A piratical nation, who invaded England more than a thousand years ago.

The largest river in China.

The country of Scott and Burns.

An island to which was banished one whom Jesus loved.

A great and growing Western city.

An empire that has four hundred millions of inhabitants, and the oldest government now in existence.

A great Northern peninsula, whose people ride in sledges drawn by dogs.

A kingdom where reigns a noble and virtuous queen, who was born May 26th, 1819.

A river of classical fame, on which stands a noted city, founded April 20, B. C. 753, and which has ever since played an important part in the history of the world.

The first letter of each of these will spell the name of an object of special interest to all THE LITTLE CORPORAL'S grand army. *F. R. F.*

CORRECT ANSWERS.

Correct answers were sent by the following persons: Harry Herdman, Mary Otis, Ella Clark, Ollie Daniel, Arthur Dyckman, Frank B. Stitt, James A. Cook, George J. Bridgeman, Lydia Smiley, C. P. Lockart, Lillie Plant, Mary L. Cady, Lizzie Sheward, Flora Bevis, Burnetta J. Long, Emma F. Bridgeman, Julia M. Case, Miss Jennie Smith, Ida Adland.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES, ETC., IN AUGUST NUMBER.

No. 18.—Charade—Springtime.

No. 19.—Word Square—C A N E
A R A L
N A I L
E L L A.

No. 20.—Flower Enigma—"Shirley Clair."

No. 21.—Geographical Subtraction—Davis, Brest, Race, Fox, Lisle, Tweed, Flint, Hague, Sabie.

No. 22.—Enigma—Clove, Cloe, lover, love, over, CLV, clover.

No. 23.—Puzzle—Apple.

No. 24.—Word Square—S T A R
T U B E
A B E L
R E L Y.

No. 25.—Charade—Goldfinch.

No. 26.—Puzzle—Pigeon.

No. 27.—Enigma—Evelina.

No. 28.—Military Enigma—"Fellow soldiers, we conquer to-day, or to-night Mary Stark is a widow."

TRANSLATION TO PICTURE STORY No. 1.

One pleasant day two farmers started to the city with a load of grain. Arriving at the city, they drove to a grocery, where they exchanged their grain for coffee, soda crackers, and other family supplies. But before starting home they added one thing more to the list of their comforts, which they found in a saloon near by. Here they drank freely, and on their way home took frequent draughts from their well-filled bottle. The horses were in high spirits as they turned homewards, but went nicely till they came to a bridge, where they took fright and began to run. Coming to a hillside, the horses turned suddenly, and overturned the wagon, catching both men beneath it. The horses broke loose and disappeared; their packages were broken; the coffee, soda, etc., were scattered on the ground, well soaked with the contents of the bottle. It was found that neither of the men were hurt, as brainless animals seldom are, and whisky had destroyed their brains.

Lillie Dixon.

The Little Corporal.

TERMS—\$1.50 a year. Single Numbers 15 cents.

JOHN E. MILLER,

Publisher and Proprietor,

No. 184 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

THE POSTAGE on THE LITTLE CORPORAL is three cents a quarter, or 12 cents a year, payable quarterly at the P. O. where the magazine is received.

CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER, 1873.

THE FALL CAMPAIGN.

The summer campaign has been a very successful one, and now we are ready to enter upon work for the fall months. We urge our friends to begin early, and push on the canvass with all the energy you can command. Begin now to secure new names, and get the old subscribers to promise to renew. Our arrangements for next year are about completed—but we can now say nothing more of our plans than to assure our readers that THE CORPORAL will fully keep up with his past achievements, and surpass in excellence all other similar periodicals. In our next number we shall print our new Premium List, which will present the most elegant array of premium articles ever offered.

We have a magnificent premium for each subscriber, in preparation, of which we will give particulars in due season. Let our agents begin to canvass now, and send in the names as fast as you get them, and when the Premium List is published you will be ready to claim your premium. Or you can select your premium from the list published in another place in this number.

OUR CHROMOS.—Every subscriber to THE LITTLE CORPORAL is presented with one or both of our beautiful chromos, "Mother's Morning Glory," or "Little Runaway," size 8x10 inches each.

It will be hard for a lover of children to decide which of these pictures is most to be admired. "Mother's Morning Glory" is a lovely little girl, with her head crowned with flowers; one hand holds up the skirt of her dainty dress, which she is busily filling with buds and blossoms, and altogether she looks as sweet and fresh as her namesake. "Little Runaway" has evidently just crept out of bed to start on his travels, and is as bewitching as possible with the one little garment in which babies look their best. He peeps out through the tall wheat with blue eyes and dimpled cheeks, full of fun and frolic. Taken altogether, the pair are enough to captivate the hardest heart.

POSTAL CARDS are now extensively used for correspondence, which formerly required a sheet of paper, an envelope, and a three cent postage stamp.

Our readers can use them to send in their answers to enigmas and charades, requests to change address of the magazine, to call for missing or specimen numbers, and for a variety of other things. For general private correspondence, they of course are not so desirable, for persons do not care to have all the world read what they may wish to say to each other. The cards can be obtained at any post office, and cost one cent each—whether you buy one card or five hundred, the price is the same, one cent each.

THE GLOBE MICROSCOPE, advertised in this number, and offered as a premium on our new list, is one of the best low-priced instruments we have ever seen. In a family of children it will afford an endless amount of amusement and instruction. Objects for examination can easily be obtained and prepared in a few minutes. A few prepared objects, however, will be found very interesting and desirable to have on hand for ready examination.

We furnish them in variety, neatly mounted on glass slides ready for use, in boxes containing one-half dozen, for 75c., or one dozen for \$1.50, sent by mail, post paid.

UNDERCLIFF, W. Va., July 26, 1873.

JOHN E. MILLER—Dear Sir: The Globe Microscope reached us safe on Wednesday evening, and we are all delighted with it. The slaughter of the insects is carried on now with merciless persistence, to supply the precious microscope with minute entomological specimens for examination. The house and cupboards are ransacked for cobwebs, mould, etc., till one feels possessed with the idea that we are entertaining some animal of insatiable and eccentric appetite. Rapturous exclamations of delight and surprise interrupt every attempt at conversation, proceeding from every part of the premises, which catches the best light, and that wonderful instrument is suddenly thrust—on all occasions—over book, writing, or drawing, with the breathless entreaty, "Just please look at this fearful thing, that used to be a gnat's leg!" . . . Let us, then, beg you to accept our thanks for the pleasure you have given Katie and her little friends. Yours truly,

Mrs. S. P. S. C.

The price of the Globe Microscope is \$2.50, sent prepaid, upon receipt of the price.

We will send THE CORPORAL one year, with the pair of chromos mounted, price \$1.75, and the Globe Microscope, price \$2.50, for \$3.25; or any one who will send us one new subscriber and \$1.50, or with the chromos \$1.75, can have the Globe Microscope for \$1.50, thereby saving one dollar on the instrument, which will certainly enable thousands of boys and girls to procure one of these wonderful instruments.

IRREGULARITIES.—It would be a great favor to us if subscribers would notify us at once of any failure in receiving the regular issues of the magazine. Every number is mailed previous to the first of the month for which it is issued, but the mails sometimes fail to reach their destination, for reasons which are beyond our control. Subscribers will sometimes wait months, and even a year, before they make known any failure or irregularity in the service of the magazine. We are always willing and glad to make any corrections in the address, and to supply

lost numbers, if we are informed in proper season. It is to our interest to have every subscriber get every number of the magazine he has paid for.

Subscribers changing their place of residence, and neglecting to inform us of any change required in the direction of the magazine until several numbers are lost, must not expect us to make good the loss, as we mail every number to the address as given, until a change is ordered.

THE POCKET SCRIPTURE ATLAS which we publish is the best and most convenient book of the kind anywhere. Every Sunday-school teacher and scholar should have one. Read the advertisement in another place; also the following letter from a friend who has purchased one:

DULUTH, Minn.

JOHN E. MILLER—*Dear Sir:* I am glad I read your advertisement of Scripture Pocket Atlas. By so doing I was led to make the best book investment of fifty cents that I ever made. To interest and profit adults and children, I know nothing equal to it. Its publication will add largely to the number of intelligent readers of the Bible. Through it Palestine becomes as well known, as fully defined, to the mind's eye, as any State of the Union which we have never had visited. By it you can trace the footsteps of patriarchs, prophets, kings, apostles, and the Master. Yours truly,

H. T. JOHNS.

FOR THE SUMMER CAMPAIGN.

In order to largely increase our list during the summer months, we have determined to offer extraordinary inducements, both to subscribers and to those who will send us clubs. The terms offered in this number are extremely liberal, and we shall expect to receive a host of new names. A few moments' work will secure enough names to entitle you to a valuable premium, in payment for your trouble. If you have not already got a pair of the chromos to canvass with, send 60c. for an outfit, and begin a club at once.

Subscriptions will begin with the July number, unless a special request is made at the time of sending the name, for the year to begin at any other time.

TERMS: \$1.50 a year, including the pair of chromos, unmounted, delivered at our office; or mounted, sized and varnished, sent post paid, for 25c. extra, or \$1.75 in all. This is the best form in which to have them, and we would advise all to have them mounted before leaving the office.

SPECIAL CLUB TERMS.

With the choice of one chromo—either "Mother's Morning Glory" or the "Little Runaway" to each subscriber, mounted, sized and varnished, and sent post paid.

1.—For a club of six subscribers for one year, and \$9.00 received at one time, we will send one chromo to each subscriber, and a croquet set valued at \$5.00, to the person sending the club.

2.—For a club of ten names and \$15.00 received at one time, we will send ten chromos, and a croquet set valued at \$7.00.

3.—For a club of three names and \$4.50 sent at one time, we will send three chromos, and a Globe Microscope as a premium.

4.—For five names and \$5.50 received at one time, we will send five chromos, and a Novelty Hand Stamp.

5.—For five names and \$6.00 received at one time, we will send five chromos, and a Globe Microscope.

6.—For five names and \$5.25, we will send five chromos, and the chromo "Cherries are Ripe," or *First Lesson*, to the person sending the club.

7.—For six names and \$7.50, we will send six chromos, and one-half dozen extra silver-plated teaspoons.

8.—For six names and \$6.50, we will send six chromos, and either Reed's Drawing Lessons, or Royal Road to Fortune, or Self Help.

9.—For five names and \$5.00, we will send five chromos, and one extra chromo to the person sending the club.

10.—For five names and \$6.00, we will send five chromos, and a solid silver napkin ring.

11.—For five names and \$5.00, we will send five chromos, and either Emerson's Binder—Corporal size—or Game of Authors, or Pocket Magnifier, or the steel engraving Rustic Wreath, or Heavenly Cherubs.

12.—For five names and \$6.00, or ten names and \$10.00, we will send a silver fruit knife.

13.—For ten names and \$10.00, we will send ten chromos, and a Globe Microscope, or box of water colors, or solid silver napkin ring, or a silver butter knife, or the chromo Red Ridinghood and the Wolf.

Remember that each subscriber in the above clubs will receive one chromo—either "Mother's Morning Glory," or "Little Runaway"—mounted, ready for framing. The chromos will be sent, post paid, in one package, to the agent of the club, who will distribute them to the subscribers.

Any subscriber may receive both chromos by paying 25 cents extra, to be sent at the same time the club is sent.

In order to secure the above terms, the full club, with the money, must be sent at one time.

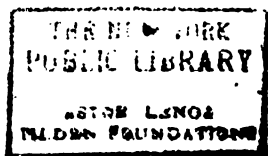
All the premium articles on this list are sent prepaid, except the croquet sets, which are sent by express, the receiver paying the charges upon the delivery of the goods.

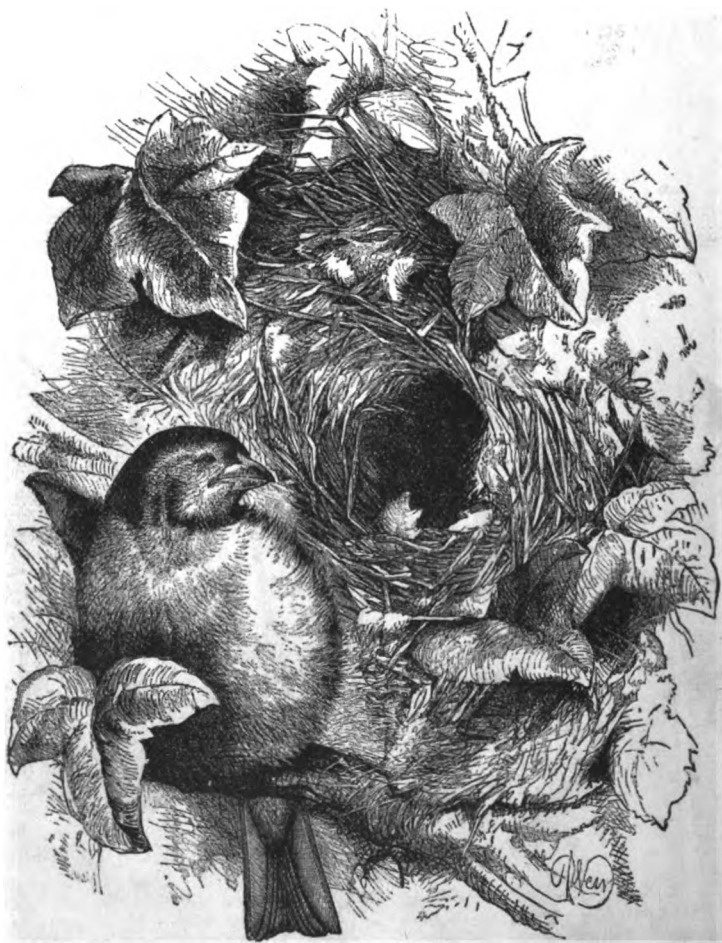
Old and new subscribers count alike in clubs for premiums.

Our premium articles are securely packed, free of charge, and delivered in good condition, at the post office or express office, and we cannot be responsible for any loss or injury which may occur on the way.

Remit money by draft on Chicago or New York, payable to John E. Miller, or by express, or post office money order, or in registered letter. Money sent in any of the above ways is at our risk—otherwise not.

AGENT'S OUTFIT.—To any one who will try to raise a club, we will send, post paid, both chromos, mounted, sample numbers of the magazine, and subscription blanks to canvass with, upon the receipt of 60 cents. We want one or more agents in every town. Send for outfits at once, and prepare for a vigorous canvass.





LEAVING HOME.

THE LITTLE CORPORAL.

FIGHTING AGAINST WRONG; AND FOR THE GOOD, THE TRUE, AND THE BEAUTIFUL.

VOL. XVII.—OCTOBER, 1873.—No. 4.

LIFE ON AN ISLAND.

BY HELEN C. WEEKS.

CHAPTER IV.



YOU are all wondering why 'Lish Peters, or indeed anybody, should run away with a little thing like Rosy; and right here is as good a place to tell you why as I could have chosen.

All about the island were, as I have told you, smaller ones, some hardly large enough for a solitary tree to take root, many nothing but points of reef visible at low water. Only one gave room for a house—a low, weather-stained, tumbling-to-pieces building, looking as if the first high tide must turn it into driftwood. Here lived 'Lish, and half a dozen other boys equally rough and disposed toward mischief, and all sharing with their father in his hatred for Captain Catlin.

"Old man Peters"—so called by all the fishermen—never worked in his own oyster-bed, if it was possible to edge his boat near his neighbor's. The channel between the islands and the Connecticut shore was as cleanly mapped out to their eyes as the map of the United States to yours; and every man who came down oystering from

Norwalk made straight for his own bed, and kept a sharp lookout on old man Peters, who, whether he worked or not, seemed always able to take up a load to the oyster sloops, which went to New York two or three times a week. Lobsters and eels were plenty in his pots, when they refused utterly to enter those of any body else; and complaints grew so bitter that at last Captain Catlin determined to watch. So for two or three nights he rolled himself in blankets, and lay in the bottom of one of the boats anchored off Blue Rock, when not wanted for use. A punt was close by, so that, if anything suspicious was seen, a moment's work would start him in pursuit. And here he watched two nights without success. If old Peters was the guilty one, there certainly were no signs of it thus far; but Captain Catlin was not discouraged, and only said, "We shall see," when advised to stay at home, and go to bed comfortably.

The third night came—bright moonlight, save for flying clouds hiding it now and then—and the old captain listened sharply, as he lay still in the bottom of his boat.

"It's most too bright," he muttered; "but the old rascal will come out to-night,

if he 's going to at all, so 's to catch Nevins' sloop to-morrow. Ha! that 's an oar, or I 'm no sailor!"

Very carefully he raised his head till able to look over the gunwale. Something dark was moving near Goose Island, old Peters' home, and the captain kept his eyes fixed upon it as it slowly drew near. An oyster scow it certainly was; but it might be some enterprising oysterman from Norwalk, bent upon improving moonlight as well as sunlight. A moment more, however, showed old Peters himself, steering straight for Captain Catlin's pet oyster-bed, planted with choicest seed five years before, and used only for the family. Barney Tucker's lobster-pots were sunk close by, and old Peters stopped to draw them up, and turned out a dozen or more lobsters before putting down his tongs and beginning to work. Captain Catlin lay back comfortably.

"I was coming out for that myself, to-morrow morning," he said; "but you 're saving me the trouble nicely. Go ahead, my man."

For an hour there was no sound save the splash as old Peters drew up his tongs and dropped the oysters into his boat. Then Captain Catlin crept softly over into the punt, and paddled almost noiselessly toward the scow. It was midnight now; and old Peters, who had at first looked around now and then, had for a long time worked confidently. Now, as he stooped to loosen an unusually obstinate oyster, Captain Catlin sprang into the boat and held his arms tight to his sides. Old Peters struggled and swore; but the captain was firm, and though nearly thrown overboard once or twice, managed at last to get a rope around him, and set him down at the end of the scow; then picking up the oars, and taking the punt in tow, paddled to shore.

"Step out, sir!" he said when there; and old Peters, who dared not disobey, stepped out sullenly. "Now, sir," said the captain, putting his hand in his pocket, and touching something which old Peters felt to be a pistol, "I shall lock you in the barn-chamber to-night, and keep guard myself to see you do n't get away. To-morrow I shall

run up the flag, Union Jack down, and every oysterman within five miles will come here, soon as oars can bring him. Then, if you make full confession, and pay these men a fair price for what you have stolen, I'll say nothing about my own share, and you can go."

"I will not!" said old Peters.

"You can take your choice—own up, and go home quietly, or refuse, and be taken up to Norwalk jail. You know how you are likely to fare there."

Old Peters was silent; and the captain marched him to the barn-chamber, and left him for reflection. And he was more silent and more sulky when led down next morning before the crowd of angry fishermen, who wanted to duck him on the spot, and were ready to go in a body to Norwalk and swear against him. White with anger and fear as his mahogany skin would let him be, old Peters at last rowed to his own island, and from sundry strange hiding-places drew out money enough to cover the value of the oysters and lobsters he confessed to have stolen. Then, still with the same escort, he returned the lobsters to Barney Tucker, carried the oysters into Captain Catlin's barn, and slunk away, followed by a chorus of groans.

All this had happened five years before; but old Peters never forgot, and in many troublesome ways, since then, had shown his grudge against the family. His boys were taught to do as much mischief as was compatible with keeping out of jail. 'Lish, the oldest, led the way, and sunk nets, cut fish-lines, turned boats adrift, and was altogether such a nuisance that Captain Catlin declared if he could only be caught in the act, he should suffer for it; while Frank longed to grow up, that he might punish some of his tricks. Running away with Rosy was the last and worst, and Frank grew more and more furious as he ran.

Old Tom was mending a net, and looked up in surprise as the children burst in.

"Hurry!" Frank said, as he finished his story; "he may hurt her, or do something awful!"

"He ain't quite bad enough for that," old Tom said, slowly. "I ain't sure we'd better go out yet awhile. He's watching for you now, and expects a chase. If he sees you hold off may be he'll get tired of it and bring her back."

"Go now!" said Frank, stamping; "or I'll go myself, and let him run me down if he's a mind. I won't have my sister out there, and not try to get her away."

"Softly, boy!" old Tom said. "You'll make harder work for yourself if you go now. Easy, easy; I'm coming."

Frank dashed down to the shore, and dragged along the light-house punt, into which he jumped as he pushed it off.

"Easy now, I tell you," old Tom said again; "this won't do for a long run, for the waves are pretty high outside. Take that smallest boat at the buoy, and you'll do better."

'Lish stood up in his scow and watched them as they left the punt at the buoy and started toward him. Evidently he had not made up his mind what to do; but as he saw them getting nearer, he hesitated a moment, then paddled hastily to his brother's boat close by, seized Rosy and jumped in, and flew out toward the Sound with long, regular strokes.

"I told you so!" old Tom might have said; but instead he only gave longer pulls. "Easy, now, I tell you again," he said. "There's no use in starting your eyes out o' your head that way. It's the steady pulling does it. There's pepper-pot enough in you for two. Good stuff, if you keep the hatches down, but worse'n live coals in a cargo of turpentine, ef you do n't. Oh, you varmint!" to 'Lish, who just then gave a derisive yell; "I'll give you something to holler for worth while, before you know it! He's making for Dead Man's Reef, Frank! What's that for? Oh, Lord!"

Old Tom almost fell over as he spoke, and Frank grew white and sick. 'Lish, as he passed the reef, had stopped to look for the only spot where it was possible for a boat to touch; balanced a moment, and then swinging Rosy to the middle of the

great rock, turned his boat and darted toward home. It was a fearful thing to have done, for the waves ran high, clouds of spray dashing over little Rosy, who, too frightened to cry, stood trembling till old Tom's strong arm swung her off, and she found herself held tight in Frank's arms. From the shore the children had watched the race, and shouted loud as they saw Rosy with friends again. But Frank's face did not lighten; and old Tom looked grimmer than any one on the island had ever seen him.

"That was pretty nigh murder," he said. "Do n't you let that child out o' your sight, Frank Barstow; and when I've got you to shore, I'll go out and see to 'Lish."

"Let me go too," said Frank. "I've got something to do with that."

"Not unless your ma says so," said old Tom; and Frank dashed up to the house the moment the point was reached, leaving Rosy to be hugged by each one in turn, and then carried in state up to her mother. Frank begged in vain that he might go, till grandpa Catlin appeared, and after listening to the story, put on what the children called his "storm hat," and went down to the beach, finding old Tom waiting for him. Frank stepped into the boat, expecting each moment to be ordered out; but his grandfather looked straight ahead, apparently not seeing him at all; and Frank sat perfectly quiet, wondering what would be done with 'Lish.

THE STORY OF JACK.

BY BELLE W. COOKE.

When my little Nettie was seven years old, and Clyde was about five, they visited a friend who lived near a large woolen factory. In their walks about the factory, they spied a little raccoon—not larger than a half-grown kitten—running about the looms. He nestled down in a bunch of wool when pursued, and lay quite still while they rubbed his soft fur, and seemed quite tame.

The children were delighted with the

little creature, as they had never seen one before; and when one of the factory hands made them a present of him, they came home with him, very proud and happy. I was sick in bed at the time, and the raccoon soon learned to climb the bed-post, and nestle down by my side, where he would suck my finger, or the sleeve of my gown.

We named him Jack, and he very quickly learned his name, and would trot across the floor when we called him, unless engaged in some occupation too pleasant to leave.

As Jack grew older he began to get into mischief, just such as a little babe delights in when it first begins to walk. He would climb on the table, and pull down the papers, and scatter the spools from my work-basket, get into the wood-box and scatter the shavings and chips; and he always knew the moment the cupboard door was open. There were jars of preserves on the lower shelves, and one jar without a cover, that held crushed sugar. Jack smelled these out very quickly, and although it was a tight squeeze, he would manage to get his paws into the sugar jar and help himself quite often.

We had a box with wires across one end to shut him in; but he cried like a baby when shut up; so we generally left him at liberty in the day-time, except when the table was set at meal-times. Then we were obliged to keep him out of the room. As he grew older he began to bite when we tried to take from him anything he liked; and whenever we opened the cupboard he would slip in and hide behind the jars, and scold and bite so when we attempted to take him out that we had to keep him shut up the most of the time.

One day he came in with the children from play, just as their papa came to supper. The table was being set, and Jack, seeing the cupboard door open, slipped in, as usual. There was a jar of syrup that was uncovered, and he dipped his paw in it as quick as a flash, and then pulling it out, began to suck his toes. As the syrup was quite thick, he got his face and whis-

kers well daubed before he was discovered. He was of course driven out immediately, amid the laughter of papa and the children. Just by the door, in the wood-shed, stood a box of fine shavings from a planing-machine. Into this box Jack jumped, and went to rubbing his face quite vigorously. As you may imagine, he was soon "funnily bestuck" with the yellow shavings all over his head and paws. The door was just then opened, and he slipped in, and was greeted with shouts of laughter by all of us except Nettie, who did not understand, and thinking Jack was permanently injured, began to cry. The more we laughed, the more Nettie cried; and the more Jack performed his antics, the more we laughed; and there was quite a time of crying, laughing and performing. Finally the show was over, the music ceased, and matters were explained.

Not long after Jack began to steal eggs, both from the cupboard and the hen-house, and became such a trouble that the children decided they would sell him, as several of the neighbors' boys had been anxious to buy. On inquiry, however, it was found that the parents were not as anxious for a trade as the children. Then Clyde and Nettie concluded to give him away. A boy was found who was very glad to get him; and tying him securely by a leather string, he took him home. The next morning he brought him back, saying his mother would not let him keep him. Two other little boys, hearing of the chance to get a fine pet, came after him and took him home and kept him several days before their father made them bring him back. We began by this time to think we had a serious difficulty to dispose of. But at last a boy took the little troublesome fellow and kept him. Several weeks passed, when, as the children were strolling along the bank of a creek near our house, they saw a raccoon standing near the water, which looked like Jack. They called him, and he turned and began to come towards them. Nettie seeing this, and fearing he would follow her home, ran away as fast as she could; and

this was the last time they saw poor little mischievous Jack.

A few nights after this, a neighbor living near the creek heard his hens making a great cackling, as though something was frightening them. He went out, and directed by the noise, found some animal disturbing a hen that was sitting in a barrel. He quickly covered the barrel, and calling his wife, she got a kettle of hot water and poured it upon the unfortunate raccoon, who thus came to a tragic end.

I cannot say I approve of their manner of punishment; but I do not know as there

is such a thing as death made easy, and perhaps it was better that Jack should die in this way, than that he should live only to do mischief and make trouble.

The children, on hearing of his death, mourned over him, and recounted his pretty tricks—how he used to get into papa's pocket after lumps of white sugar, and climb up on the bed-post and perform gymnastic feats that would put the turnverins on their metal to imitate. All these things were remembered, and his naughtiness forgotten by his little mourners; and his memory is to-day a pleasant one to them.

TOM HARRIGAN'S SLING.

BY CLARA G. DOLLIVER.

"I'll be even with you, sir!" said Sipsey, angrily.

"Hey! What's that you say?" said Tom Harrigan; "I'm a little hard of hearing, my sweetness."

"You are an awful hateful boy!" said Sipsey, stooping as she spoke to pick up two or three tea-roses and a precious bit of heliotrope, which had been neatly cut off with Tom's sling.

It was a shame, for Sipsey spent many a Saturday forenoon weeding, trimming, and tying up her bushes; and she particularly wanted those tea-roses for her aunt Jane, who was coming out next day. She could n't even keep the tears back; and when that happened the little girl felt very badly.

"I think," she said, with an angry little quiver in her throat, "I think—such boys as you—are just as bad—as bad—as Judas!"

"Who's Judas?" said Tom, not at all crushed at the comparison. "Look out!" and he drew the rubber, and deliberately aimed a round stone at Sipsey. She did not budge; she stood erect, with her fair hair flying around her face, and her soft blue eyes flashing. She secretly felt like a heroine.

"That's right!" she said, proudly; "fire! I'm only a girl, and can't hurt you!"

Tom felt a cold chill creeping down his back; but he was not going to give up like that, and for a girl's airs, too.

"Look out, Sip!" he called out in cheerful tones, as though he never felt better in his life. "Look out, I tell yer! I'm a-going to let her go."

"Do!" answered Sipsey, never flinching.

Tom hesitated. He was half afraid that the taut rubber would send the stone off in spite of himself; he was still more afraid that some of "the fellers" would hear of it, and call him a coward, if he dropped his hand. He did wish that Sipsey would n't look so pretty, and would say, "Do n't!" or that some big boy would come along and knock him down; he could get up and fight him; he would know just what to do; but now he was in a dilemma. Just then a tall, tattered old Chinaman came around the corner. He had a long pole in his hand, with a hook on it, and two dirty baskets, one at each end of a long pole which rested on his shoulder.

The moment Tom saw the dirty, patient old rag-picker, he yelled, "Hi-yi! hi-yi! hi-yi!" and bounded off. A boy like Tom

Harrigan was never sorry to see a Chinaman.

"Now," said Sipsey to herself, "I wonder if that boy is going to sling that stone at poor John? Just like him if he did!" and she climbed to the top of the fence to see. It was n't a lady-like action; but then Sipsey *was n't* lady-like, I'm afraid. Tom, however, found it would be "no fun." There were too many grown folks and too few boys about; so he contented himself with keeping behind him for half a block or so, and yelling in his ear in his shrillest tones a few lines of doggerel, which he seemed to consider embodied the choicest wit:

"John, John Chinyman,
How do you sell your fish?
John, John Chinyman,
Five cents a dish.
John, John Chinyman,
That is too dear;
John, John Chinyman,
Now you may clear.
Chic-a-mucca-hi-lo!"

The last word, supposed to be Chinese, was given with a whoop which must have nearly cracked the tympanum of poor John's ear.

Meanwhile Sipsey went into the house and flung herself down on the mat before the fire, and looked steadily into it, without a word to any body.

"Hallo, Sip!" said her big brother Horace, who was studying geometry by the fire, in the most comfortable chair in the room; "what's the matter?"

"I hate boys!" said Sipsey, shortly.

"There, Horace!" said Mrs. Coldstream, laughingly; "now ain't you sorry you asked what the matter was?"

"Do n't apply," said Horace, uncomfortably; "I'm a young man."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Coldstream; while Sipsey laughed scornfully.

"So you hate boys, do you?" said Horace, leading the conversation back, since it was taking so distasteful a turn. "The next question is, all boys? and why?"

"Nearly all," replied Sipsey, thinking at that moment that she did not hate curly-

headed Walter, who sat across the aisle from her at school. "And look here, ma," she added, displaying the poor broken flowers; "that Tom Harrigan did it with his sling. He threatened to hit me, and I just stood up and dared him, and he was glad to get off."

"Why, Sip," said Horace, "Tom Harrigan's father is rich, and owns the very house you live in!"

"I do n't care!" said Sipsey, "he's got the meanest son in San Francisco, and I hate him. I told him I'd pay him off, and I will!"

"Did that scare him much?" asked Horace, slyly grinning behind his geometry at his fiery little sister.

Sipsey shrugged her shoulders, and nobody showing any further desire for conversation, Horace was obliged to devote himself to his book, for which, by-the-by, and for books in general, he did not pretend to have any partiality.

The next day Sipsey met Katie Harrigan, Tom's sister, right at the school-house door. Katie was rather a nice little girl, and she and Sipsey were sometimes bosom friends. After the manner of little girls, they changed friends as often as once a month.

"Oh, Sip!" said Katie, who had no small admiration for her friend's abilities, "there's an awful hard example in to-day's lesson. Can you do it?"

"Yes," said Sipsey, languidly.

"What!" said Katie, "that one about the geese, and ducks, and every thing? I did it three times, and got the same answer every time; but I do n't believe it's right, for it always comes a half a goose the man had. And I do n't see how he could drive a half a goose to market."

"You're a half a goose yourself," said Sipsey. "That ain't the answer."

"I've got plum-pie and an orange for my lunch," said Katie, "and I'll go snacks with you, if you'll show me how to do it."

Katie had stood No. 1 once, and No. 2 three times; and she was very anxious not to miss that week. Sipsey hesitated. It was n't the plum-pie and the orange which

tempted her, but the generous impulse in her heart, which prompted her to give, and give freely, without price. She hesitated, and was going to say "Yes;" but the remembrance of Tom Harrigan's sling rose up bitter and strong. Then, too, she remembered some mean things which Katie had done. To be sure they were "mad" then, and she had done some mean things herself, which she did n't remember. But it was all too much for her generosity, and she put her lips together hard, and said,

"No, I won't! I'll never help a girl whose brother acts as yours does, and tries to kill me with slings!"

Katie looked helpless.

"Oh, Sipsey!" she said, pleadingly.

Just then Lillie Bell came up and told Sipsey to come in, and she would show her that new pattern of tatting she had; so Sipsey ran off, and left Katie forlorn with her entreating eyes, and with her arithmetic in her hand.

"I do think," said Katie to Louise Wright, "that Sipsey Coldstream is as mean as mean."

"Do n't cry, Katie," said Louise; "I know she's mean. I'd help you if I knew how."

Louise was always at the foot of her class, by-the-by.

"I ain't crying," said Katie, who knew all of Louise's peccadilloes; "and do n't you go and tell the girls I was, either."

"Katie's mad,
And I'm glad,"

began Louise; but just then the bell rang, and they had to go in.

Mr. McPherson, the teacher, did not feel particularly pleasant that morning; and, as often happened such days, the scholars did not appear particularly bright or studious. Even Sipsey missed in spelling; and the only scholar left standing was Katie Harrigan, who was fairly pale with anxiety when the lesson was over.

"Now you may have a few minutes to study your arithmetic, or rather to look it over; I suppose you all know it perfectly," said Mr. McPherson.

The girls stole glances at each other, and took out their books. Sipsey felt dreadfully cross with herself and everybody else about her failure in spelling; but she could not keep her eyes off poor Katie, who was looking the picture of distress, and trying the puzzling example over and over. It was in vain; the answer always came out with that wretched half goose, and the time was nearly up. Katie leaned her tired head on her hand, and two big tears dropped on the open page. She wiped them hastily off, and hoped none of the girls saw; but Sipsey saw, and her warm, kind, generous heart rose up in open rebellion at what she had done. Poor Katie, who studied so hard! how disappointed she had been that morning, when she had been answered so sharply, "No, I won't!" She was n't to blame for Tom's being bad. So thought Sipsey, and raised her hand quickly.

"May I speak to Katie Harrigan, please?" she asked.

"On school matters?" asked the teacher.

"Yes, sir."

Katie looked up in surprise when Sipsey bent over her, saying,

"I was awful mean; but I can show you how to do that in just a minute. I know how you get that half. You must n't divide by that two. See!" Then ensued a short whispered conversation, until Mr. McPherson struck the bell and said,

"Arithmetic! Every pupil in order."

Katie looked up and gave Sipsey a grateful nod. "I see now," she said, "as plain as day."

At noon-time Katie pressed the whole of her orange on Sipsey. "You saved me missing," she said; but the little girl declined it firmly, and was only prevailed on to take two sucks after a great deal of coaxing.

When they had been in their seats about half an hour in the afternoon, Mr. McPherson called Katie up to his desk. Sipsey had noticed that Tom Harrigan was absent; and now that she thought of it, she remembered that he had not been at school for two days.

"Ah, ha!" thought Sipsey.

"Katie," said Mr. McPherson, "why is your brother Tom absent?"

"I don't know, sir," was the answer, given rather tremblingly, for Katie lived in mortal fear of her brother Tom.

"Is he playing truant?" was the next question.

"I do n't know, sir."

"What do you think?"

Katie hesitated. "I don't know, sir," she answered at length.

"What do you *think*?" said Mr. McPherson, raising his roaring voice to such a pitch that Katie was terrified.

"I—I think he is, sir," she stammered at last.

"Are you afraid of him?"

"Yes, sir," very emphatically.

"You may take your seat now."

Mr. McPherson then leaned back in his chair and surveyed the room. He wanted to find some girl (he did not believe in sending boys on such errands) who would not and could not be intimidated into giving up the note which he intended to send to Mr. Harrigan. He knew it was quite useless to give it to Katie, for in his extensive knowledge of boys he did not doubt that Tom was lying in wait somewhere between the school-house and home. Pretty soon he saw the girl he wanted.

"Sipsey Coldstream," he said, "do you know where Tom Harrigan lives?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"Will you take a note there to-night, please?" This was not asked, it was ordered.

"If you will please excuse me, Mr. McPherson, I would rather not."

Sipsey did not hesitate then, for she had been expecting Mr. McPherson to call on her, and had quite made up her mind. At first she saw such a good chance for "paying off" Tom Harrigan for breaking her flowers, that she had almost half a mind to take it, knowing that no other girl would dare to. If she had been asked in the morning, when she felt cross about her failure in spelling, she would probably have

taken it; but now, having won one victory over herself, and been generous to Katie, she felt all the more like being generous to Tom. Mr. McPherson, as I said before, did not feel particularly pleasant; and a long succession of poor lessons that day had not made him feel any pleasanter. He was very angry with Sipsey, and immediately demanded the reason. But Sipsey could not give it; it seemed to her that it would be "mean" to tell of Tom's injury to her flowers, and still meaner to say that she would not do this because it was like "paying him off." It was too much like boasting, and she could n't.

"Are you afraid of him?"

"No, sir!" rather indignantly.

"Then you may pack your books and go home; I want no disobedient girls here."

The tears rose in her throat and nearly choked her; they crept into her soft blue eyes and nearly blinded her; but she was too proud to cry before the whole class, and she would n't let them fall. As she put on her cloak she saw Louise Wright laughing behind her handkerchief, and the other girls looking very much interested, and not very sorry. Poor Sipsey felt as if she had n't a friend; but just as she was going out the door Katie Harrigan raised her hand and said to Mr. McPherson, in a timid voice,

"Please, may I speak to Sipsey?" Mr. McPherson nodded, and Katie went up, put her hand on Sipsey's arm, raised up her face and kissed her. She would have liked to tell how sorry and grateful she was, and how she understood; but the words would n't come; so she whispered, "Good-bye, Sip," and went meekly back to her seat. Some of the girls laughed, and Mr. McPherson looked angrier than ever, but nothing was said. Sipsey's heart, though, lightened wonderfully after that.

It was a whole week before Mr. McPherson would take Sipsey back; and all her mother's very serious talking could not induce her to say that she was sorry she had refused.

"I am sorry I offended Mr. McPherson,"

she said; "but—" and that was all she would say.

Mrs. Coldstream, who guessed the reason, told the teacher, and I think he rather more than forgave her. As for Horace, he declared over his geometry, that his little sister was a "brick," which was n't at all proper in a young man of his pretensions.

The first day Sipseey went back to school she found a package in her desk, labeled in crooked letters, which she recognized as Tom's, "Miss Sipseey Coldstream." At recess-time she opened it, and found inside —what do you think?—Tom Harrigan's sling, and this note:

"DERE SIP: It wunt hert yore flowers.
no more. Tom."

KATIE'S PROOFS.

BY JOANNA H. MATHEWS.

A lady stood upon the front stoop, looking down the street, an expression of anxiety and vexation upon her face. And yet the object, or objects, her eyes followed, did not seem calculated to call forth displeasure. A group of three girls, either one of whom might have been selected as particularly attractive in appearance, coming slowly, arm in arm, along the pretty, shaded street, tastefully dressed, gay and merry, as they chatted and laughed over some trifle which had tickled their girlish fancy. The central figure seemed to be chief spokeswoman, and to be exciting the mirth and admiration of the others as they gazed up into her bright, laughing face.

The trio paused on the corner, a short distance from the house; affectionate adieux were exchanged; and, seemingly unwilling to part, they went on their several ways, two of the girls coming on to the house where the lady waited, the other turning the corner, and disappearing down a side street.

"Katie and Julia, was that Sophia Grey walking with you?"

"Yes, mamma; and she wants us to go and spend the afternoon at her house to-morrow," cried two voices.

"I would rather you would not go, my daughters."

"Oh, mamma!" and "Why, mamma?" came in answer.

"She is not such a companion as I would choose for you. I do not wish you to be with her more than is necessary."

"Oh, mamma! why she's so nice! She's perfectly lovely!" exclaimed Katie. "She's so funny, and tells such droll stories!"

"Yes, we like her so much; and she's so clever, too," said Julia.

"Clever, agreeable, and droll, she may be, dear children," said their mother, "but a good girl I fear she is not; and once more I say I would rather not have you with her."

"But she's taken a fancy to us, too," pouted Katie; "and it will seem so rude and hateful if we don't *preference* her, too!"

Katie was fond of a long word or two, especially when she was a little vexed or indignant.

"And she told us some very touching confidences, mamma," said Julia, who had an equal weakness for fine language.

"Yes, she has a step-mother; only think!" said Katie, in a tone of the deepest pity.

"So has your sister Mary," said Mrs. Morton quietly, as a tall, handsome girl came through the open doorway, and, catching Katie's last words and the reply of the mother, put her hand through the arm of the latter, and looked up in her face with a smile of affection and sympathy which told what the tie was between those two.

"Oh, but, mamma, you're different," pleaded Katie.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Morton thoughtfully, "I am different. I fear my patience

and temper would never have stood the test as Mrs. Grey's have done;" and again the "step-mother's" look at the glowing face beside her shoulder told that not to herself alone was due all the sweetness of that relationship.

"Whom are you talking of?" asked Mary.

"Of Sophia Grey," pouted Katie. "Mamma don't want us to go with her; and we like her so much."

"Oh!" was all Mary's reply; but there was a good deal in that oh!—Not much of admiration mingled in the sentiments which it expressed, certainly; and Katie was provoked at the unspoken slur upon her new friend.

"I don't see why you need speak that way," she said, with pettish looks and tone. "You do n't know anything about her, and you ought n't to say such things."

Mary took no notice of this rebuke, merely saying, "Sophia was here this afternoon, and waited for you for some time. I suppose she told you."

"Why, no, she did n't tell us she waited; she only said she called for us," said Katie. "Did she see you?"

"No, I do not think she did," answered Mary dryly; and again there seemed to be meaning in her tone.

"But, mamma," said Julia, "do you really mean you do not wish us to go with Sophia?"

"I really mean it," was the reply. "There is no need for you to be uncivil to her; but once more, my daughters, I must say that I do not believe her to be a good girl, or a fit companion for you. Be polite and kind to her; but I do not wish you to go to her house, or play or walk with her when you can avoid it."

And with these words Mrs. Morton turned into the house, followed by her three daughters.

"It's too bad," grumbled Katie; "Sophia's just lovely; and we always have such fun with her. If mamma makes such an accusation as that, she ought to produce her proofs. It's very unjust!"

And Katie tossed her head indignantly.

"Let's have some sugar-plums," she said, turning into the parlor, and opening a beautiful *bonbonniere* which stood upon the table, a present from her godmother. "Why, Julie, just look how they have gone! Those horrid boys! I s'pose they've been and helped themselves! What a hole! Of course, I'm willing they should have some; but just see what a lot they've taken. Whole handfuls! It's too bad! and I'm going to ask mamma to speak to them. I shall lock up my box!"

If Katie had stood where her sister Mary did that afternoon, and seen Sophia Grey, all unconscious of the reflecting mirror in the next room, as she opened the *bonbonniere*, and pocketed "whole handfuls" of the tempting contents, she might not have been so severe upon the boys.

But Mrs. Morton, not thinking it necessary to shock her little girls, or disturb their minds with the knowledge of their playmate's meanness, bade Mary not to speak of what she had seen. And Katie's little temper, as usual, was short-lived; her generous heart reproached her for begrudging her brothers the bonbons; and her mother did not know that the boys had been unjustly blamed.

"Did n't Mary look queer when she was talking about Sophia?" said Julia.

"Queer! How, queer?" questioned Katie.

"She looked just as if she knew something. May be she does."

"She *can't* know anything; and I won't believe it if she does," said Katie, waxing magnificent again. "I would n't be so perfidious to my chosen friend! No, indeed! Before I am fickle I must have *proofs*!"

Julia, always more docile than Katie, had also more faith in mamma's wisdom, and would be content to obey without question, although she did feel it hard to be cut off from unrestrained intercourse with the new friend.

A week passed, and Katie had been so far obedient as to refuse all invitations to

Sophia Grey's. Nor had she ventured to ask Sophia to her own home; that, she knew, would never do. But she did not, the more conscientious Julia thought, avoid Sophia's company as much as she might have done. It was impossible to persuade her to come directly home after school without lingering till Sophia should have time to join them. She seemed to Julia to choose the walks where she was almost sure to meet Sophia; and, so far from avoiding her in school hours, she appeared to Julia to seek her out as much as ever; or at least, to yield herself quite willingly to Sophia's advances. Julia would fain have done as much herself, but her usual strict regard for her mother's wishes kept her from giving way to the temptation. Nor was it easy to be polite to Sophia and still to refrain from progressing farther in the intimacy which had been begun, and which Katie persisted in encouraging, so that, altogether, poor Julia declared herself to be "a victim to circumstances."

But about this time a feeling of suspicion and discomfort began to arise in their school. Small articles and trifles of little value, were constantly and mysteriously disappearing. Pencils, india-rubbers, small books, dainties from the lunch-baskets, little toys and notions such as girls love to take to school—with what object it would be difficult to say, as they must generally be kept hidden in one's desk or run the risk of confiscation by the teachers, but we all do it in our day—were missed by the children from time to time. This was something quite new in Miss Harris' school; and by and by it began to be observed that Sophia was usually the first to be in the school room, and the last to leave it; that during recess, when the girls were all out in the garden, she found frequent occasion to run in, on one excuse or another. Then a porcelain slate disappeared; next a story-book; and the indignant children lodged a complaint with Miss Harris, declaring there was "a thief in the school." And this was with many a look askance at Sophia, to whom suspicion

pointed strongly, in the minds of all but Katie, who persisted in believing her friend to be all that was charming, good and true.

Now, it is all very well to be loyal and true to one's friends; but perhaps there was a little spice of obstinacy mingled with Katie's feelings; perhaps she was rather wilfully blind. Even Julia was now and then shocked by the impertinent and disrespectful manner in which Sophia spoke of her patient and long-suffering mother; by the way in which she slurred the truth, or took advantage of her teachers. But to the last trait Katie shut her eyes; for the first she found all-sufficient excuse in the tyranny and oppression which Sophia would have all believe her step-mother exercised over her. She waxed magnificent in defence of her charmer; and the school being allowed, about this time, to choose their own subjects for composition, she selected "Friendship," and commenced in the following superb style:

"The claims of friendship are, to stand by your friend when oppressed and slandered. The heart that will turn a flattering ear to the base slanders of a blind populace should not be considered worthy of a noble friend. May such never be my fate! Time shall prove all. Though worlds should be banded to persecute my friend, yet never shall they shake my trust!"

There was a page and a half of foolscap in this sublime strain; and before handing it in Katie showed it to Sophia, who, she thought, scarcely appreciated it as it deserved. This was the first shock which at all shook her firmness.

One morning, little Margaret Harrison came to school glorying in the possession of a new ring, a present from her grand-mamma. It was passed from hand to hand, and admired by all the children, as they gathered upon the piazza during recess. But in handing it from one to another Margaret dropped it, and it rolled out of sight. A search was immediately commenced, but the ring was not to be found, although it did seem almost impos-

sible that it could have rolled off the piazza. There was no crack in the flooring where it could lie hidden, and it was strange that it should have disappeared so entirely. Sophia Grey, contrary to her usual helpfulness and readiness to oblige, seemed to take no very active part in the search. She stood close by a pillar, looking over the piazza railing upon the ground below, and insisting that the ring must have fallen there. But she never moved from that one spot, although more than one of the girls asked why she did not go below and look there, if she felt so sure.

The bell rang, and the girls clustered about the distressed Margaret, as they went in, telling her the ring was sure to be found, and they would all look again after school was dismissed.

Sophia lingered; and Julia, turning to tell her she would be marked if she did not hasten, saw her stoop, snatch up something from beneath her foot, and thrust it hastily into her pocket, then follow the rest.

An uncomfortable suspicion entered Julia's mind; one she found it impossible to shake off, unwilling as she was to believe evil of others, especially Sophia.

The search was renewed after school, but without success, although teacher and servants joined in it; and poor Margaret went home in a most melancholy state.

To none but Katie did Julia breathe her doubts, and Katie met them with a storm of indignation, expressed in language worthy of the composition on Friendship; and Julia, who felt that it was but a suspicion, felt half ashamed of having entertained it for a moment.

Katie had not as yet deliberately disobeyed her mother—that is, she would have said she had not been “disobedient;” that Sophia had sought her out; she could not help it, and so forth; but could she honestly say that she had regarded her mother's wishes and advice?

“Come to my house this afternoon, will you?” said Sophia Grey to Katie.

“I can't,” answered Katie, reluctantly; “mamma has gone away, so I can't ask

her; and I don't believe sister Mary will let me.”

“You always say you can't come to my house,” pouted Sophia; “and I don't believe your mother likes me. Your mother can be very disagreeable if she chooses.”

“She can't either!” said Katie, firing at this, and not heeding the truth of the first assertion in her indignation at the latter. “My mother *could n't* be disagreeable; not if she tried ever so much.”

“She never lets you come to see me, any way,” said Sophia; “but you come this afternoon. You don't have to mind Mary. She's only your step-sister; but it seems to me she takes as much upon herself as if she had a right.”

Katie opened her eyes. This was the first time that any difference between herself and Mary had ever been pointed out to her, or any thought of jealousy suggested. But Katie's “proofs” were not to be lacking now, for Sophia, who had hitherto been on her good behavior before her, was growing tired of the restraint, and was now showing herself in her true colors. But she had acquired a most unhappy influence over Katie; that influence which Mrs. Morton had so dreaded for her children; and under this Katie's feelings towards the gentle “sister Mary” were roused to a state of rebellion which had its result that afternoon in a burst of ill-temper and insolence which perfectly astonished both Mary and Julia.

For, Julia being confined to the house by a slight illness, Katie declared her intention of going out to walk by herself, a thing of which Mrs. Morton did not approve, although it was not absolutely forbidden. Mary expostulated, wishing her young sisters to be particularly careful while their mother was away; and was met by the astounding declaration that Katie would “have no base usurper tyrannizing over her!” with various other impertinences. Having relieved her mind of these, Miss Katie put on her hat and defiantly left the house.

It is hardly needful to say who was to be her companion in the walk; for, although

Katie dared not so fly in the face of her mother's commands as to go to Sophia's house, she went out fully expecting and intending to meet her. And this although she was beginning to discover that Sophia was not all her fancy had painted her. Many a little thing, many a small "proof" were giving her an uneasy consciousness that mamma and Mary and Julia might be right; but Sophia was "so droll, so amusing, such pleasant company," that Katie still obstinately shut her eyes to the growing conviction that Sophia was no fit companion for her.

"I'm going to buy lemons," said Sophia, as she joined Katie on the corner. "That woman said I should n't have any; but I shall buy them for myself. She says they're bad for me; but she can give lemonade all the time to her own spoiled child!"

"That woman" was Mrs. Grey; the "spoiled child," Sophia's invalid little brother, whose feverish condition made the cooling drink an absolute necessity; while the constant eating of lemons, for which Sophia had a fancy, was injurious and unnecessary.

Lemons were scarce and high at this season, and Sophia was long in finding any which suited both her taste and her purse. She went from store to store, many of them being places where Katie thought it scarcely likely that lemons could be found. And from all these stores, or nearly all, Sophia brought out some little trifle for which she had not asked, for which she had not *paid*. At the door of one grocery stood a box of prunes, and as they passed these Katie saw Sophia slyly plunge her hand in it, and take five or six. Katie's eyes opened wide in astonishment; but Sophia instantly said:

"We buy all our groceries of that man. He lets me take anything I choose."

Katie thought this strange, but Sophia's explanation satisfied her for the time, although she declined sharing the spoils. Somehow she could not help feeling as if it was a mean thing for Sophia to do.

Then they went into a jeweler's, not, of

course, to find lemons, but that Katie might leave some little ornament to be repaired; next into a confectionery, where Sophia directed Katie's attention to some gay cornucopias, while the confectioner's head was turned. But Katie, looking round suddenly, saw Sophia's hand in very close proximity to a basket of burnt almonds; and when they had left the store, after Sophia had refused to buy the small wilted lemons the woman offered, she heard her companion eating something she felt quite sure could not be prunes. Prunes never made that crisp, crackling sound between the sharp young teeth. A strange, uneasy feeling, a doubt came over Katie; but again she tried to put it from her.

They went into a second grocery, where Katie, now unconsciously to herself on the watch, distinctly saw Sophia pocket a handful of nuts; and Sophia knew she saw.

"My father deals with that man; he saw me take them, and he don't care," she said, in answer to Katie's look, and quite forgetting her former statement in regard to groceries.

Katie's doubts were growing fast, and she would have been glad now to part from Sophia. She would not follow her into any more stores, but waited without; and what was her horror and shame as she stood at one door, to hear the storekeeper say to his boy: "You keep your eye on that girl out there. This one's light-fingered; she's been in here before; and may be there's a pair of them. Looks like it!"

The man did not mean her to hear, but she caught every word; and covered with confusion and dismay, she walked hastily away. Sophia overtook her in a moment, and wanted to know why she was in such haste, and why her face was so red. So it was. Cherries, an orange, an apple, one thing after another, Sophia continued to possess herself of; and Katie could doubt no longer.

Poor Katie! her "proofs" were coming thick and fast. Sophia was a *thief*! and a

feeling of disgust and loathing for this chosen friend was coming over her. Oh! if she were only rid of her; if she had only heeded her mother's warnings. Well, they were almost home, and she could leave her at the corner. Never, no, never again would she walk with Sophia!

"I'll just stop here again and take those lemons, after all," said Sophia, as she went into the confectionery they had first entered, while Katie lingered without, watching her through the doorway, to see if she would repeat her petty thefts. If she did, she would just tell her she did not like this, and leave her at once. Sophia stood so that she could not see what she was doing, but proof was not to be wanting here.

Suddenly a little commotion arose within, and a man; darting from the other side of the store, seized upon Sophia, catching her in the very act—her hand in a box of candies.

Katie, frightened almost out of her wits, and forgetful of her resolution to stand by her friend, "whatever betide," took to her heels and went flying down the street, fearing to share her companion's disgrace and punishment. But in a moment she was brought to a stop by a strong hand upon her shoulder, and was led, or rather dragged back by the enraged confectioner.

"Now, what have you to say for yourselves?" he said; then turning to Sophia, "I've had my eye upon *you*; you're too frequent here; never buying nothing, or only a few pennies' worth. I've suspicioned you was sly, and now I've took you in the act. I'll hand you over to the police!"

Now, this was only a threat; but the two girls, especially Katie, were wild with terror and shame.

"Why, John," cried the confectioner's wife, coming forward, "this is little Miss Morton; you've no call to suspect her; she'd never stoop to hooking."

"Don't know," said the man, "she's in bad company."

"Let me go! Oh, let me go!" gasped Katie. "Oh, I never did; I never took a thing; I would n't, and I did n't know she would! Oh, I've five dollars, and I'll

give it all to you, if you'll only let me go! Oh, please! Oh, please!"

For by this time a little crowd had gathered about the door; and oh, dreaded sight, among them the figure of a policeman, who now entered. Katie was beside herself.

"We'll just march them off to their pas, and tell what they've been doing," said the officer; "'tain't hardly a case for takin' up."

"Now, you can just let little Miss Morton alone," said the woman, coming to the rescue; "I do n't b'lieve she had a hand in it; and her family have been good friends to us; and I won't see her handled no ways rough."

Katie clung to the good woman, whose entreaties moved her husband to release the child. But Sophia was, according to the policeman's advice, marched off home, there to have the tale of her guilt told to her parents. As they were leaving the store, who should pass by but Mr. Morton; and the confectioner making known the story, told him that his little daughter had been the companion of this bad girl, and was now within.

"I thought your mother had warned you against that girl," said Mr. Morton, when he had quieted Katie's fears, and was leading her home.

"She did, papa; oh, she did," moaned Katie; "but I would n't believe her, and thought she was unjust. I never thought Sophia would do such a thing; and I liked her so much; but I wish I'd minded mamma. She knew best, and the reputation of my family is covered with disgrace."

"Hardly," said Mr. Morton, smiling. "But you are right, Katie. If you had trusted your mother's judgment, nay, had you not been deliberately disobedient, this shame could not have fallen upon you. Your mother knew Sophia Grey was not an honest girl."

"Why did n't she tell me? Then I never would have gone with her," sobbed Katie.

"She did not wish to shock you; and although you did not trust her judgment, I suppose she had confidence in you, and believed you would do as she wished," said

Mr. Morton, gravely. "You have had proof that she was right, have you not?"

Mr. Morton said this without knowing of Katie's resolution to have "proof" that Sophia was not a proper friend for her; but the poor child did, indeed, feel that she had been overwhelmed with evidence that her mother had been right in her estimate of Sophia's character.

And there was more still to come.

A day or two after this Mr. Grey called to see her father, and presently Katie was summoned to the library.

"Katie," said Mr. Morton, "did you ever see this locket?"

"Yes, papa, it is Sophia's. She had it on the other day at school, and she told me her father gave it to her."

And Katie looked up fearlessly with her honest eyes into Mr. Grey's face.

"And this ring?" said Mr. Morton.

"Why! that is Margaret Harrison's, papa. Where *was* it found? How glad she will be."

There was no doubting the truth and innocence of her replies; and Mr. Grey's anxious face clouded more and more. Katie was dismissed, but her father thought it best to tell her all afterward.

You will remember that Katie and Sophia had gone into the jeweler's on that unfortunate day. Soon after the children left a locket was missing; a small but peculiar ornament, belonging not to the jeweler, but to a lady who had left it to be repaired, and who valued it highly as the gift of a lost friend. She made a great stir over the loss; but the ornament was not to be found, until one day she met Sophia Grey in the street and saw her much-prized locket hanging from a ribbon about the child's neck. The lady followed Sophia home, and then went and told the jeweler, who recollected the circumstance of the two children coming into his store the day the locket was missed. He called upon Mr. Grey and made known his story and suspicion; but Sophia, when questioned, boldly asserted, as she had done before to her parents, that Katie had given her the locket. She had also a ring which she had

said Katie had given her. Mrs. Grey, knowing Sophia to be far from truthful, had felt uneasy respecting the ornaments; but she did not see her way clearly to discover the truth about them; and the warfare between herself and Sophia was so unceasing that she dreaded giving cause of offence. But now the point must be settled; either Katie or Sophia was a thief. Which was it?

This Mr. Grey had come to find out; and the straightforward stories of Katie and Julia; the petty thefts brought home to her at the confectioner's store, forced him to believe, poor father! that his own child was the guilty one.

It is always hard to be disappointed in one whom we have chosen as a friend, to find him other than we have believed him; and now to this pain and the shame and mortification that had fallen upon Katie, was added the bitterness of hearing that Sophia had tried to shift the blame upon her—had accused her of being a thief!

"To think," sobbed poor Katie, "when I always stood up for her, and would n't believe she was horrid till I could n't help it, that she should go and treat me with such treachery and ingratitude! Next time I'll believe mamma!"

WITHOUT THE FRAME.

BY JULIA P. BALLARD.

So! lay the light folds about her;
Hide the frame and the canvas—there!
Cover it all but the features—
The face and the soft brown hair!
Out from the cloudy mist-fold
She looks with her own sweet charms;
Like an angel through a cloud-rift
She is springing to my arms!
I open them wide to receive her;
What is it? Our *souls* have met!
The dividing line is narrowed,
But *she is on that side yet!*
Oh, loved one! how near and how distant!
And even *this* nearness so soon,
When I'm almost certain to grasp thee,
Eludes me, and leaves me alone!
Indeed, thou art looking upon me!
The world's heavy frame is too near;
Let me hide it with clouds of pure incense
Till it vanish, and thou shalt appear!



THE LITTLE HAMMOCK BUILDER

BY H. M. M.

Now here's a nest that is just the nicest thing in the way of a comfortable, cozy cradle for baby birds that I know of

It is hung like a hammock, to a slender twig—you know how delightful a hammock is, do n't you?—directly over a stream, and is made of grass and wool, or cotton taken from plants. If anything can be nicer, I'd like to see it.

The cradle is quite deep, you see; so there's no danger of the babies tumbling over the edge. In fact, it is so deep that the pretty little brown and white mamma has to pack herself in very snugly. This little hammock-maker lives in Australia, and his name is Honey-Eater (that's a sweet name, is n't it?); but he eats insects, and the pollen of flowers, as well as honey.

You see how anxiously papa Honey-Eater is peering into the nest. Probably he is inquiring if his little mate is quite comfortable, and what sort of a bug or worm she would like for her dinner. By the way, do n't you suppose this bird set the fashion of hammocks?

IN CONVERSATION a man expresses himself—he discloses his character, and makes available that character for good or evil. The tongue, in this sense, becomes a most powerful engine; and the watch over the tongue becomes a duty of the first importance. It is the chief doorway out of which the mind sallies forth to its work; and in the contact of mind with mind, it is the point for careful observation and control.

HIDDEN TREASURE.

BY MARY A. DENISON.

CHAPTER X.—THE MONEY BAGS.

Such a hubbub as there was! How the bright eyes snapped! How the many tongues ran!

"Let's have a jubilee meeting!" said Lizzie, "and march in with banners."

"You ridiculous goose!" said Sally.

"Well, I think we might make some demonstration, after earning all this money!" Lizzie responded, dancing round the room.

The room was the garret, a very lively place just now. Tom had gone with Stella to carry flowers to Mrs. Martello's grave, and the occasion was seized upon by the Meadows girls to compare notes, and count up their earnings during the summer.

Their plans had been faithfully carried out. Mrs. Meadows had seen, without seeming to notice, how laborious and pains-taking they had been, never for once flagging in the interest they felt, nor desisting from their efforts because their gains were small.

It was now the last autumn month, and the little ones were anticipating a cold winter in their self-exiled dormitory. Sometimes they looked longingly back to their former comfortable quarters; but they gave no audible expression to their regret. For all the summer their garret had been as good as a palace to them; it was abundantly supplied with playthings, work-baskets, and crochet-needles. How they had worked! And now Sally carried the proceeds of their toil, neatly folded in separate packages, and marked, "Crochet Money," "Flower Money," "Egg Money," "Chicken Money," "Milk Money," and "Savings."

"How much is it—every cent?" asked Lily.

"Fifty-one dollars and forty-nine cents," said Sally.

"I guess that will pay expenses, won't it?" queried Dora, tumbling the packages over each other.

"Yes, I should think so; but we must see what mother says."

They proceeded down stairs in Indian file, each face eager and shining, and presented themselves before Mrs. Meadows, who sat busily at work in the sitting-room.

"There, mother!" said Sally, who led the procession of five, "is our part of the home-fund. We never dreamed it would be so much."

Mrs. Meadows took the packages separately from her knee, and looked them over silently. In reality, her heart was too full to speak; and her spectacle-glasses were dim with moisture.

"Have n't we done pretty well?" asked Lily, who had swelled the little fund with five dollars of her own earning.

"I did n't mind going without the eggs," she added; "and Speckleback alone has laid eight dozen. Speckleback has done some good in the world, has n't she, mother?"

"I should think so, my little girl!" said Mrs. Meadows, as soon as she could command her voice. "And my children have really earned all this money?"

"Yes; we earned every cent of it," said Anne, exultingly; "and I don't see why we should n't keep on earning."

"I've got an original idea for a new quilt," said Lizzie; "and I'm sure aunt Jack will buy it. It won't take half the winter to make it."

"You have n't counted in your savings," said Mrs. Meadows.

"No, we have n't, only money savings. I do n't care a bit for sugar in my tea, now, do you, Dora?"

"Rather have it without," said her twin sister.

"You have n't counted in Stella's labor, in teaching music and the languages."

"No. Do n't that sound grand, though?"

Uncle Jack has n't got a private teacher of music and the languages."

"Bring me my account-book," said Mrs. Meadows.

They found it on the shelf and handed it to her. She proceeded to copy the account.

"Now, girls," she said, "your aunt Jack has been here this morning to invite you to Lou's birth-day party. They are going to have a splendid time—a band from the city and fire-works in the grounds."

The girls received this announcement in silence.

"Would you like to go?"

"I don't think we should, mamma, without suitable party-dresses," said Sally, gravely. "But it won't trouble me much if I have to stay at home."

"Nor me!" "nor me!" echoed the others, cheerfully.

"Let's all stay, and have a good time by ourselves—have dramatic readings," said Lizzie.

"Or get up a play, and have a real stage. Stella will paint the scenery," added Lily; at which suggestion they all laughed heartily.

"But what will your uncle and aunt think of that? No, that would never do; you must go."

"Then," said Sally, bravely, "we'll go in our old dresses. We can fix them over, and they may laugh, now, the whole kit-boodle of them."

"My dear, 'kitboodle' is n't an elegant word," said Mrs. Meadows, smiling at her earnestness. "So you think you could go in renovated clothes, and not feel very badly?"

"Of course we could!" said Lizzie, with energy.

Mrs. Meadows looked round the little group thoughtfully, lovingly.

"Then you have achieved a greater victory over yourselves than even I gave you credit for," she said, her sweet voice trembling. "For the sake of the orphan you are willing to deny yourselves of what in itself is right and proper—yes, commendable. Well, children, I shall not allow you

to make this sacrifice. Your uncle has made a lucky stroke of business, as he calls it, and my income this quarter is one hundred dollars over the usual sum. What do you think of that? Has not Stella brought a blessing with her?"

"O, mother! I'm so glad, and so—so—sorry!" stammered Sally.

"Why sorry, my dear?"

"I think I speak for all the rest, when I say that it was not so much a sacrifice of our feelings and wishes, as a pleasure to earn this money, and give it for Stella's benefit," said Sally.

"I am happy to believe it," responded the grateful mother; "and I can see that in many ways you have improved, both mentally and physically, while you have been so pleasantly employed. But remember our Heavenly Father looks at the motive sooner than the gift. That He accepts, and so do I in Stella's place; but you see for yourself that God has signally blessed us in our giving; therefore there is really no need that the money should be appropriated as you wish. I am going to divide this fifty-one dollars, and you shall do what you please with the money. Buy yourselves something pretty and useful for the party; and I hope you may have as much pleasure in your purchases as you have given me by your noble conduct."

As the little party withdrew, each one receiving a kiss from mother, the consultation grew warm. All manner of fabrics were discussed; paper and pencils were brought into requisition in order to find what would buy dresses, gloves, ribbons, handkerchiefs. How busy and happy they were!

"Mother, will Stella need anything new?" asked Sally, suddenly looking up.

"I will see to Stella, dear," said mother Meadows. "And I am happy to tell the girls that Tom insists upon taking the garret, this winter; so you will be installed in your own quarters, if you wish, or in Tom's room."

"Just what we were worried about," said Lily, wisely. "O, dear, how things

do come exactly as you want them to, sometimes!"

The little party was interrupted just then by the entrance of Tom and Stella. Something had gone wrong, for Stella's sweet eyes were red with weeping, and Tom looked flushed and indignant.

"I wonder if they quarreled?" whispered Anne, as Stella slowly took off her hat near the fire-place.

"No, indeed!" said Sally. "She's telling mamma."

"I came near having a regular fight," said Tom, as Stella paused, "only Stella ran and screamed for me. I suppose the man would have mastered me, though; he was six feet high."

"O, what shall I do if he comes for me?" and Stella clasped her hands in an agony of grief. "I never, never will own him, never! My own dear papa could never have changed like that!"

"A regular ruffian!" blurted Tom.

"The same dreadful face that looked in that night," sobbed Stella.

The children had gathered around her. Anne placed her arm about her waist and hugged her close.

"We were putting the flowers there, you know, mother, said Tom, eagerly, "and Stella said she supposed they would be the last we should be able to bring this year, when this man appeared, just like a ghost, did n't he Stella?"

"And said he was my father."

"I'd like to see your proofs," said I," continued Tom; "for Stella I thought would go into spasms, she was so frightened. 'I do n't talk with boys,' said he, insolently; and I just felt like knocking him over, I was so mad. 'I shall come round and see your mother,' said he. 'That's right,' I replied, 'come early;' but I am sure he will frighten Stella to death if he does come."

"O, he never will try to take her from us!" and there was a universal groan, while the girls crowded nearer to their favorite, as if to form a body-guard for her protection.

"It never was papa, never!" exclaimed Stella, with passionate decision. "Do n't you think I should have known him? Would n't something have told me that it was him? O, do n't let him take me! do n't let him claim me, if he brings ever so many proofs! That is not the father my dear, dear mamma used to talk about!"

"You shall not be harmed, dear, I promise you that," said Mrs. Meadows, gently, as she kissed the flushed, tear-wet cheek. "The man will probably come here; but I think I can put him off till we agree upon what course is best. If I decide that he is an imposter, I will take the responsibility of placing you out of his reach."

"We must never let her go out alone," said Lily, who had slyly locked the windows and the front door.

"My goodness! if she should be kidnapped!" whispered Lizzie, whose romantic brain had already devised sundry hidings and escapes. "Isn't it just like a story? Stella's a heroine now; everybody will be wondering and talking about it!"

Nancy Philp made her appearance soon after, in a hideous new "punkin-hood," as she called it, to talk the matter over. The man had visited her, with a letter from her sister.

"I do n't like his poking about the town so," she said, when the girls had narrated the particulars of Stella's fright. "The man may be the gal's father, though, for all that. Men do go through curious changes, and come home so altered, years after, that their own wives and mothers do n't know 'em. I've heered o' that. But mercy on us! what's he got to keep that child on? It's my 'pinion he wants to fix himself on you, or git money or somethin', and so he'll torment you. I'd look out sharp for him, Mis' Meadows."

"Mis' Meadows" did look out sharp for him. As she had expected, he called that evening. The girls were sent up stairs, where they sat enjoying the delightful terror of expectancy, shivering and crooning over the romance of the visit.

As the stranger came into the pleasant

room, there entered at the same time the aroma of whisky. The man had evidently been fortifying himself with drink. Mrs. Meadows gave him a seat as far from herself as ordinary politeness would allow, and then listened to his story. It was very plausibly told. A shipwreck—great suffering—unknown island—living for years among ferocious savages. He had but recently been rescued and returned to civilized society. He made a great deal of certain tattoo marks upon his arms and chest; said it was done by the Indians, who were extremely averse to his leaving them. He answered all her questions, with some hesitation, but on the whole glibly enough; and then Mrs. Meadows bethought herself of a little ruse. Taking from a box three miniatures, two of them being likenesses of certain members of her own family, she procured from the frightened Stella her mother's picture, and placed them before the man.

"Which one is your wife?" she asked, fixing her eyes sternly upon him.

He glanced at her, and then at the miniatures. That hesitation—hardly covering a second of time—decided his fate, although by mere chance he pointed to the picture of Stella's mother. Mrs. Meadows was satisfied that he was an imposter.

"I think, sir, you are an imposter," she said, in a low, even voice. "A man do n't require to think before he recognizes his wife. That dear lady, who is now an angel in heaven, never called you husband."

The man grew white, and began to bluster. He would have his daughter, if he had to take her by force! No man, or woman either, had a right to keep his child from her father, particularly if she was under age; and Mrs. Meadows had occasion for all her courage.

"You must not attempt to intimidate me, sir!" she said firmly; "such language as yours is not convincing. I will promise you to think the matter over, and consult my friends. Meantime you must be quiet, if you wish to succeed. Harsh talk will do

no good, and you will get better terms if you are reasonable and patient."

When he was gone the girls came in breathless.

"The plot thickens!" said Tom, as he listened; "I'd like to see him take Stella from us! Let him try it, that's all."

And Stella felt comforted.

INDIAN PIPES.

BY MARY E. ATKINSON.

I found a flower in the green oak wood
All over white as snow.

Charley says it is "Indian Pipes;"

He told me wherever they grow
The ghost of an Indian sits and smokes

In the moonlight and the dew,
And leaves his pipe when the morning breaks,
But I do n't believe that's true.

Not even a ghost could smoke, I think,

And leave the pipe so white;
Besides, it is more like a flower, I'm sure,

Though it is not like one, quite;
As much like a flower as our snow man
Was like a man—you know

The man we made by the window, here,
Last winter, out of snow?

I think some little fairy child

Moulded the flower for play,
Trying to make a lily-bell
Out of some strange new clay;

Or else it's a marble monument,
That the elfin people made
Where something wonderful was done
In the pleasant oak tree shade.

I would like to see them carving it

So carefully and well;
The round white stem, the tiny leaves,
And the large, white, heavy bell.
Perhaps the fairies have found a snow

That will not melt away,
But will last in the warmest summer time,
Over a night and a day.

Or little snow-children fashioned this

Last winter, in the cold,
And the summer fairies found it hid
Under the dead leaves old.

I'm sure it is not a common flower,
That grows as the others grow!

'Tis the fairest thing I ever found,
And there are fairies, I know!

KEARNEY'S GRAPES.

BY ANNA D. THORPE.

From one of the windows of the old academy you can look out into a sunny garden, around the inner walls, and up and down the middle of which are trellises over-run with grapevines. Bright September and October days the clusters of purple fruit, hanging in the sunlight, have a delicious, appetizing appearance, not lost on the academy boys who happen to look out at that particular window. These lads are never guilty of calling them sour, though they have all the fox's desire to get at them.

The garden is the property of a sharp-visaged little man—the village merchant—who has a great love of gain, and strives to turn everything inside and out of his store into money. Grapes are scarce in Fairville, and Kearney sells his, when they ripen, to the groceryman across the street, at a marvelously high price. The boys find the price to be beyond the reach of their pocket-books for anything more than a meager indulgence; moreover, the villagers are on the lookout for them, and the fruit is always bought up in a few days after it gets into market.

The boys say that Kearney is so choicer of his precious grapes that even his wife dares not touch them, and that he counts the bunches as a miser does his gold. Year after year the new classes of boys look with longing eyes over the garden-wall when the autumn days come round. Year after year they are all alike tempted to go over and help themselves. Some of them make high resolves, and turn their eyes away from the alluring window. Others would venture over the fence, but dare not; for queer stories are told of the way Kearney has dealt with one or two offenders whom he has caught. Now and then some scapegrace of a boy, quite heedless of consequences, breaks into the garden on a dark night.

Kearney is never long in announcing that he has been robbed. He will trot over

to the academy early next morning, in a state of high indignation, and, with many words and gestures, make his complaints to Dr. Baker. On such an occasion, after the morning exercises, the Doctor will deliver a short and cutting lecture on these "sneak-thieves," as he is wont to call them, and close by saying,

"Now, boys, if you *must* steal grapes, come and take mine. There is a beautiful vine covers the wing of my house, as you all know. My bed-room is in the wing part; and, young gentlemen, I always sleep with the window and my ears wide open."

The boys always laugh at the Doctor's joke, for it is a well-known fact that never a grape grew on that vine.

"I say Kearney'll have his hands full getting all those grapes to market this year." It was just before school one morning, when Tom Griswold leaned over the window-seat, and looking into the garden, made this remark to his two companions.

"Never you fear for Kearney; sharp as Jack Frost is, he never caught any of the old gentleman's grapes in the garden yet." Merrick nodded his head convincingly as he spoke.

"Did I ever tell you," asked Tom, "how Will Brown and I tried to get a taste of them last year? Well, you see we were playing ball, and we managed to knock the ball over the fence. Kearney was picking grapes, you know, and I climbed over the fence to get it. When I'd found it, I was n't in any hurry, but stopped to talk with the old gentleman. 'What beautiful grapes you have,' said I; 'I never saw such a sight. What are they bringing this year?' 'Just nothing, nothing,' said he, and he looked as mad as a hornet. Then he asked me if I'd found the ball, and when I said I had, he wanted to know what I was waiting for. I tell you, boys, there is no use trying to soft-soap him."

"You see," laughed Merrick, "he has

so many bunches to count it makes him crabbed. It would be the most humane thing we could do, for some of us to go over and eat a few."

"I'll go with you, Merry, if you really want to go."

"And I'll help in the good cause," said Charley Edson.

The clanging of the last bell, and the entrance of a number of the students, put an end to their conversation; but as they were crossing to the chapel, Tom managed to whisper in Charley's ear, and Charley repeated to Merry, "Half past ten, meet by Ray's corner."

Tom shared his room at his boarding-place with a quiet, orderly boy, of whom, to confess the truth, he was slightly afraid. He never for an instant supposed that Fisher enjoyed the fun and frolic of boyish scrapes as well as other lads; and that he was restrained by love, and a fear lest he should bring any annoyance to his widowed mother. Lest he should suspect him, Tom went early to bed that night, and his companion, who had been studying unusually hard, soon followed him, and in a short time was fast asleep.

It was about eleven o'clock when Fisher awoke and spoke to Tom. There was no answer. "Asleep, Tom?" He reached over as he spoke, laying his hand on the pillow. Tom's head was missing; Tom was gone.

Meanwhile the boys were having quite an adventure. They had met by Ray's corner, and gone the most roundabout way to reach the back of Kearney's graper. They were very jolly; indeed, Charley and Merry were gasping in their efforts not to laugh too loud over Tom's jokes and funny speeches, so sat down to rest outside, whilst the latter scaled the fence and reconnoitred. Tom came tumbling back shortly, in a very agitated state, and ran several rods before the others could overtake him. When he stopped to rest, fairly exhausted and in a cold sweat, he gasped out,

"Is he coming?"

"Coming!" said Charley; "is who coming? What in the world did you see?"

"Why, I came—within one of being shot! There he sat—with—with a gun! I stumbled almost on to him. Oh! boys, I'm most dead!" and with another gasp Tom started to run again. The others followed quickly, and each went the shortest way to their homes.

So ended their first adventure.

Fisher asked no questions; and Tom, never guessing that he had been missed, offered no explanations of his absence. But in the days that followed, the three friends might have been often seen together; and from the significant glances exchanged between them, quick-witted Fisher very soon concluded where they had been on that memorable night.

Never was there warmer, brighter October weather than that. Every breath of the autumn breeze came floating in through the open windows of the academy, rich and sweet with the musky fragrance of the grapes. Altogether, the temptation, instead of lessening, seemed to grow stronger after their adventure. Perhaps the very danger attendant upon the fulfilment of their purpose added to the charm. At any rate, it was decided that, come what might, they would try again to obtain some of the fruit.

Fisher awoke this time just in time to hear Tom softly shut the chamber door and go creeping down the stairs. "What's up now, I wonder?" said he to himself. He tried to go to sleep again, but he could not; all feelings of drowsiness seemed to have suddenly departed.

Outside the garden fence the boys were standing, feeling not a little nervous. Tom thought some one else ought to go first this time; so Charley volunteered to go. He crept quietly up to the fence and listened. Not a sound could be heard. Cautiously he climbed up and peeped over, his ears alert to catch the first sound. Not a leaf stirred; all was as still as could be desired.

"There is no one here to-night," thought Charley; and, reassured, he let himself down on the other side and walked part way around the garden. But just as he

turned the corner next the middle trellis, Charley stopped short. There, directly in front of him, was a man with a gun on his shoulder. Charley retreated hastily into the shadow of the vines; he began to tremble in every limb, and his heart seemed to come way up into his mouth at every beat. Had Kearney seen him? If he was only with the boys on the other side! But how was he ever to get back to the other side of the garden again? Dare he make a sudden, bold dash, and gain the fence before Kearney could have time to take aim? He was seriously thinking of doing so, and watching the figure to note the first movement, when the moon suddenly came out from under a cloud, and for a moment the garden was almost light as day. In that minute Charley's fears partially subsided. "He's either asleep or it's a—" With this brilliant thought he ventured out of his hiding-place and drew nearer to the figure. The little man remained immovable. Charley became more assured as he came nearer. Two wooden legs in a pair of Kearney's pants; two wooden arms in the sleeves of an old coat, and a rusty old musket—this was all there was to the terrible man.

Charley could hardly restrain his laughter. He got out of the garden as quickly as possible and reported to the boys. They fairly shouted with laughter at the ludicrous aspect things had taken; then, as they remembered Tom's fright, their merriment became uncontrollable, and Merrick rolled over and over on the ground in paroxysms of laughter.

Kearney would have been wild with rage if he could have seen what was transpiring in his grapery that night. The boys fairly revelled in the luscious fruit; and when they had eaten all they desired, they offered the most tempting bunches to the little figure with the gun.

"Now, cap'n, have some; do n't be delicate about it. They are really the finest you ever tasted." Amid such entreaties they artistically trimmed his hat and coat; and, as a finishing touch, stuck a bunch in the barrel of his gun.

The next evening the three boys were gathered in Charley's room, but apparently in a very different mood. Three letters, very much alike in writing and in language, were lying side by side on the table. Tom had just been reading one aloud:

"MR. THOS. GRISWOLD—*Sir*: Your conduct of last evening is well known to me; but, having some regard for your father, I take this means of addressing you, instead of sending an officer for you, as I otherwise should. If you choose to avail yourself of the opportunity, you may call and settle with me at once; otherwise I shall let the law take its course. Yours, etc.,

"J. W. K—."

"I do n't see what we are going to do," said Charley.

"Do!" returned Merry; "I should say it was pretty evident what we've got to do."

"Do you know," said Tom, "it looks like pretty small business, now does n't it? I cannot bear to think of its getting to father's ears. He'd call it stealing. For my part I shall be glad enough to settle."

So it was stealing—nothing less; and that it was that made the boys feel so like cowards and sneaks when at length they stood knocking at Kearney's door.

Mr. Kearney was at home, and they were shown into a dimly lighted room. If the boys had known that the letters they had received were written by Fisher, just to give them a fright, and that as yet Mr. Kearney knew nothing of the matter, I fancy they would have yielded to the impulse they felt as they sat silently waiting, and stolen quickly away. But "No," Tom said to himself, "it must be done;" and so when Kearney came, he rose with a fast beating heart, and in a voice that would tremble in spite of his efforts to speak calmly, said,

"We came in answer to your letter." Now, Mr. Kearney did not understand at all, but he made no remarks. "We shall be very glad," began Tom in a hesitating manner, "to settle about—about those grapes."

Mr. Kearney had been quite in the dark; now he began to see a little, and he said, "Well!" very much as if he understood the whole matter.

"We did not realize how bad it was—that—that we had been—stealing, till we came to think it over." Tom blushed and stammered badly.

The old man saw through it all by this time. These boys had been stealing his grapes, and imagined they had been found out in some way. He said very little, himself, but he kept the boys talking until he had the whole story, and then he was in no haste.

"It is very serious business—very serious business," he kept saying. Perhaps he ought not to deal so leniently with them. But finally, after many entreaties on the part of the boys, he named the sum for which he would let them go, and keep the matter a profound secret. It was no trifling amount; and they went out from his presence that night with empty pocket-books, and a debt besides that it took weeks to cancel. How they scrimped, and saved, and worked to pay that debt! And oh! the disgrace of that time, when Kearney would meet them in the street, and look at them with such scornful eyes, his very glance seeming to say, "Oh, you rascals, do n't dare to hold up your heads before me! You are thieves, every one of you, and I know it!"

Tom never forgot the lesson of that time.

"He's a very mean man, to be sure," he would say to the boys; "but if we had not been meaner than he, we never should have been in his power."

"He, he, he!" laughed Kearney, when they went one night to pay the last of their debt; "he, he! I'd like to know who wrote that letter to you. I know I did n't; but 'Murder will out,' and I guess I've given you one lesson."

"Who wrote the letter?" That was a question long unanswered. Long years after, when one of these boys was called Dr. Griswold, he sat in his office one day in familiar chat with a brother physician

from a distant city, whom you or I would have recognized as Fisher. They had been talking over old school days.

"Did you ever know," asked the latter, "who wrote you that letter about the grapes?"

"Was it you, Fisher?"

Fisher laughed.

"I thought to give you a good fright," said he; "but you all took it so coolly I got sold myself, and so never told."

Dr. Griswold did not tell him the other side of the story; and Fisher, who only meant to frighten them, does not, to this day, know all of it.

THE LITTLE GRAVES.

BY MRS. E. J. BUGBEE.

Two little graves, with grass grown over,
Dotted with star-flowers and sweet green clover,
Under the shadow of young oaks lying,
Kissed by the summer wind in its sighing.
Ah, me! Ah, me!

Parlor and hall and porch are lonely,
Missing the voices of childish glee;
We hear in dream and fancy only,
And the faces we never more shall see,
Ah, me! Ah, me!

Thus sighs my heart in its sometime dreaming.
As I think of the graves so far away,
Hiding the treasures of lovely seeming,
That might have gladdened my home to-day.

Then I catch a sound of angel-singing
Over the hills of sunset light;
I know that the days to them are bringing
Never a shadow of dark or night,

In their unfettered soul-life, growing
So wise and holy, and sweet and fair,
So far beyond me in their knowing,
So all unneeding a mother's care.

There comes sometimes a sweet revealing.
A thrilling sense of the unseen things:
The air that o'er my brow is stealing
Seems often stirred by the rush of wings.

Then softly whisper, ye winds of summer,
Over the green mounds so far away;
And watch, oh, stars! I will not murmur,
Though I am alone, alone to-day!

HOW GEORGE GAINED AN EDUCATION.

BY E. S. THAYER.

Possibly you may fancy George a fair, sunny-haired boy, who grew up to be a noticeable man, something like Franklin, Greeley, Gough, or one of the many self-educated men of whom you have heard. Nor, in the last respect, are you wholly mistaken.

It is a fact that all those who, in the face of adverse circumstances, have fought their way through, or past, all difficulties and discouragements, are not of an inferior or ordinary stamp.

Should you ever meet the hero of this story on his way to or from his daily work, in one of our Southern cities, you would be almost sure to give a second look at the open, earnest, coffee-colored face, upon which honesty, energy, and intelligence are imprinted as plainly as the various devices upon one of Uncle Sam's nickels.

My narrative, however, has less to do with this honest, industrious colored citizen, than with a little chubby, wooly-haired urchin of African lineage, who, one sunny afternoon, thirty years ago, was playing in the streets of Richmond, Va., with several boys of the class called "poor whites." Weariness naturally produces peevishness; consequently, after running, leaping and frolicking in other violent ways, for half of a long summer afternoon, the boys fell into a dispute. Little dark-skinned George was the youngest of the party, and being also smaller and weaker than the others, the whole tide of raillery and abuse soon turned upon him.

"George," said one, making as he spoke, two small vertical parallel lines upon a wooden fence by the road with a stray piece of chalk, "What's that? Ha! you don't know, I'll bet!"

"Yes, I do!" answered George, stoutly; "it's two."

"Ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho! ho!" shouted the boys.

"It is n't, you little dunce, it's eleven."

"What's that?" said another, making the figure twelve by the side of the eleven.

George looked earnestly at the mysterious characters, but could by no means make out their signification; and for fear of the boys' unmerciful ridicule, essayed no more bold guesses. Thus they went on, marking words and figures on the boards, and taunting the little colored boy with his ignorance, until their own limited educational attainments were well nigh exhausted. All frolic and sport were at an end for George. The day, in spite of rich golden streaks in the west, was ending in gloom. Two of his tormentors, weary at last of their attempts at jesting and ridicule, turned homewards. But the elder, and much the best disposed of the three, a lank, red-haired, freckled-faced boy, still lingered with George; and, half sorry for his crest-fallen little comrade, endeavored to cheer him up, and thus make some amends for the rudeness of himself and his mates. This was, however, no such easy task as he had imagined. George, moody, sober, thoughtful, kept his eyes downward as they walked along, giving slight heed to the good-natured efforts of his companion to enliven him. Finally, seeing that no ordinary means wrought any change in his companion's fallen countenance, Tom suddenly exclaimed, bringing his hand down with unnecessary force upon the other's shoulder,

"Come, George, I'll show you how to do all those things the fellows plagued you about! We'll make a swop. Your master's rich, you know, and your father's cook. There's lots of things to eat up at your place. Now, just you bring me something good every evening, and I'll give you lessons. My! if you're smart, now, I'll teach you to read in no time!"

Here was consolation in earnest. George's eyes brightened in an instant. Never was bargain settled with greater expedition or

mutual satisfaction. The boys parted with an agreement to put the plan into execution the very next evening.

The following day was one of the most exciting and momentous of George's whole life. The laying aside, without attracting attention, a portion of his breakfast, dinner and supper; the having such a secret on his mind; and above all, the prospect of getting some of that knowledge which he had always until now supposed could only be acquired by white people, were enough to occupy his whole heart and mind to their fullest extent.

George's father and mother were house-servants; and he, being so young, was put to no harder tasks than running of errands or doing small offices about the house and grounds. Late in the afternoon he found it no difficult matter to steal unobserved from the stable, where he had been helping Jim clean the harness, up into the stable loft, where his provisions were concealed under the straw.

But here a serious difficulty presented itself. In spite of his most ingenious efforts, the generous rations of corn bread and meat, with the several delicacies which he had begged of his father during the day, would fill out his little blouse prodigiously, giving him an odd corpulency about the waist, wholly out of proportion to the human figure, and not unlike the appearance of a snake after it has swallowed a good sized toad. He could boast of but one pocket, and that barely held a piece of cake which his father had given him that afternoon, with the remark,

"What a dre'ful appetite dat chile is gittin'! Why, George, you'll eat massa out o' house an' home if you keep on at dis rate!"

But leave a part of his intended bribe at home he could not; for did not all his hopes depend upon giving substantial evidence, at the outset, of his ability and intention to pay well for his tuition?

Tom, although he had in this instance shown some magnanimity, was not a person to be trifled with; and the prospect of an important addition to his scanty bill of

fare had evidently more to do with his proposal than had disinterested benevolence.

George took a reconnoissance from the loft window, and found the coast apparently clear. His master's house being in the suburbs, the grounds were extensive, and ran down to an open meadow, beyond which the land stretched away until it met a large grove, on the border of which was the place of meeting agreed upon by the boys. His blouse having from the rear view no unusual peculiarities, if George could leave the stable without attracting attention, and keep his face steadfastly toward the wood, there was no great danger of detection.

Jim was now whistling at his work in the yard behind the stable, and George stole softly down the stairs at the front, and sped noiselessly out on his little bare feet, walking, however, with the stiffness of an automaton, lest by any unlucky turn toward right or left, he should disclose his singular proportions to some keen eye up at the house. He had in this cautious manner proceeded but a short distance when he heard—with a sinking at his heart which brought him almost to the verge of faintness—Jim dragging his spade across the stable floor.

"Here, you! go up to de house and bring me de ball o' string in de entry!"

There could be no turning back in this case. To face the enemy was impossible. One glance at the distended front of the blouse would be enough for his certain detection. On the other hand, a few of Jim's long strides would suffice for the capture of this small body of infantry, in case of disobedience.

There was but one chance, and that was very small indeed. George was a good runner; yet Jim had great advantage in length of limb, and the former could hardly hope in so long a race to escape. Still, flight was the only course. Detection would at least be averted for a while; and in the second given for decision, George had started on a full run for the meadow.

Down went the shovel, and off went Jim with a whoop which promised sure and swift retribution; but as he was about to leap the garden fence, from the opposite side of which George was just dropping himself, paralyzed with despair and on the point of surrender, a stentorian voice shouted from the house,

"Jim! Jim! what are you doing there? Get those horses out in ten minutes! Hurry up! Do you hear?"

And thus, from hurrying down into the meadow after George, Jim was obliged to "hurry up;" for, though generally kind even to indulgence to his servants, when the master gave forth his royal mandate, woe to the slave—man or woman—who moved with tardy obedience! Consequently it happened, as often happens in life, that just as all was given up as lost, the tide of fortune turned, and George was at liberty to continue his course toward the wood in perfect safety. In the joy of unexpected deliverance, and the exultation of having accomplished a somewhat difficult feat, he reached the place of rendezvous to find—although the time agreed upon for the meeting had passed—no Tom was in sight. George's heart sank again, and this time to lower depths even than when he had expected to feel Jim's hand upon his collar. After all, Tom had no idea of keeping his engagement, and the visions of knowledge in which he had been reveling since yesterday, began to fade into the empty air. Soon, however, there was a rustling of underbrush, and Tom's red top appeared above a steep declivity at the right. With a bound he lighted by the little black figure which sat, tired and disconsolate, on a moss-covered boulder.

"On hand, eh? Well, where's your grub?"

Eagerly George produced his generous store, which was unceremoniously grabbed by the other, who crammed his mouth full, without even so much as a "thank you." In fact, there was no occasion for thanks. It was merely the consummation of a bargain. First the pay; afterwards the merchandise.

"There!" said Tom, having disposed of his large supper in an amazingly short space of time, and now, to the further astonishment of his companion, drawing a long, heavy leather strap from his pocket, "do you see that?"

It was plain enough to be seen. There was no need of a microscope to make out an implement of that size. Nevertheless the astonished boy replied meekly,

"Yes, sir."

Tom the teacher was another person from Tom the yesterday's playmate, and the "sir" was involuntary.

"Now," said the master, his self-importance rising as he observed the impression he had produced, "if you don't get your lessons right up to the notch, I'm going to thrash you well!"

This was a trifle more than George had bargained for. It was literally thrown in gratis; but he had set out for the road of knowledge, and entertained no idea of going back. Moreover, his curiosity was excited. If this was the first step in his education, what was coming next? It was an imposing commencement, to say the least.

Laying the strap down where it would be handy, Tom seated himself on a fallen tree near by, and drew from his other pocket a tattered primer. Soberly, earnestly, almost with awe, the little colored boy sat down by his side, and riveted his attention upon the strange inky characters, as if life and death depended upon mastering them.

Evening after evening—in spite of many difficulties on George's part, some of them almost as trying and threatening as the scene we have narrated—saw the singular pair seated on the old tree trunk, Tom munching as he taught, and George's face growing brighter and brighter as progress and insight into the once mysterious pages filled his heart with encouragement and delight. He fed Tom's body, while Tom fed his mind. Which had the best of the bargain, the poor, physically-starved white boy, or the mind-starved slave? No use was made of the strap except to hurl vengeance at mosquitoes. Indeed, so apt and

earnest was the scholar, that no legitimate use for it could have been found. It served merely as a badge of authority and office. Tom invariably spread it out with much pomp the first week or two of his career as a pedagogue; but either this form lost its charm with its novelty, or the strap was found too burdensome to be carried about so frequently, for it soon disappeared from the study-ground.

Two facts soon became very apparent to all observers; but through the caution and ingenuity of the parties concerned, these were never so coupled together as to awaken any suspicion as to the true state of affairs. George, finding it impossible to continually satisfy an appetite like Tom's by extraordinary appeals to parental good nature and liberality without drawing upon himself unpleasant remarks and curiosity, soon judged it expedient to supply the emergency almost entirely by generous savings from his own regular allowances. As a consequence, while Tom grew remarkably fat and ruddy, so that in a month you would scarcely have recognized him as the pale, thin lad he had hitherto been, George, from a chubby, round-faced boy, grew so lank and hollow-eyed that his parents became seriously alarmed; and the more so because his disease was of so strange a kind, the doctor himself not being able to satisfactorily account for so sudden a decline, attended by such a remarkable appetite—his parents declaring that George made away with every eatable that could be set before him.

This state of things came to an end, however, before the child's health was seriously affected by his voluntary low diet. In less than six months Tom was hired out at a distance, and the lessons thus broken up; but this was not before George had mastered the primer, and, through Tom's agency, become the possessor of an ancient reader, a coverless speller and definer, and an old writing-book, with here and there an unwritten page—treasures which were secreted in the stable loft, and there pored over in secret. Little by little, in spite of

all difficulties, George continued to add to his small stock of knowledge. As he grew older, and his master discovered that he had obtained past recovery that which he would never have consented to have had imparted to him, the latter, taking advantage of these acquirements, gave him services to perform which could never have been assigned him had his attainments been less.

Thus, one after another, new and better advantages came in his way, of which he made so good use that after the emancipation proclamation and the fall of Richmond, he was a well-educated man, in a position of trust, prepared not only to take care of himself, but to make a home for his wife and children and mother and sister, now that freedom had cast them suddenly upon their own resources.

To-day he is considered an invaluable assistant by his employer, and is supporting his family and educating his children as independently as any white citizen, while his less fortunate brothers and sisters have scarcely learned to read, if, indeed, they have had the leisure or perseverance necessary for that acquirement, which is doubtful. As an encouragement for his children, George often tells them of his youthful struggles for learning, and begs them to improve their superior advantages.

SELF-COMMAND.

BY MARY P. HALE.

A number of strange cattle were passing by the front door-yard, and, Fido, anxious to do his duty, immediately forsook his place of repose near the door-step and hastened to the gate, all ready for a bark and a jump and a run, if need be.

A good thing, Fido, to be ever ready to leave your sleep or play and jump at the call of duty—a very good thing for dogs, and boys, too.

For Fido had been taught to aid his master in driving home cattle. But he was yet young in years and experience, and had sometimes run out when he had no business

to do so, barking furiously at cattle not belonging to his master. On one occasion he was hurt severely for his interference; and he seemed to remember this, and the frequent but more kindly lessons of his master; for now he stood at the gate in a state of indecision, apparently arrested by a train of thought, which, doubtless, not unfrequently passes through a dog's mind.

Looking under the gate, and through the slats, standing on his hind legs, gazing at each individual cow, with wagging tail, he seemed to arrive at this conclusion:

"No time to speak, Fido! Better be still! But don't I long to bark, though? These are not *our* cattle—wish they were—and as they are not, I had better keep still. What a pity a dog may not always speak when he has a mind to! It would be such fun for me to rush through the village street, driving those cattle, displaying my powers of eloquence and gesture, and astonishing the neighbors! But they're not *ours*, that's plain; and it would be quite out of place for me to be seen so doing."

So, like a sensible dog, Fido remained silent.

"Good dog, Fido!" said Arthur, patting his head. "Mother, did n't he behave splendid? See, how well he remembered his lessons."

"Yes; I was thinking that same thing myself," replied his mother, smiling.

"And did n't you think, too, that you wished *boys* would remember their lessons as well?"

"Perhaps so."

"It made *me* think," continued Arthur, "of two of father's proverbs—'Think twice before you speak once;' and 'Be sure you're right before you go ahead;' and how ashamed I felt once, when I saw a man going through our orchard, and I called out, 'Hallo! there, old fellow, what business have you got there?' It turned out to be Mr. Wright, whom father had given leave always to cross there. I did feel mean enough afterwards."

"It surely is a very foolish thing to be

so ready to speak, when one is not sure he is right," replied his mother.

"There are some fellows that do, though. There's Tom Push, who always feels so sure that his own way is best; and it often turns out to be just as wrong as can be. Then, there's Jim Sartin, as aunty calls him. He thinks he knows so much, and is so positive. We boys were talking over our astronomy one day, when one of the younger ones asked if the moon went around the sun. 'No,' said Jim, 'it goes around the earth.' 'And the sun, too,' said most of the other boys. 'I say it don't,' said Professor Sartin, and he stuck to it. But he got a good lesson, a real good shaming, and he has n't been quite so pretentious since. It seems Mr. Spring overheard him; and that very day, among some general questions, he asked some in regard to the moon's motions, requesting all who knew to raise their hands. Jim raised his, and Mr. Spring asked for his reply. He gave just what we boys expected, and did it with such a positive air. 'Then, you can, no doubt, explain this diagram,' said Mr. Spring, pointing to one on the black-board. Jim looked confused; and the teacher called him out upon the platform to explain. He began, but made such blunders that the whole school laughed. I tried not to, but could n't help it. I pitied him, he looked so ashamed. And he had to stand there all the time Charley King was explaining, for Mr. Spring called *him* up, when he found Jim failed; and Charley did it grandly. I felt sorry for Jim, though."

"I am glad you do not rejoice at a school-fellow's disgrace," said his mother. "Never add to the trouble of such an one by ridicule or harshness."

"That's what Mr. Spring teaches us; and only a few of the boys shouted out, when Jim took to his heels after school, 'There goes the learned professor!' That seemed worse than Fido barking at the strange cows. I will not forget the lesson Fido has taught me."

MY SAWING BURGLAR

BY F. HAMILTON.

Chestnutting was one of the greatest pleasures I could enjoy during my boyhood; and many were the excursions I made, far and near, to obtain the sweet, tender nut. Twice during one fall, with several companions, I walked ten miles, and slept all night in a barn, in order to reach a certain piece of woods where the chestnut tree flourished, and where we hoped to obtain an unusual quantity of its fruit. That we were disappointed in this, is too common an affair to be spoken of; but the history of a little fright that I received while camping in the barn referred to, may be worth relating.

On the day of our first excursion the weather was cold and dreary, and we were glad indeed to reach the farmer's where we intended to stay. Not within doors, however, for there were four of us—too many for one bed, and we would not ask for two—so we had decided to seek permission to sleep in the barn on the hay, which permission was readily accorded, and whither we at once retired, after having eaten of the provisions which we had with us.

For an hour or more we lay laughing and talking, enjoying the strangeness of our position; but at length one after another dropped off to slumber, rolled in the warm buffalo-ropes with which our farmer-friend had supplied us. Some two, or perhaps three hours had elapsed when I awoke. The sweet fragrance of the hay, the soft patter of the rain which was now falling upon the roof overhead, and the occasional stamp of some uneasy horse in the stable below, all tended to fill my brain with busy thoughts, and I found that waking up was easier work than going to sleep again.

I could hear the cows in the yard without, or under the shed, the bleating of the distant sheep in the hill-side pasture, and I crept to the little window in the loft and put my head out, to listen to the voices of the night.

Suddenly, in a little lull of other sounds, I plainly heard the quick, unmistakable working of a saw! Who could be sawing

at this time of night? I glanced at my watch; a quarter to twelve! Something must be wrong. I listened more earnestly. The sound was plainly distinguishable now above all others, and I thought that it came from the direction of the stock-barn, which stood in the rear of the one where we were. At times it would cease for a moment, and all would be still; then begin again more decidedly than before. It *was* a saw; somebody must be trying either to break into the house or the other barn! What should I do?

Listening but a moment longer to become certain that my ears had not deceived me, I turned and crept to the side of one of the boys, placed my hand upon his arm, and whispered in his ear, "Charlie, wake up! Hush! no noise! Some one is trying to break into the house; come to this window and listen."

He understood me, and without a word we moved silently back to the window and waited.

"There! Do you hear?" I exclaimed, as the sound again broke upon the night air; "that's it!"

"Yes, I hear," he replied; "it's some one sawing! Let's wake the boys and go down."

We lost no time, and soon all four of us, boots in hand, were softly creeping down the ladder that led to the floor below. Then came a whispered consultation as to the best mode of procedure. It was decided that two should go in each direction around the barn; then, if nothing be discovered, meet again and make the circuit of the house; and so, arming ourselves with pitchforks and clubs, we started.

Charlie was with me, and as we crept along through the darkness, he whispered, "Listen, Fern; do you hear the noise now?"

I waited a moment and answered, "No; but they may have stopped just at this instant. Let us move on."

Through the mud and water under foot, and the night and water overhead, we

pushed along, listening to every sound, peering toward every shadow, seeing men behind every tree, a burglar in every cow, until the search in that direction was completed, and in silence we met our friends behind the stock-barn.

No, they had seen nothing, heard nothing. The only thing to do was to proceed around the house, and, with renewed caution to each other to "go still," and "shout if you see anything," we parted again.

Another twenty minutes of muddy, sloppy searching and suspense, and, crouching under the front door-steps, four cold, shivering boys decided that no one was committing a burglary; and that dry hay and warm buffaloes were preferable to the drizzling rain.

Charlie and I were most severely censured ere we were allowed to sleep; but, proud in the consciousness that we were right in our idea of having heard a saw, we overlooked, or rather underheard, the sharp things that were said, and waited for further developments of the strange affair.

Morning brought an unpleasant day; and as we rode homeward at night, through the kindness of our farmer-friend, we all agreed to try chestnutting again on the following week.

The "burglar," meantime, had been almost forgotten. Other things took our attention; and it was not until when, just one week later, as we were lying on the sweet-scented hay again, watching the moonbeams that came glinting through the cracks of the old barn, for the evening was a beautiful one, that the affair was even referred to. Then Jack spoke up:

"Fern, should you hear the burglars again to-night, please do n't wake me up; I am very tired, and cowardly, too, you know."

"Well," said I, laughing, "perhaps I won't. It would be a good night to catch them, though; the moon is quite bright."

Songs, stories, laughter, and then silence; we all slept. Whether some stray thought of the last night that I had lain there was the cause of my waking, or not, I cannot tell; but wake I did, and at nearly the same hour as on the previous occasion. The

golden moon was sailing in unclouded beauty overhead, and I crept again to the little window to enjoy the scene spread out before me. Cattle, lying and standing; the old barn, its roughnesses softened; the distant fields, dim and glistening; the dark, low-lying woods; all were covered with the silver sheen which the silence rendered only the more enchanting.

Drinking in the pure cool air, I was enjoying the night fully, when suddenly there came sharply to my ear that well-remembered sound—the saw was at work again!

What could this mean? Was it man or beast? I leaned far out, and strained every nerve to determine from whence the noise proceeded; then turning, I crept over my sleeping companions, descended to the barn below, and having armed myself with a short thick club, stole quietly out into the moonlight on my solitary tour of exploration.

Past the stock-barn, past the cattle-sheds, past the wagon-house, and yet the noise had not ceased; in fact, it rather seemed to have grown louder; and although it sometimes stopped for an instant, it would begin again stronger than ever. Where could it be? Only the pig-pen now remained on my line of march, and beyond there stretched an unbroken field. I pushed on.

Suddenly, as I hesitated for a moment, standing out in the full moonbeams, and listening intently, a sound came to my ear, which, though but a little one, explained the whole matter. *I had found my robber, and knew what he was saving!*

Back to the barn and my friends. "Boys! Not a word! We've got him this time, sure! I've seen the burglar myself!"

They hurriedly scrambled up.

"Where?" "Is it a man?" "The burglar, did you say?"

"Yes, the robber; and he is a man. Come on," I answered; and we crowded silently out into the beautiful night.

"Get your sticks and pitchforks; he's a heavy fellow."

They seized whatever weapon lay nearest their hands, and declared themselves ready to go, all the time plying me with questions of every sort. Refusing to an-

swer anything, and ordering complete silence, I placed myself at the head of the column and led them forth to victory. We passed the stock-barn, the cattle-sheds, the wagon-house, and then I halted. "Do you hear?"

"Yes! yes!" they whispered; "but where?"

"Follow," I proudly replied, "and see;" and in battle order, but in silence still, we marched upon the hog-pen. As we drew nearer, and the sound became more and more distinct, a gradual doubt seemed to o'erspread the faces of my comrades, which, changing to a disagreeable certainty of having been "sold," as we drew near, culminated in a broad grin and a jolly shout, as, leaning over the side of the pen, I pointed to the astonished old porker, who, in scratching himself against the boards of his house, had made all the sawing noise, and exclaimed, "Gentlemen, the burglar is before you!"

TO IMPRESS LEAVES, FERNS, ETC., ON PAPER, WOOD, AND CLOTH.

BY AUNT CARRIE.

Little boys and girls, as well as adults, can make beautiful articles, by ornamenting them with spatter-work, according to the directions we have given in our last number. Boys can make boxes, paper-knives, frames, book-racks, tables, etc., of plain whitewood—even of common white pine—and make them beautiful, with spatter-work. The wood-work should be varnished, after the impressions are made, with pure copal varnish. Girls can make tidies, mats, toilet-sets, handkerchief and glove-cases, pin-cushions, etc., of white cotton velvet, fine ribbed marseilles, white lawn, white silk, or white satin, and ornament them with spatter-work. Both girls and boys can make all kinds of pretty articles on card-board, ornamenting them with mottoes, crosses, or any design, cut out in paper, ferns, or pressed leaves; the impression made by spatter-work. This work, with practice, can be made very artistic, by shading your bouquets, wreaths, or flower designs. The art of perspective drawing

is of service in this work. If you desire to arrange a cross, shade it, and make it appear as if a vine was trailing over it, place on the paper, first, the vine which is to appear in the foreground as if growing on the front of the cross; also, any ferns or leaves designed to appear in the foreground; then place the parts of your cross to appear in the foreground. The arms should not be placed straight, as it is more graceful, and the perspective is better, if the angle of the arm of the cross is slightly acute. Then place the parts of your cross designed to be in shadow, then the ferns or leaves you desire to appear in the background. Fasten the first vine, etc., you placed on the paper with needles, and the others, if necessary. Then spatter, as before directed. After giving a delicate shade all over the whole picture, take up the leaves you placed for the background. Then spatter again. Then take up the parts of the cross to appear in shadow; spatter all over; then take up the cross and spatter as before. Your picture is then finished. Between each removal the ink must be allowed to dry, for fear of soiling your design. When dry, remove the vine. The effect is quite wonderful to those ignorant of spatter-work. Any design you desire to arrange can be thus shaded, by remembering the rule of placing first whatever is to appear in the foreground, without any spatters, arranging the rest in order, and taking off those first which are to appear shaded darkest; and before removing any leaf, let the spatters dry.

We have made some very pretty shaded tidies with this art. Monograms placed in the center, with lycopodiums, maiden's hair, etc., arranged in groups around it, are very effective. Old Roman letters, cut from play-bills or newspapers, children can use. One little boy in our neighborhood arranged quite a group-picture, with animals, men, children, etc., he had first cut out in paper. Neatness is very essential in this work; and all who attempt it should wear either a black dress or an old dress, as it might be injured by spatters. This work affords great opportunities to exercise your patience and ingenuity.



ANOTHER LETTER FROM PRUDY.

Connecticut. "Dear Little Corporal: When I saw what little tiny type you had to squeeze my Kansas letter into, I was sorry I made it so long; because I remember when I was a small girl I never used to read things in fine type—I was sure they could not be interesting. This letter will be shorter, for I don't mean to tell you a thing about the journey, not even the wonderful Suspension Bridge, or the lovely, lovely glimpse of the great Falls, and the swirling river tossed into gleaming eddies of liquid green and white; not even the beautiful hills, the clear streams, and the fair green valleys that seemed so delightful after the prairies, that we pronounced each one more charming than the last. This is the end of the journey, here among the hills of Connecticut, in a pleasant little farm-house, from whose windows I see, on every side, such lovely pictures. Just now, if I lift my eyes, I can see, a mile away, a clear little pond glittering like polished steel in this wonderful sunshine. Scattered over it are tiny islands, and all around it are great hills, covered with woods; green slopes where cattle are feeding; fields white with blossoming buckwheat; and opening towards me the low valley through which I can trace, by its fringe of alders, the little river that feeds the pond. Close behind the house, with only a meadow and an orchard between, a great ledge of rock juts out, lifting on its top mighty trees. In some places the rocks are straight as the wall of the house, and much higher; in others they are broken and tossed about, so that we find it no difficult task to climb to the top, and look away over the woods and valleys. We like to climb them to see the sun set, and watch the wonderful colors that paint the clouds. Two miles away, along the edge of the hill, we can see the cars go creeping along the white embankment that makes the train look as if it were suspended in the air. Shall I tell you what we do? Well, we take long walks in the woods, and by the streams; we gather loads of wild flowers; we sit by the clear little brooks and hear them make music over the stones. One of us (not Prudy) wades in the water, and builds dams of small stones. We gather berries, oh! such delicious berries! Fragrant red raspberries, growing by all the roadides in such profusion that all our picking seemed to make no impression! Then, when the raspberries went, the huckleberries, sweet and luscious, and fairly bending the low bushes to the ground. They grew everywhere in the dry rocky pastures, and we were never tired of them. They are growing scarce now, and we have to console ourselves with blackberries, which are an excellent substitute, only not so easily obtained. Apples are scarce, but we are fortunate enough to have a few; and pears are abundant. This afternoon we are going to visit the famous Wolf Den, only a few miles from here, where brave old

General Putnam killed the wolf, with no thought of making himself immortal by the deed. In fact, CORPORAL, I have no doubt many of our boys and girls have done, and will do, quite as brave deeds. There are some of the young army here, too. I could tell you of a whole family I have lately met, who enlisted away in far-off Syria, and whose hearty testimony to the welcome which the dear little magazine met in their missionary home was very delightful to me. Well, CORPORAL, I trust this will be the last letter you will receive from this part of the world with Prudy's signature. Long before it finds its way into type, Prudy hopes to be at her own dear home, not writing letters, but reading them. Your friend,

PRUDY."

Leesville. "Dear Prudy: I am eleven years old, and have taken THE LITTLE CORPORAL four years, and like it better every year. I have lived in Minnesota, too. I spent almost a year there, and three years in Illinois. I have a sister Ellie, seven years old, and Myrtle is three, and as mischievous as Tommy Bancroft. Prudy, tell me is not the hole in your pocket at the top, where you put the letters in? But if the hole is in the bottom, watch this letter closely, for I would so like to see one that I had written my own self published. But I will stop writing, or this letter will be sure to get out of that mysterious hole. Good-bye,

EFFIE PRICE."

Vineland. "Dear Prudy: This is the first time I have written to you; but I hope you will print my letter. I live in a town called Vineland, because it has grape vines to every house. It is a temperance town, too, and has no larger beer saloons or taverns. None of the houses have fences, but some of them have hedges. Charles R. Landis is the founder of the town. I have earned \$8.50 picking strawberries, raspberries and blackberries this year. I have three sisters and one brother. I am the oldest. My mother is assistant editress of Arthur's Home Magazine and Children's Hour. I can't write very good, because I am left-handed, and mother makes me write with my right hand. Good-bye. From your friend,

KATE DUFFEY."

Bell Center. "Dear Prudy: I am eleven years old. Our school is out. I am very sorry 'Uncle Dick's Legacy' is stopped. I like 'Hidden Treasures' the best of any piece in the book. We live where there is lots of sand, and we make holes in the ground and play stick and turtle. I have two little brothers and one sister. We have lots of fun. I wish THE CORPORAL came every week. I always go for the mail when I am expecting it. I like the chromos very much. I am afraid I have written too much. This is the first time I have ever written to you. Be sure

and put it in your pocket. Good-bye. From your friend,
LIZZIE JANE WILLIS."

Driftwood. "Dear Prudy: I am taking THE LITTLE CORPORAL this year for the first time, and like it very much. I am a little boy twelve years old, and take music lessons. I have no brothers, but have three sisters. I received my little chromos and think they are beautiful. Which do you think is the prettiest? I think 'Mother's Morning Glory' is. I would like to know who you are; I think you are Mrs. Miller. As this is the first letter I have ever written you, I would like you to put it in your pocket. I would like to see my name in THE LITTLE CORPORAL very much. Prudy, my letter is so long I will stop. Good-bye. From your little friend,
"WILLIAM G. B. MUSSEK."

Peekskill. "Dear Prudy: I go to school, but it is vacation now. Our school opens the first of September. This is the first year I have taken THE CORPORAL, and I like it very much. My papa subscribed for it unknown to me or my sister. A lady came and asked mamma to let me take it, and papa said THE CORPORAL was coming here, and I thought he meant a man. But at last my curiosity was satisfied by coming home from school one day and finding the books, together with the chromos. Grace, my sister, chose 'Mother's Morning Glory,' so I had 'Little Runaway.' But I think he is the prettiest. Hoping to see this letter in THE CORPORAL, I remain your friend,
LIZZIE B. SIMPKINS."

Morristown. "Dear Prudy: I am one of the little girls who take THE CORPORAL, and have only been taking it this year. I used to take the Nursery; but papa thought I was growing too old for it, so I changed for THE CORPORAL, and like it very much. I like the continued stories best, because there is more of them, only a month seems a long time to wait for another part. I think 'Hidden Treasure' is the most interesting story, and I like it very much. We have come to Morristown for the summer, but our home is in Yonkers, on the Hudson. Morristown is a very nice place. It has a great many hills around it. Our house, where we are staying, is very near the woods. Perhaps you do not know that General Washington spent a winter here. While he was here he took his soldiers up into these woods and set them to building a fort—not a real fort, because it is only a bank of earth—and when it was done he named it Fort Nonsense, because he only did it to prevent his soldiers from getting lazy. There is also a house where General Washington spent the same winter; and the family, who lived in the large part moved into the small wing, and gave up the rest to General Washington and his soldiers; and ever since it has gone by the name of Washington's Headquarters. A few weeks ago it was sold at auction, and bought by the State of New Jersey, to be kept as a private building in remembrance of General Washington and his soldiers. The day it was sold I went with papa through it, and I saw a table that General Washington used to carry about the house with him to write on, and also a tall, old-fashioned clock, more than a hundred years old. I guess my letter is getting pretty long, so I will have to stop. From your little friend,
"FAIRY D. BAIRD."

Greenville. "Miss Prudy—My Dear Friend: I guess you have never received a letter from here, so I will write to you. We live on a large farm in Pennsylvania. Papa carries on a large amount of business. We have a piano and a melodeon, which makes it very pleasant. I have taken THE LITTLE CORPORAL for three years, and like it very much. I read it to sister Lillian, and she is delighted with it. I have been very sick this summer, but am better now. I have some friends in Chicago, and I expect to go there sometime myself, and would be pleased to call on Mr. Miller and yourself (Mrs. Miller, as I

suppose that is who Prudy is; but probably I am wrong in my belief). Now, Miss Prudy, be sure and put this in your September number. I shall look for it, and hope I will not be disappointed. From your loving friend,
IRENE JOEL."

Tallula. "Here is a curious kind of a worm, that lives on the sassafras tree. When it is still its head looks like a snake's. When I stuck my finger at it, it would stick a little fork out of its nose, like a snake's tongue, and made me jump. When it crawls it has a green sleek head, like a measuring worm. There are many other kinds of worms, and eggs so little you can hardly see them. Did you ever see a worm like this? If you know the name of it, tell us all about it.
F. R."

The curious worm arrived safe and sound; but as Prudy has such a perfect horror for creatures of this species, she lighted Mr. Worm out the back window, to look out for himself.

Mineral Point. "Dear Prudy: My sister takes THE LITTLE CORPORAL, and I like it very much. This is the first year she has taken it. I like all the stories in THE CORPORAL, but I like 'Hidden Treasure' best. We received the two chromos, and I think they are both very pretty, but I like 'Mother's Morning Glory' best. I live among the Alleghany Mountains. I am ten years old. I have two sisters older than myself. Please put this in your pocket, as it is the first I have written. Your friend,
"ETTA MILLER."

Viroqua. "Dear Prudy: Mamma says I may write and tell you about the Little Girls' Missionary Society Fair. My papa bought me a dolly in a little cradle, and a book. The minister's wife is going to send the money to a friend of hers in India. My little brother is not quite two years old, and he loves to look at our picture of 'Red Ridinghood.' He says, 'Little girl waid of wolf bite, drop baketa.' He means basket, you know. He plays 'hide and seek' as well as I can. He says, 'Edie writte Prudy.' Carrie Nichols came to see me yesterday, and we washed my doll's clothes. I rinsed and Carrie washed. We thought it was fun. We spread them out on the grass to dry. Then we rigged up in long dresses of mamma's, and played we were ladies. Willie kissed the paper right on this spot, and says, 'Kissy Prudy.' Please put this in your pocket. Your little friend,
EDIE BLAKE."

Drifton, Fla. "Dear Prudy: I am a boy twelve years old, and live down here in Florida. I was twelve years old on the 21st of June. I am studying telegraphy, and can read by sound. Prudy, you publish more letters from girls than from boys. I wish to tell Richard Dallam that I would like to correspond with him. If he likes, he can answer in next CORPORAL. Please sew up all the holes in your pocket before you put this in. Please put it in THE CORPORAL. Your friend,
WILLIE T. HEFLIN."

The boys should send Prudy more letters, then she will have more boys' letters published.

Webster's Corners. "Dear Prudy: I don't know what I should do without THE CORPORAL, for I think it gets better all the time, and I wish it would come weekly. I wrote to you once before, and so I will write again. Some of the puzzles are so hard I can't find them out. My papa works at Oil Creek, about ninety-six miles from us. My dear mamma and I live with my grandma and uncle. I have nice times. I am knitting a pair of socks for my papa a Christmas present, for he is always doing something for me, and I think he will be pleased, don't you, Prudy? I guess this is long enough. Dear Prudy, if you ever come out to East Hamburg, come and see us. Please don't let this slip through that big hole. From your loving friend,
EVA."



CONDUCTED BY PRIVATE QUEER.

No. 44—ENIGMA.

I am composed of forty letters.

- My 18, 26, 21, 31, 25, is a month.
 My 9, 34, 4, 20, is a river in Prussia.
 My 8, 4, 20, 18, 9, 33, 36, is one of the United States.
 My 26, 5, 13, 27, 25, 18, 4, 27, 13, 31, is a very useful study.
 My 18, 31, 2, 15, 26, 33, 34, is an island in the Atlantic ocean.
 My 18, 4, 6, 21, 13, 18, 39, 31, is a river in New Hampshire.
 My 15, 18, 3, 2, 21, 6, 29, 35, 14, is a noted port in England.
 My 31, 22, 33, 31, 4, 20, 16, 13, 1, 26, is a musical instrument.
 My 7, 31, 26, 40, 32, 15, 4, is a tributary of the Amazon river.
 My 31, 26, 33, 26, 8, 2, 21, 32, 14, is a cape projecting from one of the Southern States.
 My 24, 32, 14, 1, 7, 16, is a fruit tree.
 My 23, 25, 13, 8, 36, 14, 4, is a cape projecting into the Gulf of St. Lawrence.
 My 24, 39, 8, 2, 20, 18, 4, 15, 29, 33, is a vegetable.
 My 6, 20, 7, 34, 28, is a person I should like very much to see.
 My 8, 19, 18, 18, 35, 17, 20, 4, was a great poet.
 My whole is a maxim of one of our Presidents.
Alfred P. Walbridge.

No. 45—CHARADE.

My first, when neatly and carefully made,
 Is the house-wife's pride and boast;
 'Tis very important for cakes and pies,
 And equally good for toast.

My second, of earth and tin is made,
 And also of silver and gold;
 'Tis found at the board of the beggar and king,
 The draught of refreshment to hold.

My whole is a blossom, all yellow and bright,
 And oft in the fields greets our eyes;
 Now, if you cannot guess this simple charade,
 I shall say you are not very wise. *M. H. H.*

No. 46—PUZZLE.

I am a word of three syllables; my first and second signify a state of existence; my third is a hard substance; and my whole is the name of a celebrated traveler.

No. 47—A FLOCK OF BIRDS.

Time for rest; a welcome place to travelers; and a strong wind.

A color, and one who deals severe blows.
 To cut off the outside of a thing, and indicating to decay.

One who is strong in power, and an angler.
 To steal, and a public house.

No. 48—TWO WORD SQUARES.

An animal.
 A number.
 To obtain.

To possess.
 A curse.
 A snare.
Archie P. Daniels.

No. 49—ENIGMA.

I am composed of fifteen letters.

- My 13, 9, 2, 14, is a metal.
 My 1, 6, 15, is a boy's name.
 My 7, 2, 6, 10, is a collection of trees.
 My 5, 8, 4, 10, is part of a clock.
 My 3, 12, 13, 9, is seen on the head.
 My 11, 6, 15, was the name of a poetess.
 My whole was the name of the author of a song known in every household. *Joseph W. Jones.*

No. 50—ANAGRAM.

There is a word of nine letters, of which the first, second and third spell the name of an article much used in warm countries; the second and third a particle implying nearness; the third, fourth and fifth sound like an effort; the fourth and fifth like a sort of grain; the fourth, fifth and sixth mean a border; the sixth, seventh and eighth a Scottish word for a human being; and the whole, when transposed, spell "into my arm," an expression quite significant of the meaning of the word itself. *F. R. F.*

No. 51—RIDDLE.

I am what you and I often see.
 Kings and great men seldom see;
 And God never did and never can see.
 Who am I, and what is my name? *F. R. F.*

No. 52—WORD SQUARE.

A domestic creature.
 To protract.
 Not ancient.

Bella.

No. 53—HIDDEN COUNTIES OF IOWA.

The car rolled swiftly over the bridge.
 The pin was bent on the floor.
 It was a canary I saw this morning.
 His cottage stood at the foot of the hill.
 Is Muscat in Europe or Asia?
 Was the ring gold or silver?
 Was it a man that you saw?
 I dare not do it. *Harry H. Dane.*

No. 54—ENIGMA.

- I am composed of thirty-one letters.
 My 1, 6, 10, 12, 22, 31, 2, is an animal.
 My 1, 3, 5, 23, 24, 2, is a kind of ale.
 My 25, 5, 11, 10, 4, 13, 7, is a boy's name.
 My 26, 19, 29, 8, is one of the United States.
 My 4, 11, 1, is an article worn on the head.
 My 19, 6, 18, 12, 24, 5, is a worker in furs.
 My 30, 11, 8, 21, 9, 20, is a girl's name.
 My 14, 25, 27, is a preposition.
 My 15, 3, 17, 31, is a part of the head.
 My 16, 5, 24, means anger.
 My 22, 6, 11, 17, is a man's name.
 My 23, 5, 29, 7, 22, is a race of people.
 My whole is an old adage. *Irving Washburn.*

No. 55—WORD SQUARE.

Not cold.
 Metal in mineral state.
 Twice five.

Bella.

No. 56—RIDDLE.

I give the world the staff of life;
 Ah! how would do the good man's wife
 If I my treasure never yield?
 Behcad me once, and then I burn,
 And often on the race-course turn
 The scale and win the field.
 Behcad again, and I consume
 The staff of life, and ne'er presume
 To satiate my appetite.
 Behcad again, and I am near.
 Now tell me what I am, my dear,
 And get the answer right.

D. O. Uno.

No. 57—LITOTES.

My first is in mew, but not in cry.
 My second is in soar, but not in fly.
 My third is in star, but not in moon.
 My fourth is in fork, but not in spoon.
 My fifth is in cat, but not in dog.
 My sixth is in newt, but not in frog.
 My seventh is in cloud, but not in fog.
 My eighth is in Lapp, but not in Swede.
 My ninth is in dell, but not in mead.
 My tenth is in draft, but not in deed.
 My eleventh is in yacht, but not in pier.
 And my whole is conducted by Private Queer.

Harry H. Dane.

CORRECT ANSWERS.

Correct answers were sent by the following persons: Mabel B. Beardsley, Arthur G. Smith, Albert Alexander, Nannie Locke, James A. Cook, Kittie M. Edmonds, G. H. Hicks, James P. Peppers, Grace Clark, Willie T. Heflin, John Rodgers, Emily A. Scott, Irving Denslow, Mamie McElree, L. L. Ora, Mary B. Shaw, Emma Barker, Lizzie A. Dyckes, Annie A. Seward, Fannie M. Porter, Willie D. Ful-

lerton, Ella Adland, Rosa Gordon, Nelly A. Patchen, Anna Sanford, Julia M. Case, Fannie Rinehart, Lizzie Curtis.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES, ETC., IN SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

No. 29.—Buried European Rivers—Tagus, Douro,

Thames, Rhine, Dwina, Rhone.

No. 30.—Word Square—M A D E

A B E L

D E L L

E L L A

No. 31.—Riddle—Thermometer.

No. 32.—Charade—Celestine.

No. 33.—Word Square—P A I N

A B L E

I L E X

N E X T

No. 34.—Enigma—Washington.

No. 35.—Geographical Subtraction—S-pain; O-sage;
F-ear; N-eva; B-lock; N-ice; P-earl.

No. 36.—Enigma—"Ever ready with our lives and property."

No. 37.—Charade—Dandelion.

No. 38.—Word Square—C O R N

O L I O

R I F T

N O T E

No. 39.—Riddle—Note.

No. 40.—An Old Puzzle—"If the grate be empty,
put coal on. If the grate be full, stop putting coal
on."No. 41.—A Flock of Birds—Rob-in; Spar-row; Mar-
tin; Spoon-bill; Bob-o-link; Long-spur.

No. 42.—Charade—Bank of England.

No. 43.—Historical and Acrostical Enigma—Prussia;
Russia; Ulysses; Danes; Yang-tee-Kiang; Scot-
land; Patmos; Omaha; China; Kamtschatka;
England; Tibet; Prudy's Pocket.

PICTURE STORY NO. 2—PLAYING TRUANT.

Translation will be given next month.



The Little Corporal.

TERMS—\$1.50 a year. Single Numbers 15 cents.

JOHN E. MILLER,
Publisher and Proprietor,
No. 164 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

THE POSTAGE on the LITTLE CORPORAL is three cents a quarter, or 12 cents a year, payable quarterly at the P. O. where the magazine is received.

CHICAGO, OCTOBER, 1873.

Free! Three Months Free!

CHROMOS FREE!

All new subscribers for 1874, whose names and money are received by us before November first, will receive the October, November and December numbers **FREE!** This applies to all names, sent singly or in clubs.

All new subscribers for 1874 will also receive a pair of our beautiful chromos, "Mother's Morning Glory," and "Little Runaway," **FREE!** The chromos will be mounted, ready for framing, and sent *post paid*. See what is said about the chromos in another place.

NOW IS THE TIME to begin a club. Try for a large one, and if you do not secure enough names to get the premium you wish, then you can choose a smaller one.

Begin to canvass at once, and don't wait until every one has subscribed for something else. Send in the names as fast as you get them, and we will credit them on Premium Account, and when the club is full you can choose your premium.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

The price of **THE LITTLE CORPORAL** is **\$1.50** a year, paid in advance, and each subscriber will receive a pair of the chromos, mounted ready for framing, sent *post paid*, without any further charge.

The postage on the magazine is three cents a quarter, payable at the office of delivery.

We have heretofore charged 25 cents extra for mounting the chromos, and to prepay the postage on them. We will send them free to every subscriber whose name and money is received before November first.

To those who will send us the 25c. extra, we will send some chromo or engraving as an equivalent. Remember, the chromos are *free!*

PRIZE TRANSLATION.—The prize offered for the best poetical translation of the Picture Story, "Rum and Run," in the August number of **THE CORPORAL**, is awarded to Winnie P. Ballard, aged thirteen years, Williamstown, Mass.

ENCLOSE A STAMP.—At this time of the year we receive a great many letters of inquiry, which frequently do not pertain to business matters connected with this office, but which, in order to insure prompt replies, should have a stamp enclosed.

LETTERS TO PRUDY'S POCKET should have no business matters connected with them, unless written upon a separate sheet of paper. This will also apply to contributions to Work and Play, and answers to puzzles, etc.

Letters to Prudy, and Private Queer, and to the editor, or publisher, should all be on separate sheets of paper, but may all be enclosed in one envelope, and addressed to the editor or publisher.

If our friends will follow the above suggestions, it will not only be a great convenience to us, but will generally insure more prompt attention to the business parts of their letters.

THE NEW PREMIUM LIST.—In another place will be found our new List of Premiums for clubs. We desire to call particular attention to this list, as we think it surpasses anything we have ever offered before. We have endeavored to offer only such articles as are useful and valuable to have; and the terms are much more liberal than we have ever before been able to make. We get all these goods from parties whom we know, and who warrant them to be first class in all respects. We have not the space in this number to give a full description of all the articles, but will endeavor to do so in our next.

AGENTS WANTED.—We want one or more agents in every town and neighborhood, to raise a club for **THE CORPORAL**, and secure one or more of the elegant premiums we offer. We also want active, energetic agents to work for us on cash commission. We can give permanent employment and good pay to the right kind of persons. For terms apply to the publisher of this magazine in person or by letter.

AGENT'S OUTFIT.—To any one who will try to raise a club, we will send, *post paid*, both chromos, mounted, sample numbers of the magazine, and subscription blanks to canvass with, upon the receipt of 60 cents. We want one or more agents in every town. Send for outfits at once, and prepare for a vigorous canvass.

OUR CHROMOS.—Every subscriber to **THE LITTLE CORPORAL** is presented with our beautiful chromos, "Mother's Morning Glory," and "Little Runaway," size 8x10 inches each.

It will be hard for a lover of children to decide which of these pictures is most to be admired. "Mother's Morning Glory" is a lovely little girl, with her head crowned with flowers; one hand holds up the skirt of her dainty dress, which she is busily filling with buds and blossoms, and altogether she looks as sweet and fresh as her namesake. "Little Runaway" has evidently just crept out of bed to start on his travels, and is as bewitching as possible with the one little garment in which babies look their best. He peeps out through the tall wheat with

blue eyes and dimpled cheeks, full of fun and frolic. Taken altogether, the pair are enough to captivate the hardest heart.

UNDERCLIFF, W. Va., July 26, 1873.

JOHN E. MILLER—*Dear Sir:* The Globe Microscope reached us safe on Wednesday evening, and we are all delighted with it. The slaughter of the insects is carried on now with merciless persistence, to supply the precious microscope with minute entomological specimens for examination. The house and cupboards are ransacked for cobwebs, mould, etc., till one feels possessed with the idea that we are entertaining some animal of insatiable and eccentric appetite. Rapturous exclamations of delight and surprise interrupt every attempt at conversation, proceeding from every part of the premises, which catches the best light, and that wonderful instrument is suddenly thrust—on all occasions—over book, writing, or drawing, with the breathless entreaty, "Just please look at this fearful thing, that used to be a gnat's leg!" Let us, then, beg you to accept our thanks for the pleasure you have given Katie and her little friends. Yours truly,
Mrs. S. P. S. C—.

The price of the Globe Microscope is \$2.50, sent prepaid, upon receipt of the price.

We will send THE CORPORAL one year, with the pair of chromos mounted, price \$1.50, and the Globe Microscope, price \$2.50, for \$3.00; or any one who will send us one new subscriber and \$1.50, can have the Globe Microscope for \$1.50, thereby saving one dollar on the instrument, which will certainly enable thousands of boys and girls to procure one of these wonderful instruments.

PREMIUM LIST FOR 1873-4.

CHROMOS AND ENGRAVINGS.

	Price.	No.
	\$ c.	Sub.
Cherries are Ripe, chromo	\$2 00	3
The First Lesson, "	2 00	3
Red Ridinghood and Wolf, chromo	6 00	6
Barefoot Boy, Prang, "	5 00	10
Little Prudy, "	5 00	10
The Homestead, engraving	2 00	2
The Cherubs, "	2 00	2
Far From Home, "	2 00	2

BOOKS.

Webster's Unabridged Dictionary	12 00	30
Webster's National Pictorial Dictionary	5 00	12
Webster's Pocket Dictionary	1 00	3
Robinson Crusoe, illustrated	1 50	5
Swiss Family Robinson, illustrated	1 50	5
Adventures of a Young Naturalist	1 75	6
Our Girls, by Dio Lewis	1 50	5
Self Help, by Samuel Smiles	1 25	4
Work, by Louisa M. Alcott	2 00	7
What Katy Did, by Susan Coolidge	1 50	5
Reed's Drawing Lessons	80	2
Royal Road to Fortune, Emily H. Miller	1 50	4
Highways and Hedges, Emily H. Miller	1 50	5
Bible, gilt, with clasp	1 50	5
" " " "	2 50	7
Family Bible, illustrated	10 00	20
" " " " extra fine	14 00	25

SILVERWARE AND JEWELRY.

Half Dozen Extra Plated Teaspoons	2 00	5
" " " " Tablespoons	4 00	10
" " " " Forks	4 00	10
Butter Knife	1 50	3
Butter Dish, chased	2 50	8
" " engraved	6 00	15
Fruit Knife, coin blade	1 50	3
" " with Nut Pick	2 50	5
Napkin Ring, plated	1 00	2

	Price.	No.
	\$ c.	Sub.
Napkin Ring, solid silver	\$2 50	6
Pair of Gold Sleeve Buttons	5 00	10
Set Gold Studs	5 00	10
Gold Thimble	6 00	15
Plain Gold Ring	3 00	8
Gold Ring, with Set	4 00	10
Gold Locket, enameled	3 00	8
Vest Chain, Gold Plated, extra fine	2 50	6
Ladies' Leontine Chain, extra fine	2 50	6
Silver Hunting Case Watch, Swiss	30 00	25
" " " " Elgin	30 00	35
Silver Plated Cup, Gold lining	3 00	6
Silver Thimble	1 00	2

MISCELLANEOUS.

Globe Microscope	2 50	5
Pocket Magnifier	1 00	2
Boy's Pocket Knife, four blades	2 00	4
Ladies' Pocket Knife, " "	2 00	4
Gold Pen and Holder	3 00	6
Case of Mathematical Instruments	2 50	4
Family Printer	1 50	4
Boy's Tool Chest	7 00	15
" " " "	2 00	5
Steam Engine	1 00	3
Sherman Clothes Winger	9 00	10
Croquet Set	5 00	10
" " " "	7 50	15
Magic Lantern	3 00	8
Box of Paints	2 00	5
Pack Visiting Cards, with name printed	1 50	3
Portfolio, Note size	1 50	3
" " Letter size	2 50	5
Little Corporal and chromos	1 50	3
Violin and Bow	3 00	7
" " " "	5 00	10
Guitar	10 00	25
German Accordeon, 10 keys	5 00	10
Music Box, two tunes	6 00	15
Flute, Silver Plated Keys	4 00	8

All the premium articles on this list are sent prepaid, except the croquet sets, which are sent by express, the receiver paying the charges upon the delivery of the goods.

Old and new subscribers count alike in clubs for premiums.

Our premium articles are securely packed, free of charge, and delivered in good condition, at the post office or express office, and we cannot be responsible for any loss or injury which may occur on the way.

Remit money by draft on Chicago or New York, payable to John E. Miller, or by express, or post office money order, or in registered letter. Money sent in any of the above ways is at our risk—otherwise not.

A Grand Victory over Every Competitor in the World.

The following Cable Dispatch from Vienna will convey the glad intelligence to the world that the "World Renowned Wilson Sewing Machine" has not only taken all of the highest Awards at Fairs and Expositions in the United States, but that it has overwhelmingly defeated every Sewing Machine manufactured in the world, and carried off the first Grand Prize at the Vienna Exposition:

VIENNA, Austria, Aug. 15, 1873.

To W. G. Wilson, President of Wilson Sewing Machine Company, Cleveland, Ohio:

The Wilson Shuttle Sewing Machine was awarded the Grand Prize at the Vienna Exposition for being the best Sewing Machine.

RAYMOND.

CHILDREN, begin now to save your pennies, that when the long winter evenings come you can buy "Avilude, or Game of Birds." If your storekeeper has not got it, send seventy-five cents to West & Lee, Worcester, Mass., and it will be sent by mail, post paid.

"Avilude is a superior game."—Worcester Palladium.



BLACKBERRY TIME.

THE LITTLE CORPORAL.

FIGHTING AGAINST WRONG; AND FOR THE GOOD, THE TRUE, AND THE BEAUTIFUL.

VOL. XVII.—NOVEMBER, 1873.—No. 5.

AUNT RUSHA'S BOY.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.



AUNT Rusha's kitchen door stood wide open, and a broad red stripe of sunshine came across the hills where the sun was just getting up, right into the clean, pleasant room, brightening the dull little clock, and making quite a picture of Aunt Rusha herself, as she stood in the hearth fanning the fire with her blue gingham apron. The fire burned slowly; first a blue smoke, then a warming blaze, and at last a strong crackle, at which Aunt Rusha gave a sigh of satisfaction, picked up her kettle, and whisked away to fill it. As she came to the door she found something looking in besides the sunshine—a little old man, Aunt Rusha thought, until she came closer and saw it was a boy, with a thin, pinched face, long hair, bleached almost white, and a man's hat and coat. The brim of the hat flapped over his face, and the sleeves of the coat were rolled away from the slender wrists and small brown hands. His feet were bare, and red, that frosty October morning; and altogether he made such a pitiful picture, it was no wonder Aunt Rusha started back, dropped her kettle,

and exclaimed, "*Sakes alive!*" as she was picking it up.

"Want to hire a boy?" piped out the little scarecrow, in a very cheery voice, as if, after all, he was having a pretty good time of it.

"Sakes, no," said Aunt Rusha, pulling her spectacles down from the top of her head, where the great round glasses shone in the sun like attic windows; "I should think I'd got enough to do without having a boy under my feet. Who be ye, anyhow?"

"*Las* Barnett. I hain't got no folks, an' the s'lec'-men up to North Waring bound me out to 'Bijah Potter. I've been there going on two year. 'Bijah's dead, and I heard 'm talk about finding another place for me; but I 'lowed I'd just look about a bit for myself, so I took an early start yesterday and tramped along. Got a lift in a peddler's wagon fur's the tavern."

Aunt Rusha, having settled her glasses, examined the boy keenly while he told his story, and when it was ended, said briefly:

"Well, 'pears to me you're middlin' young to undertake for yourself. Jest set down on the step and rest ye, and I'll give

you a bite to eat when I get breakfast goin'—there's my fire all burnin' to waste!"

Away went Aunt Rusha to the pump, and the boy sat down upon one end of the wooden step, which instantly landed him on the ground, after a fashion it had, unless you stepped exactly in the middle. He got up as gravely as if he had been used to such upsettings all his life, looked about a moment, and then brought some stones from across the road, and went to work to lay a substantial foundation for the treacherous old step.

"There," said Aunt Rusha, approvingly, "you've earned your breakfast. I've been goin' to fix that step this two year, but somehow I never seemed to get to it. I do n't mind it myself, because I'm used to it, but a stranger finds it awkward."

She changed her mind about the cold bite, and decided to give him a warm breakfast and a cup of coffee; and by that time the little round table was spread, and the coffee began to send out its fragrance. She opened the chamber door and rapped on the stair with a knife-handle, and presently you heard a queer little thumping, and Aunt Mima came down into the kitchen. Aunt Mima was lame, and walked with one crutch and a cane, so it really seemed dangerous for her to go up stairs; but she managed it beautifully, and nothing would have induced her to give up her east chamber, where she had seen the sun rise ever since she was a round-faced baby; and that was fifty years ago. She and Aunt Rusha were twin sisters, and were "as like as two peas," all the neighbors said; but Aunt Mima had sprained her ankle, and for some reason it turned into a life-long lameness, so Rusha had to be feet for both. They were neither rich nor poor, but lived as comfortably as could be, in the little white house, and took care of each other.

Aunt Rusha told her sister about the little tramp while she was dishing up the breakfast, and Aunt Mima went to the window to take a peep at him.

"He's gone," she said; but at that instant she saw him busily packing up the

wood that had been thrown under the shed.

"Beats all!" said Aunt Rusha; "and he fixed the step, too. I shall give him a good cup of coffee. Coffee's bad for children; but it won't hurt him once in a way. He do n't look as if he'd been stuffed with victuals."

By the time they had finished their breakfast the wood was half piled up, and Aunt Mima drew out her everlasting knitting-work, and watched the boy while he washed himself at the pump, laid aside his big hat, gave the sleeves an extra roll, and came in to his breakfast. He was as quiet and proper as need be in his behavior; but Aunt Rusha's keen eyes saw the hungry, ravenous expression of his face, as he began to eat, and she added to the supply a plate of doughnuts and a piece of apple-pie.

"Just you eat your fill," she said, when the boy hesitated; "I'll be bound you did n't get much yesterday."

"I had some turnips," said the boy; "they was frosted a little, but I was powerful sorry afterwards I did n't get some more."

"Raw turnips! Massy sakes, do n't never eat such unhealthy things," exclaimed Aunt Rusha; but Aunt Mima looked out the window, and wiped her eyes on her blue knitting-work.

The boy finished his breakfast, looked at the dishes Aunt Rusha was rapidly transferring to the sink, and asked with a nod,

"Want me to wash 'em up? I can do it slick."

"Sakes, no," said Aunt Rusha, with a little shudder at the very thought; "I'd as soon set the old cat to lap 'em."

Aunt Mima thought she saw a flush on the shallow cheek, and she said quickly, "See here, Rusha, let him finish up that wood, and I'll fix up his coat-sleeves, so's he'll look more like a Christian."

Off came the coat, showing a very clean shirt, though it was coarse and patched; and the evident cleanliness went a long way towards settling Aunt Mima's opinion of the wearer. When the coat was fixed

Aunt Rusha hunted up from the old rubbish in the attic a hat that had belonged to some dear boy of a past generation, when hats were made to wear, and not to sell; and with a new band, and a substantial black binding, it looked decidedly better than new.

"There's the chips, Rusha," said Aunt Mima, seeing the last stick laid upon the pile. "Why not let him take the wheelbarrow, and get 'em under cover? Seems a pity to have 'em buried up when snow comes."

"Well," said Rusha, and gave out the new job, with a charge not to go to cutting up shins, and break the wheelbarrow.

Before the chips were finished, the boy had fastened the loose leg of the wheelbarrow, and wedged the head of the rake, which had a chronic habit of dropping off. He had whittled a new button for the gate, and mended the broken hinge with a piece of an old boot-top, raked up from the chips.

"Beats all!" said Aunt Rusha admiringly.

"Men folks are kind of handy, for some things," said Aunt Mima, "if you could keep 'em out doors."

It was almost dinner-time when the old boy stood on the door-step, very much improved by the changes in his garments, eating a doughnut, and listening to the clock, that ticked in a curious, jerky fashion.

"She limps," he said, with a nod of his head toward the clock; "do you want me to fix her?"

Aunt Rusha's respect for his talents was very much increased; but this was a little too much.

"Fix the clock! Did I ever! I would n't trust the minister himself to touch that clock, though it does pester me terrible to hear 'it tickin' so kind o' limpy. It's ticked that way ever sence I cleaned house in the spring."

"I can fix her," said the boy confidently. "I won't open her neither, nor tech her gearin'."

Aunt Rusha put a board on her kitchen table, and watched curiously while the boy took a piece of paper from his pocket and folded it into a good many thicknesses. Then, after listening and squinting, he tucked the paper wedge carefully under one corner of the clock, and stepped down, smiling and nodding.

"True's you're alive," said Aunt Mima, "it does sound natural again."

"Well, I never!" said Rusha.

"Did n't set level," explained the boy, in a very matter-of-fact way. "I guess I'll be movin' along now."

Aunt Rusha looked at Aunt Mima. "There's the chamber where Sarah's Johnny used to sleep."

"And some clothes of Johnny's I could make over like new," said Mima.

"And many's the time I feel wicked throwing away good victuals that ain't eat in time to keep them from spillin'—you're so uncertain with your appetite, Mima;" and Aunt Rusha gave her sister a reproachful look.

"I shall feel so much easier in my mind if you do n't have to go out in sloppy weather to milk the cow, and see to things," said Mima.

"Of course, we sha'n't be compelled to keep him, if we ain't suited," said Rusha, who was beginning to wonder how she ever lived without a boy; "and mebbe it's a leadin' of Providence sendin' him to us. See here, 'Lias Barnett, this nail is for you to hang your hat on; and do n't you never lay it on a chair. You can stay here a spell, any way, and make yourself useful, and we'll do whatever's right by ye."

"Thank you, ma'am," said the boy, gravely; "I'll do the same by you, fur as I know."

He went to work at once to fill up the wood-box with chips; but Aunt Mima noticed that he wiped his eyes on his sleeve as he left the house.

"He's no common boy, I can tell you," said Aunt Rusha; "to think of his noticing that I was burning chips instead of split wood!"

It would be too much to say that Aunt Rusha never repented of her bargain. There were times when her heart failed her, for it made quite a break in her quiet ways; and she was once heard to say she "would a sight rather get along alone, than have a boy to pester her; only Mima was kind of set on 'Lias, and she could n't find it in her heart to cross her. Mima'd been unfort'nit, and she always was great for cossettin' something or other."

But when the neighbors ventured to suggest that it was hardly wise for a woman of her age to undertake to manage a boy, she roused up at once to his defence:

"'Lias ain't the kind that has to be managed, I can tell you. He's stiddy as a deacon, and as sensible as the minister himself, and that handy about the house I make no doubt he could bake a 'lection cake, if I was once to tell him how."

In the course of the winter 'Squire Day called to ask after the boy, and found a bright-eyed, rosy-faced fellow seated at the little round table, patiently plodding through the mysteries of Daboll's Arithmetic, while Aunt Mima, who had been a school-ma'am, brightened up at the array of roots and powers like an old war-horse at the sound of a trumpet.

"I called to inquire after this boy," said the 'Squire, in his slow, cautious manner, which reminded you of a man feeling his way in the dark. "You know, Miss Jerusha, he belongs, of right, to North Waring; and in case of his coming upon the town—"

'Lias ciphered away, as busily as ever; but all the color went out of his red cheeks, and the pencil rattled strangely on the slate.

"Nobody need to worry themselves about 'Lias comin' on the town," said Aunt Rusha, indignantly; "he ain't one o' that kind. There ain't a lazy hair in his head. I'll resk him to make a livin' long side o' Cap'n Skinner any day—"

Aunt Rusha stopped to give the fire a thrust with the tongs, that sent a cloud of sparks up the great chimney; and the 'Squire went on:

"Being as he belongs to North Waring, the select-men are bound to provide for his learning a trade; otherwise he might become a charge to the town."

"Did you ever learn a trade, 'Squire Day?" asked Aunt Rusha, with a twinkle in her funny black eyes.

"Why, no, Miss Jerusha; all are not called to the same conditions of life," said the 'Squire pompously.

"And do you suppose you'd have been any better off if you'd been bound out to a poor shif'less cretur like 'Bijah Potter, a tinkerin' Jack-of-all-trades, that never could make a decent livin' for himself, let alone other folks? The widow and the fatherless belong to the Lord, and not to the s'lec'-men, 'cordin' to my way of thinkin'; and I make no doubt the Lord sent 'Lias to me. There's something uncommon in that boy; and when I find out what the Lord meant him for, I'm going to help him to grow that way."

"Certainly, Miss Jerusha, certainly; most commendable in you. I'm glad to know your intentions; and if you want the boy bound to you—"

"I do n't want him bound; I never mean to have any slaves, black nor white; but you may tell Cap'n Skinner I've adopted 'Lias Barnett, and my intentions are to do what is right by him."

Aunt Rusha stood up and looked at Aunt Mima, who nodded her head and wiped her eyes, and said,

"To be sure, Rusha, we've adopted him."

The 'Squire coughed a little, and smoothed down his fur glove. Aunt Rusha pushed her spectacles to the top of her head, and then pulled them down again; punched the back-log with the tongs, and then began to talk about the weather, and the prospect of an early spring.

Before Elias was many years older they all found out that the Lord made him for a machinist; and in the course of his business he worked out some inventions that made him rich and famous. But no son ever ministered more tenderly to his mother

than did this motherless boy to the two dear women whose kindness had made his life a blessing to himself and others.

In her old age, Aunt Rusha liked noth-

ing better than to tell the story of the little tramp who came homeless to her door, and laugh at the idea of "*Our 'Lias comin' on the town.*"

A STORY OF A GRIZZLY BEAR.

BY M. M. HATHEWAY.

"Now, uncle, we are all ready for a story," said Benny Reede, as he and his brother Josey drew their chairs to his side, before a nice blazing wood fire, on a cold evening in November.

Uncle was a great favorite, and a very important person in the eyes of all the children in the family, for they had but recently made his acquaintance, as he had spent a number of years in California and Oregon, living the wild, rude life of a hunter and trapper; and his endless budget of stories was an unfailing source of pleasure to them all.

"Now, you may tell just as awful a story as you know, and you won't frighten me a bit," said Benny.

"Well, let me see," said uncle; "shall it be a grizzly bear story, or an Indian story, or what?"

"O, a grizzly! a grizzly!" they both shouted.

"Well, a grizzly let it be, then. 'T is a true story, remember; but you may not think it is as awful as the made-up ones."

"When I first went to California, I knew a man there by the name of Johnny Astor. He lived alone in a tent, among the mountains, and the boys all said that Johnny was piling up the 'dust' very fast. He went shares with no one. He occasionally gave us a call, on his way to town for provisions; but he said very little about his business."

"We often told him it was unsafe for him to live alone, for some of the Indians at that time were very hostile; and the bears were even more to be dreaded than the Indians, particularly the grizzly, which had often been seen in that vicinity. They

are the most powerful and ferocious of all the bear tribe, and when hungry or enraged, will attack a man or an animal; they have very large feet, and very long claws; their hair is coarse; and they have a mane between their shoulders which stands erect; they are very difficult to kill, and, when wounded, are very dangerous to the hunter.

"One morning, the whole camp was surprised by the arrival of Johnny, with all his worldly possessions on his back—tent, frying-pan, pick and shovel.

"'What's the matter?' 'Where are you bound?' 'What's happened?' were the exclamations heard on every side.

"'I'm bound not to live alone any longer; that's what's the matter. A grizzly came near making mince-meat of me, last night, and I thought it was time for me to pull up stakes and leave that place.'

"'Good for you, Johnny; I have been telling you to do so all along,' said one of the boys.

"'Well, what about the grizzly?'" I asked.

"'I'll tell you: Last night, after I had finished my day's work and eaten my supper, I sat down before the fire to smoke; everything was as still as a mouse, and I was thinking over old times, when all at once I heard a terrible scratching and snuffing behind me, and turning around, as true as you live, there was a grizzly poking his nose under my tent!

"'I knew what that meant, boys; and I can tell you, my heart thumped as it never did before. I had neither gun nor revolver, for I am not a fighting man; and if I had had any fire-arms it would have been use-

less for me to have attempted to kill him; for unless you are a sure shot, 't is plaguey risky business to pull the trigger on a grizzly. But my wit served me well that time, for it suddenly popped into my head that it was tobacco smoke that made him snuff and sneeze so; for he would tuck his nose under the canvas, and then draw it back, with a terrible snort; so, what did I do but just stir up my fire to a brisk blaze, and taking out my tobacco, whittle it away lively on to the coals. It was pretty tough for me, I can tell you; but it was for life, boys; and I kept whittling and whittling, till the old tent was blue with smoke. He walked clear around it, putting in his nose here and there, but it was too much for him: my tobacco held out longer than he did; and finally he marched off and left me; but I watched for him till daylight, and then I packed up my traps—and here I am.”

“What a good thing it was that he knew how to smoke,” said Benny, who had been listening with open eyes and ears; “mother thinks 't is such a bad habit, and is always talking against it; but now I mean to learn, for it may save my life sometime.”

“It certainly did a good turn for Johnny once; but let me tell you, Benny, that the use of it destroys more lives than it saves; and your mother is quite right about it. I remember her good advice to me, when I left her years ago; and the remembrance of her gentle face and encouraging tones saved me from many a temptation. Be true to your mother's counsel, and I am quite sure that you will come out all right. Johnny's fright cured him of living alone; and he was never seen afterwards without a revolver in his belt; but we were all doubtful about his knowing how to use it.”

“O, that was a first-rate story, uncle—the best one you have told yet—please tell us another.”

“Not to-night, boys; not to-night; but if you are very polite to me, I will take you to the menagerie some day, and show you a bear, though he may not be a grizzly.”

“O, that will be splendid,” they both cried; and bidding him good-night, they went to their bed, on the best of terms with their uncle and all the world beside.

HUMMERS.

BY H. M. M.

Talk about fairies living in a buttercup! why, I can show you plenty of homes as dainty as that, and almost as small. Here are three in this picture: one hung to the tip end of a leaf, where every breeze can rock it; another fastened to the end of a delicate vine; and the third—quite as fairy-like—stuck on to the side of a rock, probably because that little fellow does n't like to swing.

There are more than four hundred branches of this family, and each builds as dainty a home as any fairy you ever heard of. Some build on top of a branch—like many larger birds—but the whole house is not much more than an inch high, and looking more like a small knot on the branch than like a nest. Others fasten to

the rock, like the cunning little fellow in the picture. But the greater number prefer the swinging vine or leaf.

You can't realize how small these nests are, till I tell you that the eggs you see in one or two of them are about the size of the common small white bean, and the nest itself not much larger than a large thimble.

We call this family Humming-birds—or Hummers—because of the noise made by their wings as they hover over the flowers in our gardens; but in the big books they have their long Latin names, as long and imposing as if they were a yard long, instead of an inch.

There are two or three curious things about Humming-birds' nests. One thing is, that all those that hang have a sort of



tail hanging down, of no use that anybody can discover. You see one in the picture. Another curious thing is the pains the little builders take to hide them from everybody. They are built of fine moss, delicate fibres of plants, or the down of plants and flying seeds—such as dandelions—always held together, and fastened to the leaf with spiders' webs, which are very elastic, and very sticky, as you know, if you ever ran into one. The inside is lined with the softest and nicest of silky down from seeds, or with soft hair, or fibres of cotton; and the outside covered with moss or lichens, glued on with a sticky stuff from the builder's own mouth. Lichens, I suppose you know, are the flat sort of moss-like things that grow on old fences and trees; and nests covered with them look so much like the trees themselves that it is almost impossible to see them.

In old times, people thought that Humming-birds lived entirely upon honey. They certainly look as if they were sucking up honey when they run their long,

sharp bills into the flowers. But no such delicate diet will satisfy them. When one puts his bill into a flower, he opens the bill a little, and thrusts out a very wonderful little tongue, made in two pieces, like hollow threads, closed at the ends. This tongue speedily hunts out and snatches up every unfortunate little insect that has crept into the flower for its dinner; and it is on insects that the little beauty really feeds.

As to the colors of Humming-birds, there's no use trying to tell about them. No other living creature, bird or butterfly, has such exquisite colors; and you can't tell much about them by looking at the stuffed ones in a museum, for the sunlight and their lively movements add not a little to their wonderful beauty.

Beauty is n't always a sign of goodness, as you've often heard; and this little beauty is no exception. In fact, strange as it may seem, he is a great fighter. He not only fights most desperately with other Humming-birds, but if a larger bird ventures near his nest, he will fly at him furiously,

always trying to stick his sharp bill into his enemy's eyes.

Mamma Humming-birds usually lay two white eggs, and sit on them ten or twelve days.

The whole family is mercilessly persecuted for the sake of its feathers, which the nuns of South America make into beautiful flowers; and if it were not so cunning in hiding its nests there would n't be one left by this time.

Humming-birds are only found in Amer-

ica and its islands, especially in South America; and though they love the sunshine, and seem to be made for a tropical climate, there are one or two kinds which prefer the cold of the Andes; and one of them is seldom found lower than ten thousand feet above the level of the sea. The one in the picture, sitting in the nest which is fastened to the rock, is one of these high-minded little fellows, and is often seen flying around in the snow-storms of his beloved home.

HIDDEN TREASURE.

BY MARY A. DENISON.

CHAPTER XI.—LOST JEWELS FOUND.

Such cutting and basting! Such sewing of almost endless seams! Such chattering and laughter over almost countless mistakes! Such rustling of patterns! Such aching backs and tired fingers! But then such an achievement—such glory! It was a matter for congratulation that Sally had borne the martyrdom of dress-making like a lamb. Lily had a cold, and was disagreeable. Lizzie divided her attention between stitching and cording, and inspecting a basket full of kittens, the progeny of old Blackie, who purred on contentedly, sure that wherever Lizzie's motherly visage appeared, she should be quite safe. And now the new dresses were nearly finished. Anne's was tried on—a pale, silver-like merino, that Dora declared she looked prettier than a queen in.

"It wants white lace; and if you had a string of pearl beads!"

"That puts me in mind of the old pearl story in our family," laughed Sally.

"O, what is it?" queried Lily, forgetting her headache.

"Mother's great aunt, prim Miss Priscilla Landress, inherited a beautiful set of pearls, worth three or four hundred dollars. She always intended to leave them to mother, and told her so. After her death, the house was searched from top to bottom,

but no pearls were ever found, or any trace of them. Indeed, mamma says all her jewelry disappeared mysteriously. She had several rings and bracelets, and was even cleaning them and putting them in wrapping-paper the day before she died so suddenly."

"They must have been stolen," said Stella.

"But mamma says that seems impossible. I do n't know, though, I suppose they were."

"Do n't I wish I could find them!" said Lily. "May be she hid them under the boards of the house."

"She was n't at all that kind of woman."

"Lily, what a nice piano that would buy you! Three hundred dollars! only think! O, we could get a lovely black silk for mother—all through, gloves, parasol, shawl, bonnet, everything, and of the first quality, too. Which shall it be if we *do* happen to find it, Lil?"

Lily hesitated.

"I *should* like the piano, but—well, I guess mother must have the dress. We've got a piano."

"Sally, did n't that old chest of drawers up stairs belong to her?" asked Anne, with solemn eyes.

"Yes," Sally replied, absently.



For a time after this Anne was lost in thought. Presently Stella saw her beckoning to her, and followed her out of the room.

"I have a presentiment," said Anne, as they stepped on the landing.

"O, dear me! what is it?" cried Stella, startled.

"Come over into the spare room. There, do you see that old chest of drawers with the heavy top, that looks so solid?"

"Yes, I see."

"The pearls are somewhere in it," whis-

pered Anne, mysteriously. Stella looked at her wonderingly.

"Why don't you get them, then?"

"My dear child, there's a secret closet there. I saw it open once."

"Can't you open it again?"

"That's what I'm going to try to do. Pearls! Think of it! and we are going to cousin Lou's party! Just pull this second drawer out, while I watch. Pull it sharp."

Stella tugged at the drawer. Anne stood ready with her hand raised to keep the door back if it sprang open.

"Try again," said Anne, with a disappointed face; "I'm sure I saw it."

Stella opened and shut the drawer twice.

"Try another drawer, dear, and rattle fearfully."

Stella rattled, if not fearfully, with all her strength.

"They will hear us down stairs," she said.

"Never mind. Oh, what shall I do? I'm sure they are there!"

Stella sat down and laughed, Anne's expression was so comical. Again Stella tried, opening the drawer in the ordinary way. One cry of rapture, and the secret was discovered! The tardy spring had given way at last. Anne danced for joy.

"O, there's a box there!" she cried, looking in; "two, three boxes! Please call mamma. Do n't say anything to the rest; mamma must know first. I'm sure she never dreamed there was a door there, for she told me so."

Anne stood guard over the treasure till Mrs. Meadows came up.

"What have you found, dear?" she asked, eagerly examining the closet and the cavity. She lifted out the boxes. The odorous sandal-wood of which they were made filled the atmosphere with fragrance hidden for twenty years in this dark nook. "My dear child, you were right! These are poor aunt Priscilla's jewels," she said.

"How fortunate!" murmured Anne, trembling with delight; "and oh, mamma, may we all wear some?"

"Wait, my dear," said her mother, as she removed the tops of the boxes, which opened with sliding covers, and disclosed a beautiful necklace of pearls in antique setting, with ear-rings and brooch. "How much she used to think of them!" she said; "and how strange that we should find them after all these years!"

"The other boxes, mamma!" said Anne, eagerly.

These contained two pairs of heavy gold bracelets, five or six gold rings, some of them set with valuable stones, three sets of plain but very handsome jewelry, and various ornaments and charms.

"*Shall* we wear them?" queried Anne.

"I'll see about it, dear," her mother answered.

"And pearls would suit me so well!" said Anne, longingly. "Would n't I be proud? and would n't cousin Lou be envious? O, it would be such a triumph! Now mamma is looking at me," she continued, blushing; "I suppose I am talking foolishly."

"Very foolishly," said mother Meadows, gravely; "in a way that I never wish to hear my children talk."

The girls all went into raptures over the family jewels; and it was soon settled that the pearl necklace was too costly for any of them. But the bracelets, and the rings, and the plain breast-pins were allotted to Sally and Anne. Stella would not wear any ornaments. The twins and Lizzie were too young for such things.

On the night of the party Tom and Sally received many parting injunctions from their mother not to lose sight of Stella outside the house. They had not, meantime, been troubled with any more visits from the pretended Martello, and Mrs. Meadows trusted that he had taken himself out of the place, satisfied that he should not be able to make good his claim.

Uncle Jack's handsome parlors were very brilliant that night. The new Brocatelle curtains and Brussels carpet shone with great splendor under the glare of gaslight. Louisa Meadows, sailing about in a dress of white satin, made with a real court train, could find no reason for complaint in the appearance of her cousins, and did not ignore their presence. Anne and Sally were introduced to everybody; the children—as Lizzie and the twins were called—were most of their time out in the beautiful garden, white with the tender moonlight, listening delightedly to the music of the band.

Sally, Tom and Stella had found their way to the broad piazza that ran across the second story on the west side. The evening was almost as bland as summer. Groups were dancing on the lawn; mirth and jollity reigned supreme. Presently the people

flocked in to the supper-room. Tom suggested that they had better go down stairs, as the band would play within doors, and everybody was expected at least to admire the tables.

"Please don't ask me to leave this pleasant place," said Stella. "I could n't eat; and the smell of food isn't so pleasant to me as these late roses."

"Suppose I bring you up some refreshments? I'll bring my own, too, it's so lovely and quiet here."

"Yes; none of you need wait with me," said Stella; "I'm not in the least afraid."

In her heart she longed to be left alone. The soft, sweet music, the balmy breath of the evening, the lovely sky studded with innumerable stars—all these had awakened tender thoughts of her dead mother, and she craved solitude. No sooner did she find herself quite alone, however, than she half regretted allowing them all to leave her.

"There can't be any danger here," she whispered; but "*keep near the girls*," seemed to ring in her ears, and the rustling of the leaves in a kingly cherry tree close by startled her. She was just turning to go into the room and find her way to the company, when, as instinctively she looked up, she saw on the strong limbs of the cherry tree, a man preparing to spring upon the piazza.

For a moment her pulses seemed to stop. Her brain grew dizzy. The man was between her and the door. She knew a flight of outside steps led down to the yard back of the building, and uttering a smothered cry—for she seemed to have lost the power to use her voice—she flew to the landing and down the stairs just as the man swung to the floor beneath him, uttering a malediction in Italian. On, on, ran Stella, through the low kitchen-passage, on which the doors were locked, up a short flight of steps, out upon the lawn, down to the road—breathless, bewildered, fear lending her wings—away she sped under the shadows of the trees, she prayed to God in an agony to save her from the pursuer.

Nearly ten minutes elapsed before Tom had got possession of an empty plate. Five minutes more and the dish was filled with grapes and other fruits, and Tom elbowed his way through the gay crowd, and after some exertion on account of missing the right entrance to the piazza, he found it—empty. He looked from one end of the place to the other. Stella was not there.

"She grew frightened at the solitude," he said to himself, "and went down into the—" And there he came to a sudden pause; for, going towards the narrow flight of steps leading below, he saw, some ways down, a white handkerchief. Springing forward he lifted it, and knew it by the small black initial S, which ornamented all her handkerchiefs. A strange dread came over him as he noted that its whiteness was soiled—it had been trampled on. Hastily putting it in his pocket, still hoping against hope, he hurried back. Sally met him on the threshold of the next room.

"Where is Stella?" she asked.

"I'm looking for her," he said, with as much unconcern as he could feign.

"Looking for her? O, Tom, mamma begged us not to lose sight of her!"

"I know; but I went down to get her some supper."

Presently Anne came up.

"There is such a queer story of somebody dressed in white running through the grounds," she said, "and somebody else in pursuit. Who could it be?"

"It was Stella!" cried Sally in an anguished voice. "We all left her alone. O! what shall we do? Search for her, Tom! We have lost her! Anne, look everywhere! O! what will mamma say?"

Everybody was talking about it. Ill news travels fast. Stella was nowhere to be found; the grounds were searched; everybody was anxious except Lou Meadows, who declared it was a "shame to throw a cloud on her party for that poor little unknown Stella Martello. No doubt the man was her father; why not let him have her?"

Lily and Dora were in a corner crying. Lizzie tried to be brave, but the tears would

steal down as she heard her sisters discussing the probabilities of ever, ever seeing poor dear Stella again.

"The hateful party!" sobbed Lily; "I'll never come to another in this house long as I live!"

HOW TO BECOME GREAT.

BY J. H. LAIRD.

Hundreds of you have repeated in your school exercises,

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime."

But you ask how. A somewhat impatient old gentleman once stopped a bright little fellow abruptly, and said,

"What are boys good for?"

The boy answered,

"To make men of, sir."

Yet the question remains, how? Will it be simply by having enough to eat, and growing up?

You may take a little beaver from his nest before his eyes are open, and bring him up in your home; give him bark and roots enough to eat, and he will grow up a nice pet. He will be a real beaver, too. Not only will he look like one, but he will act like one. He will want to do just what other beavers do, though he has never seen any of them. By and by he will try to cut sticks and build a dam. If you should take him when his kind gather in the fall to build their submarine homes for winter, he would mingle with them, and join in their work and play at once, though he had never seen one of his own people before.

Now, suppose you were to do the same thing with a girl or a boy? I think what I have said would be true of the beaver if he had been shut in a cage. A boy or girl shut in a cage when a baby, with only food, if it grew up, would not be a man or woman, ready to go into good society, to share the duties and the enjoyments of human life. I cannot stop to tell you all it would lack. You can tell a great many of the things it would lack if it never saw a human face, or heard a word spoken, or

saw the sun or the earth. I think there is no animal that would be so helpless, or look so unintelligent.

We can see the difference between ourselves and the brutes. God has given them a nature that is mostly in their bodies. When their bodies grow, their instinct grows. They get very little from things outside of them. It makes very little difference with them where they live—whether in a small country or a great one—in a heathen or a Christian land—before the flood or in the present year—they will grow to be the same animals, and have the same knowledge.

Not so with you. You will be affected with every one of these things. It will make a difference with you to know that the world is round; that there are nearly a billion of people on it; that the stars are larger than this world. It makes a very great difference with you to know that there is a God and a heaven, and that you can very greatly affect the happiness of those around you by what you do and say. You will see that what I wanted to say was this: An animal becomes an animal simply by growing up; a human being must not only grow up, but must take into himself a knowledge of the wonderful things about him. If you want a great beaver, you must feed him well. If you want to be a great man, you must let thoughts about great things come into your soul.

Some men take in very little of the wonders and beauty and goodness there is about them. So we have men of all sizes, from those so small that they are not much above animals, all the way up to the noble and glorious men and women that every one loves and praises. The difference is made by the way the mind and heart are opened

to take in the great thoughts and interests about us.

You hear something now in your schools about "smart boys," "bright girls," and you will get the impression that there is a very great difference in young people—that the teachers expect great things of some of you, and that others of you will never amount to much, because you are not so smart. As you get a little older you will hear your friends talk about talent—the "splendid talents" of this and that one, and you will get the impression that you can never be great, because you have not talent.

To be ready with thoughts and words is good; but it goes only a little way towards making one great. Remember what I have been telling you—that human greatness is the result of the thought and scenes that God has arranged so that they can come into the soul.

Because you have a *human* mind, you can take into yourself the beauty and uses of God's wondrous works around you. Because you have human thought, you can take in the great truths about goodness, about evil, wrong and right. And because you have a human heart you can take into your affections a large number of your fellow beings—can let your sympathy go out to all in the world; and best of all, you can have your Heavenly Father come down

to you and be your best and nearest friend. You want to be great. I think you can be. Not on account of some "brilliant talent" you have, but because you live right on the shores of oceans of greatness, and you can open the door to let them flow in upon your soul. Then it is true,

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime."

For this greatness was not in themselves, it came from the continents and oceans of greatness from which God allowed them to draw soul food. You may drink from the same, if you will.

So, my young friends who want to grow—and I hope you all want to have noble thoughts and great, loving hearts—do not be discouraged if you have not much talent; do not trust in it if you think you have. Thousands who have talent are very small, because they think greatness is in themselves, and will not turn to drink at God's deep fountains. A truly noble man says, "I am nothing in myself; all that is in me comes from God's high-piled mountains of everlasting truth around me."

Do not worry, then. Be patient. Don't try to stretch your little, empty selves up toward greatness. Welcome all good thoughts, all noble motives; be moved by them, and as you are a human being, and God's dear child, you will become great and good.

MY RICHES.

BY DAVID D. HUDSON.

Four light feet that patter, patter
All the livelong day;
Four small hands that scatter, scatter
Playthings in my way;
Four pure eyes that sparkle, sparkle
Tender, bright and clear;
Four white lids to droop and darkle
Underneath a tear;
Four red lips that ceaseless utter
Wise and witty things;
Yellow curls that flutter, flutter
Like fair golden wings;

Wee, soft fingers clinging, clinging
To my father-hands;
Two sweet voices singing, singing
Songs of baby lands;
Two warm hearts forever beating—
One in each young breast;
Two fair, fondled forms retreating
To my arms to rest.
These my riches—growing, growing
Every hour they stay;
An unearthly brightness throwing
On the dullest day.

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To be ready with thoughts and words is good; but it goes only a little way towards making one great. Remember what I have been telling you—that human greatness is the result of the thought and scenes that God has arranged so that they can come into the soul.

Because you have a *human* mind, you can take into yourself the beauty and uses of God's wondrous works around you. Because you have human thought, you can take in the great truths about goodness, about evil, wrong and right. And because you have a human heart you can take into your affections a large number of your fellow beings—can let your sympathy go out to all in the world; and best of all, you can have your Heavenly Father come down

to you and be your best and nearest friend. You want to be great. I think you can be. Not on account of some "brilliant talent" you have, but because you live right on the shores of oceans of greatness, and you can open the door to let them flow in upon your soul. Then it is true,

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime."

For this greatness was not in themselves, it came from the continents and oceans of greatness from which God allowed them to draw soul food. You may drink from the same, if you will.

So, my young friends who want to grow—and I hope you all want to have noble thoughts and great, loving hearts—do not be discouraged if you have not much talent; do not trust in it if you think you have. Thousands who have talent are very small, because they think greatness is in themselves, and will not turn to drink at God's deep fountains. A truly noble man says, "I am nothing in myself; all that is in me comes from God's high-piled mountains of everlasting truth around me."

Do not worry, then. Be patient. Do n't try to stretch your little, empty selves up toward greatness. Welcome all good thoughts, all noble motives; be moved by them, and as you are a human being, and God's dear child, you will become great and good.

MY RICHES.

BY DAVID D. HUDSON.

Four light feet that patter, patter
All the livelong day;

Four small hands that scatter, scatter
Playthings in my way;

Four pure eyes that sparkle, sparkle
Tender, bright and clear;

Four white lids to droop and darkle
Underneath a tear;

Four red lips that ceaseless utter
Wise and witty things;
Yellow curls that flutter, flutter
Like fair golden wings;

Wee, soft fingers clinging, clinging
To my father-hands;

Two sweet voices singing, singing
Songs of baby lands;

Two warm hearts forever beating—
One in each young breast;

Two fair, fondled forms retreating
To my arms to rest.

These my riches—growing, growing
Every hour they stay;
An unearthly brightness throwing
On the dullest day.

LIFE ON AN ISLAND.

BY HELEN C. WEEKS.

CHAPTER V.

It seemed to Annie as if she had been shut up in these narrow bounds at least a year, and that any fearful thing might happen at any moment. 'Lish might run away with all of them, or somebody be drowned, or, perhaps, even that dreadful black dress would be finished, and she would have to wear it. She did not know that grandmother Catlin, after sitting alone by her window for a long time that day, had folded up the black goods and put them at the very bottom of a great chest seldom visited.

"The child promised her mother, and I won't cross her," she said. "May be we've been too hard on all the children; and this is a quiet, good sort of one, after all, though there's plenty of flare in her."

Annie went up into the tower and watched old Tom's boat till she saw them draw it up on the shore of Goose Island and walk toward the house.

The children had held a consultation as to what was likely to be done with 'Lish; and after settling that it would probably be a flogging from grandfather and old Tom, at once went out to play for a little while till the sun should go down. Mrs. Barstow came out of her room, looking pale and worn from the long day of pain; and while Mary set the table for her, Annie brushed and smoothed her aunt's hair, as she had often done her mother's. The children ran in presently, saying the boat was in sight, and soon grandfather Catlin came in, followed by Frank, who looked around triumphantly, but kept still.

"Where have you been, father?" said Mrs. Barstow; and Captain Catlin, forgetting she knew of the trouble in the morning, told it over again.

"I shall never dare let the children go to the north shore by themselves again. It is so out of the way that almost anything 'ht happen," she said, growing pale as thought of it.

"You need n't be afraid," said grandfather Catlin. "Elisha Peters may want to do some more mischief; but I rather guess he'll stop first and think a bit. He'll have time to think about it to-night, at any rate."

"Why? Have you locked him up?"

"Well, yes; you might say—" began the old Captain, but Frank broke in:

"Oh, grandfather, do let me tell. I should think he was locked up. He's on the middle of Dead Man's Reef, and tied, too!"

"How could you, father!" said Mrs. Barstow, reproachfully. "He may get washed off. It is dreadful to even think of such a thing!"

"Not half as dreadful as to have him hung by'm by. It'll be a good lesson for him.—I made short work of it."

"I should think he did!" said Frank.

"He walked right in, and there sat old man Peters and a lot of his cronies, roasting oysters. 'I'm not after you, this time,' said grandfather, 'but I want your boy, Elisha.'

"'You won't get him,' says old man Peters. 'What's he done? You're always chasing him up.'

"'Tain't so,' old Tom says, stepping forward. 'He's committed a murder, pretty nearly, on Captain Barstow's little Rosy, an' he can't go scot free. Hand him over.'

"'I won't have him flogged,' says the old man. 'There sha'n't nobody tech him but me.'

"'He's not to be flogged,' says grandfather; 'but he has got to be punished. Hand him over or you'll see the constable down here to-morrow morning.' Then, ma'am Peters began to cry, an' the old man lifted up the quilt, an' there was 'Lish under the bed, an' all over feathers when they hauled him out. He began to swear, but grandfather just took hold of him and walked him down to the boat, an' rowed out to

the reef. You know the rock runs up in the middle, an' there 's a hole in it, some of the oystermen call the Devil's Frying Pan. It makes a sort of seat; and while Tom held the boat grandfather collared 'Lish and dumped him down in it, an' before you could wink tied his hands with a strong rope. 'Lish got as white as a sheet, an' says :

" 'You ain't going to leave me here ?'

" 'Yes, I am,' says grandfather. 'You weren't afraid to leave a little helpless girl here, and at high water, too. Now you see how you like it yourself.'

" 'I'll be drowned when the tide turns,' says 'Lish. 'I'll have you hung for murder.'

" 'I'll attend to that. The tide won't hurt you. I know how high it comes; an' it's a steady night. You 've hid an' stolen an' fought an' cursed two years back, an' I've let you alone. Now I'll keep you here until you promise better behavior.'

" 'Lish hollered and swore, but grandfather tied his feet, too, an' then just rowed off an' left him, an' there he is."

"And you're chuckling over it because you think it's just for revenge," said Captain Catlin, turning upon him suddenly. "You may need the same dose yourself some day, to get your eyes open. I tell you people have to be cut short and made to think over their wickedness. If 'Lish knew how to read, I should have set 'Baxter's Call to the Unconverted' before him, and let him consider it till dark."

Annie, who had been listening with a horrified face, suddenly seized her water and choked violently.

"Laughing!" said the old Captain, severely; "what at?"

"I did n't mean to," said Annie, who had seen a vision of 'Lish, tied hand and foot, scowling at 'Baxter.'

Grandfather looked, but asked no more questions, and before supper ended the night had settled down. Annie stood at the window looking out, and wondering how it fared with poor Elisha on his rock. She wondered more when morning came,

and showed gray clouds all about, and a soft spring rain falling steadily.

"His father would n't let him be out in the rain all night," she said, as Frank came in. "Do n't you believe he went and took him off?"

"He would n't exactly dare to," said Frank; "because, you see, he knows grandfather always will do anything he starts out to do. And then, he knew 'Lish would n't be hurt much."

"I'd rather be whipped all day than be put out there all night," Annie went on. "Just think of the water most up to you, and the sharks and porpoises and eels, too, crawling all round. I should expect to be bitten awfully."

"That's because you're a girl," said Frank, chuckling. "Eels don't bite, and they do n't crawl on rocks, either. There's grandfather."

"One misty, moisty morning, when cloudy was the weather,
'T was then I met an old man, clad all in leather."

"He is n't in leather," said practical Jack. "He's in rubber. Did you take 'Lish off, grandfather?"

"Somebody else has done it for me," said the old Captain, shaking himself like a great Newfoundland.

"I thought the old man would n't leave him there," said Mrs. Barstow.

"He did, though," said the Captain. "At least I'm pretty certain he did; for I went to the Island, when I found the boy gone, and old man Peters is in a regular drunken sleep. His mother cried, and declared he had been drowned in the night; but I'm inclined to think myself that some boat took him off, and he'll hide for a time, just to keep up a little worry."

Mrs. Barstow looked troubled. "I wish you had let him alone," she said. "There is no use in trying to deal with such people."

Grandfather ate breakfast in silence, had prayers, and then put on his rubber coat again and went down towards the light-house. Frank, in a few minutes, was seen dashing after him, and Annie, from an up-

per window, saw old Tom follow them, get into a boat, and row out toward the Sound. Mary came up presently, almost ready to cry.

"I can't help thinking," she said, "how awful it would be if 'Lish was drowned last night. Grandfather said he could n't be, though. I'm going to get the big glass and watch them. Do n't you want to see what they 'll do?"

Mary was back in a moment with the glass, and the two girls rested it on the window-sill, and watched the little boat rise and fall on the long swell.

"It needs three," Annie said at last: "one to hold, one to look, and one to wipe the glass off, the mist makes it so wet. They're going straight to that big schooner. Do you see? They're getting up the side."

"That's Ezra Coffin's schooner," said Mary; "and I would n't wonder if 'Lish was on board. Grandfather's gone down to the cabin. Now let's see if 'Lish won't be with them when they get into the boat again."

For a long time they watched, but no signs of Captain Catlin appeared; and by and by they went down stairs to help Ann stone raisins, almost forgetting 'Lish at last. At noon, another shaking and stamping was heard, and grandfather appeared with Frank, both calmly triumphant.

"Did you find him? Where was he? Who took him off? Oh, do tell!" came from all at once.

"I should think you'd know he would n't say a word when you all fly at him so," said Frank severely, as the old Captain walked straight up stairs to his own room. "You girls are such geese; always cackling and fluttering. I'm glad I'm not a girl."

"So am I, then," said Annie, under her breath; "for the credit of the girls. You have such mild, pretty ways, Frank, I wonder you're not often taken for a girl."

Frank dashed out of the kitchen, expecting to be followed, and teased for a full account of the morning; but as nobody came, went back at last, and sweetened by a raisin or two, told his story.

"Old Coffin looked kind of queer when we went on board," he said; "and after grandfather had talked a minute, broke right out:

"'You've taken to new ways, Captain Catlin,' says he. 'I did n't think you'd try your hand at frightening harmless boys.'"

"'Harmless boys!' says grandfather. 'I should think so—if you're talking about Elisha Peters. You got him here?'"

"'It's my look out, if I have,' says Captain Coffin; 'but I would n't a thought you'd do sech things.'"

"Old Tom looked black as thunder, an' says, 'If he was in jail a year it would n't be too much for him!' and then he told all the things 'Lish had been doing."

"'The lying little rascal!' says Captain Coffin. 'He told me your boy there, lied about him; an' you tied him on the reef, without hearing a word he had to say. He was hollering like mad when we passed your island this morning, and I lowered a boat and sent two men off to see what the trouble was. Then, when he came on board, stiffer'n pokers, an' told his lies, I thought you was managing things in a pretty high-handed way. I calculated to lay off here some hours, to let my mate go up to Norwalk; an' I told this chap he might go down to Bangor with me if he was a mind. I'll take him any way now, an' larn him some lessons he aint much used to.'"

"We wanted to see him, but he hid somewhere in the hold, and would n't come out; an' grandfather said he did n't care so long as he was safe; an' that he hoped he'd mend his ways and repent. I had some preserved ginger and a regular good time, I tell you, and then we came home."

So 'Lish passed out of their daily lives, and nothing was heard of him till, some months afterward, when Captain Coffin left word with old Tom that the old Harry himself was in that boy 'Lish, and nobody knew what to do with him the first two or three months; but that since then he had taken a turn, and was likely to make a very decent sailor, unless he took another turn and went to the bad altogether.



THE BORN ARTIST.

BY GEO. HUNTINGTON.

Have you heard the story about Sturm and the boy-artist? Sturm—who was a famous painter of fruit pieces—had dined one day with his friend Kline, and was strolling after dinner through the ample grounds of his host, when he came upon the housekeeper's son, a boy six or seven years old, seated on the stone steps of a little summer-house, drawing. His sketch-book was a home-made affair, and his pencil was a little stump of a thing, probably saved from the sweepings of his master's office. He was trying to draw a bunch of grape leaves from the vine by his side.

Sturm, who was a great lover of children, lost no time in making the youngster's acquaintance, and was soon master of all the secrets of the little sketch-book. The pictures were rude affairs; but they showed that the boy had the making of an artist in him. One especially attracted Sturm's attention—a little spray of grape-vine lifted up by the wind and showing clusters of grapes underneath. It was roughly done; the vine was stiff, and the grapes ill-shaped, and it took all the boy's

power of description, and a good deal of imagination, too, to make the picture intelligible. But the idea struck Sturm as an artistic one, and he went away with the sketch in his pocket.

"That boy Jerry is a born artist," said he to Kline, afterwards."

"Partly so," replied Kline. "Born, no doubt; but as to the artist—"

"You shall see! you shall see!" Sturm rejoined, but said nothing about the picture.

Six months later a new painting by Sturm was announced—the master-piece of his life. When its success was fully established, the artist sent a note to Kline, inviting him to call at the studio, and bring Jerry with him. There hung the picture—a spray of grape-vine lifted by the wind, and clusters of grapes underneath. Every detail was perfect; the grapes made one's mouth water; the vine was light and airy, and seemed almost to flutter before one's eyes, while in the corner of the gilt frame was a card, on which was written, "*From a sketch by Jerry Namer.*"

MAUD'S THANKSGIVING.

BY MARY E. C. WYETH.

CHAPTER I.

Mrs. Ashton had expected to eat her Thanksgiving dinner in a quiet way at home. The cook had taken one of those sudden and unaccountable freaks that so often afflict those important personages, and inconsiderately walked off on the day but one before the great national feast. Mrs. Ashton groaned over the situation of things; but groaning never yet stuffed turkeys, nor moulded pastry, nor pared and cooked a pumpkin; and is never likely to do either.

"I don't see but that we shall have to eat a 'snack' to-morrow, off the top of the kitchen dresser," she said, in a doleful tone, to Mr. Ashton, on the day before the feast, as he was going out of the front door.

"Why, what has happened to the tables?" asked Mr. Ashton, with a merry twinkle in his eye. "Can't we just as well eat our 'snack' sitting around a table, comfortably, as to eat it standing, and stretching up to a dresser uncomfortably?"

"Like the children of Israel eating the Passover," suggested Maud.

Mrs. Ashton laughed at the comparison; and her husband, pleased to see the sunshine on his wife's face again, promised to send up a Thanksgiving dinner for the morrow from the restaurant. "I'd rather eat a stalk of celery and a soup-lunch, off the top of the house, if need be, than to see your pretty face all drawn down to such dismal lengths, on account of the best of dinners," said he; and Maud, who seemed to be overflowing with Scripture texts, added:

"Yes, indeed. The Bible says, 'Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith;' and 'It is better to dwell in a corner of the house-top, than with a brawling woman and in a wide house.'"

Whereat Mrs. Ashton laughed so merrily, and Mr. Ashton frowned so ominously upon the little maiden, that Maud, sagely concluding that she had said somewhat either more or less than she had intended, or than was altogether appreciated, discreetly retired.

At that moment Mr. George reined up his sorrel mares before the gate, to leave an invitation from his mother for Mr. Ashton's family to come to Robin Forest with him, and remain over night, so as to be with them the entire feast-day. How gladly Mrs. Ashton accepted the opportune invitation, I could not tell you. Even Maud was not more pleased with this unlooked-for arrangement of things than was her perplexed, invalid mamma, who was not long in preparing for the visit, securing the house, and dispatching a neighbor's boy with the turkey, oysters and celery, to widow Goodson, whom she never failed to remember in a substantial manner at all holiday times.

The maple trees, that had made October so brilliant with glowing color, were now quite bare, and tossed their slender branches on the chill November breeze with a gentle sound of sighing, as for the summer gone. The brown leaves from the oaks whirled in eddies to the ground with every fresh gust of wind; and Maud could hear the sound of falling nuts and acorns, as they drove along the forest road. Persimmons and wild grapes yet hung on some of the trees and vines; and the late birds and the squirrels were keeping their Thanksgiving already in the autumn woods. The fall winds blew keenly, and Mrs. Ashton hugged her wraps around her; and Cousin George prophesied a snow-storm for the morning; and the sorrel mares trotted briskly into Robin Forest, and drew up before the piazza, with a full stop that was

the very expression of equine satisfaction. How cheerily the great logs in the open fire-place glowed! How delightfully warm and comfortable the atmosphere of the cozy sitting-room!

"Bress de honey," exclaimed Aunt Phœbe, as Maud bounded into her kitchen, from which issued most appetizing smells; "here ye is. Dem yer boys o' de min'ster's, has made more arnds dan a few, ober dis way, ter fine out ef Mars George dun got back wid y'all yit. Dem's peart young uns o' de min'ster's. Dey's invited here 'long wid all de res'. Aunt Phœbe's dun laid herself out ter be pestered wid chillens dis yere two blessid days. Want ter peek inter de pantry? See dem yer goodies? Now look at dese yer wings fur breshin up de harf wid. Want one ter take home? Nuffin like a tukky wing fur breshin harfs. An' jes behole dis yer tail! Ebber see a more splen'd tukky tail? Won't Aunt Phœbe flourish dis yer fan, ef de Lord spares her ter go ter meetin' nex' summer! Take keer!" she exclaimed, as Maud proceeded to test the powers of the fan in her most vigorous style. "De gummin' ain't none too dry yit. Now, hyar's de popper, an' hyar's de cawn. Sit ye down dar in de harf cawner, an' pop yer cawn, while I takes yer ma a cup o' tea, to set 'er up like fo' dinner. Miss Alice is 'vited out to-day, 'n' she won't be home fo' bed-time, I spec. So, ef dem yere boys comes over dis way agin, ye can tell 'em to stay an' play wid ye a leetle. I's baked a whole passel o' dough-nuts an' turn-overs, 'specially for y' all's use; an' der's any 'mount o' good nuts in de loft yander.

"Talk 'bout de angels!" chuckled Phœbe, "an' y' 'll hear der wings. Dar dem boys dis blessid minute. 'Stonishin' how chillens nebber does furgit nuffin!"

Such a merry time as those children had popping corn, cracking nuts, swinging in the barn, hunting hen's nests, and, lastly, planning amusements for to-morrow afternoon! Tom informed Maud that he had a new fiddle, and that he could play the "Arkansas Traveler" almost as well as Uncle

Cæsar, his father's hired man, who worked on the farm by day, and played lively tunes on his corn-stalk fiddle by the kitchen fire of evenings.

"What else can you play?" asked Maud, directly.

"O, lots," said little Robby, answering for him: "'Yankee Doodle,' 'n' lots o' things; 'n' 'Mary had a Little Lamb.'"

"'Yankee Doodle,' 'Arkansas Traveler,'" repeated Maud; "and what else?"

"Well," said Tom, "the rest are hymn tunes: 'Boylston,' and 'Arlington,' and 'We are Coming Blessed Saviour,' and 'Happy Land.'"

"Seems to me you're getting on splendid," said Maud. "You could n't play the first single thing when I saw you last; could n't hardly whistle. Can you play, too, Billy?"

"No," said Billy; "I whistle, and Tom fiddles. I can whistle variations to everything Tom plays—hymn tunes and all."

"Whistlin's prettier 'n fiddlin'," ventured Robby.

"Now, Robby!" said Maud, reprovingly, "that's ridiculous. Billy whistles uncommonly well; but nobody'd ever think of comparing a whistle to a stringed instrument. You're too young to criticise."

Robby looked abashed; but he was not easily overwhelmed, for he stoutly affirmed that *he* could sing, and that he *knew* that singing was better than either whistling or fiddling, for his papa said so; and as Maud was in no mood to gainsay the words of the minister, Robby had the last and best word of that discussion.

"I feel just as thankful as anything," said Maud, by way of changing the subject. "I think it's a good plan to begin to be thankful the day before hand; don't you?"

Tom and Billy said "h'm, h'm." Do you know what that means?

"For that matter," quoth Maud, "I'm always thankful to get out here to Aunt Lucy's. Do you s'pose your father 'll bring the old gray horse, and let us all ride on Cousin

Alice's saddle? 'Cause if he does, I shall be so thankful I won't know what to do."

"Then we won't do nothin'," said Robby, philosophically, "only just play."

"I think," said Maud, meditatively, "that it was a beautiful idea of God's to have Thanksgiving Day."

"Pho!" said Tom; "it was n't God, at all; it was the Pilgrim Fathers. Do n't you know 'Nited States History?"

"I don't care what your 'Nited States History says," returned Maud; "the Bible says, 'Every good and every perfect gift cometh down from above, from the Father of Light.' You're a pretty minister's son, are n't you? sticking out your 'Nited States History 'gainst the Bible!"

I'm sure I do n't know how this argument, so piously begun, might have ended, had not the arrival of Mr. Ashton and his spirited new horses put a sudden end to it.

The childish disputants dropped the doctrines, to assist, in their hindering way, at unharnessing the beautiful bays. Mr. Ashton was always a very child among children, and could "make believe," as Maud expressed it, "just as well as the next one;" and so merry a time did he manage to give the small quartette, that when tea-time came, and the boys went home, they agreed with Maud in the belief that however gay and happy Thanksgiving Day itself might turn out to be, it could not, by any possibility, exceed in happiness the hours of the day before hand.

Were they really and truly thankful to God for all this? say you. If I should tell you about their sayings and doings, when the great feast-day came, I think you would say with me—but no matter what. Shall I tell you?

CHAPTER II.

"Robby Selwyn!" said Maud to the minister's youngest son, as they passed out of the meeting-house together, on Thanksgiving Day, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself. 'Stid of sitting up straight and listening to the sermon, you kept screwing and twisting like an old piano-stool; and

when that yellow-jacket lit on poor Miss Derby's *chignon*, you almost giggled out loud. How would you have felt if your father had marched down out of that pulpit and shook you, and boxed your ears?"

"Ho!" said Robby, "I'd felt awful 'shamed o' himself. Big minister mans ought to know better 'n to forget what they're 'bout, and go 'round boxing and shaking boys right in meeting time."

"Well," said Maud, perceiving that her suggestion had failed of producing the effect she had anticipated, "it would have served you right if the yellow-jacket had stung you!"

"Guess I'd 'a' screwed an' twisted worse 'n' ever, then," said Robby, giggling again. "One did sting me once, over to Mrs. Lombard's, when I was helping pick apples. You ought to have seen me jump up and down, and holler! Aunt Phœbe put three leaves on the place, and cured it."

"Three leaves!" exclaimed Maud.

"Yes, indeed. An Indian squaw told Aunt Phœbe's old mistress. Aunt Phœbe took a quince leaf, and a grape leaf, and a raspberry leaf, and mashed them together and tied them on my hand, and it cured it in a minute. Aunt Phœbe got stung with a bumblebee, and she took a rose, and a clover, and a peach leaf, and they cured just every bit as good. Is n't it funny how Indians know cures for things?"

"But, for all that," said Maud, not to be diverted from her subject, "you ought to know better 'n to giggle and wriggle in meeting. You ought to have listened to the sermon."

"I did listen," retorted Robby. "Listened with all my might. I was watching to see when papa shut the Bible, 'cause then I'd know he was 'most through, and we'd soon be out to Robin Forest, to have good fun. Papa's going to let us ride old Whitey; and he's promised to play 'hi-spy' with us."

"Is n't that splendid!" said Maud, delighted out of all disposition to criticise. By this time they had reached the door, and Mrs. Selwyn, who had overheard

Maud's conversation with Robby, turned to her little boy, and said:

"But that was a conditional promise, Robby. Papa said if you were a good boy, and listened to the sermon, you remember. I fear that, by Maud's testimony, you've forfeited your claim on papa for the 'hippy.'"

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Robby; "I did n't whisper a word to Tommy and Billy—and I *listened, an' listened*; I know the sermon pretty good."

"What was it about?" asked Maud.

"Oh, I know," said Rob, "it was '*Why did n't the bird find it?*'"

"Good senses! Robby Selwyn," cried Maud; "and is that all you can tell of that great long sermon, all about the Pilgrim Fathers? I do hope Tom and Billy paid attention, for they *needed* to: Billy thinking that the Pilgrim Fathers got up the day, and landed on Plymouth Rock, and everything, all of their own accord; when, the truth is, they could n't have helped coming and doing every single thing just as they did, 'cause God sent them. God chose out the land for them, and chose them for the land. And He kept everybody else from finding out this country, until He was ready to bring them over in the Mayflower. That was just what I was trying to tell Billy, yesterday, only he would n't listen to nothing but 'Nited States History. Guess he knows now whether 'r no God had nothing to do with Thanksgiving Day. S'pose God had n't made the Pilgrim Fathers, and the country, and all the rest, how in the world would the Pilgrim Fathers have got up any Thanksgiving? That's what I'd like to know."

"That's it," interposed Robby, acquiescingly; "that's why the bird did n't find it."

"What 'd they had to be thankful for?" continued Maud. "Tell you what, Robby, everything begins and ends in God; and it's awful mean in Billy to fly up and lay Thanksgiving Day, and Christmas, and New Year's, and everything, to *Pilgrim Fathers*."

"I did n't," said Billy, who just then overtook the pair, in the churchyard. "I never said a word about Christmas and New Year's. Everybody *knows* God made *them*."

"Well," argued Maud, "so everybody ought to know that He makes everything and everybody; and plans just what everybody shall do, and how they shall do it; and all about it."

"Maud is sound on the doctrine of Predestination," laughed Mrs. Selwyn, as the minister handed her into the buggy.

"She's a keen listener, too," responded Mr. Selwyn. "I like such as she in my audience. Her eyes show plainly when she approves or condemns."

"I imagine poor Billy can testify that her tongue is not far behind her eyes in that regard," said Mrs. Selwyn. "You ought to have heard her put the doctrine of the Universal Sovereignty of God to him, a few moments ago. And she gave Robby a merciless dressing-down for his undignified demeanor in meeting-hours. Rob declares, however, that he knows the sermon; and persists that the whole gist of the discourse lies in the question, '*Why did n't the bird find it?*' You remember that you repeated that query once or twice with considerable emphasis."

The minister laughed merrily, and said he must question Robby. So, when they were all safely in the large sitting-room, and the children were making merry, in glad anticipation of Aunt Phoebe's feast, Mr. Selwyn called them around him, and said to Robby:

"Now, little son, did you hear the sermon?"

"Oh, yes, sir," replied Robby. "It was a very good sermon, too. Maud can say it all off as nice as anything."

"But what can *you* tell of it?" asked his father.

"O, lots!" answered Bobby, dreamily, looking at the pictures on the wall. "It was all about God, and Thanksgiving Day, and why did n't the bird find Florida? That's where Dr. Linn goes in winter."

It's a nice place. Oranges, and roses, and lilies grow there, and figs, too, right out in the winter time. Guess the bird missed it—did n't he?"

"But can Robby tell *why* the bird did not fly to Florida, that day when he lit on Columbus' ship, and the great Navigator prayed to God to guide the little bird to land, so that he might follow with his ship, and save his murmuring sailors from mutinying? The bird flew to Hispaniola. Florida was just as near. Why did not that little bird find it?"

"O, I donno," said Robby, staring at a picture of "Washington Crossing the Delaware;" "I guess he was n't a very gumpitious bird."

"I told you, you was n't listening," said Maud; "of course you was n't. If that bird had landed in Florida, *that* day, you would n't have been out here at Robin Forest, having a nice Thanksgiving, *this* day—that's all."

"What's the reason I would n't?" asked Robby, thoroughly aroused, and with his attention diverted from the picture and centered on Maud. "I guess Mrs. Lombard asked me."

"Yes," replied Maud; "but did n't you hear your papa say—no, of course you did n't, 'cause you would n't listen; but he said it, anyway."

"Said what?" interrupted Rob, impatiently.

"Why, that those people who came out after Columbus, and settled the countries he found, were Catholics—ignorant and cruel, too. If they had filled up this country, of course it would have been a Catholic country, with a Catholic king, and a pope, and no Bible, and all sorts of horrible times, with bull-fightings, and Spanish fandangoes, and all those goings-on that they have down in Mexico; and there would n't have been the least single thing to be thankful for—that's why. If you ever even *read the papers*, Robby Selwyn," continued Maud, warming with her theme, "you'd know that these Spanish West Indies—the countries where that bird flew

to—are no extra-fine places to live in. They do well enough to visit for your health, when you've got the bronchitis, or something 'r other. I guess I know. Was n't papa's cousin tied up and shot for just trying to help some of the people out of some of the musses they're always getting into with their *mizzable* government?"

"Jim Robson said he was a fillibuster," interposed Tom. "You can't go meddling around among other people's governments without risking your head. Nobody can."

"Anyway," said Maud, "it's a comfort to know that God can. 'Tis n't meddling, either, when *He* does anything; 'cause all the world, and all the people, are His, and He can do what He has a mind to with them."

"Dinner's ready!" shouted Robby. "There's the bell. Hurrah for Aunt Phœbe!" and away bounded the little fellow, who was a rare favorite with all the household at Robin Forest. Miss Alice led him to a seat beside her own, at the bountifully and beautifully spread feast-table. He could scarcely keep his eyes closed while his father asked the blessing; and as soon as Mr. George and Mr. Selwyn began the carving, he leaned confidently toward Miss Alice, and, with eyes beaming with delight, said:

"I'm just as thankful as anything. I'm *glad* the bird did n't find Florida."

"So am I," replied Miss Alice. "I'm glad that God has given this dear land to a Bible-loving people. And I could n't help wishing, *this* morning, that all the children of our country might be as well instructed as ours were to-day, on the real reasons for a National Thanksgiving Day. I wished that they might be taught the real secret of our country's greatness, and the only hope of the nation's prosperity and perpetuity, after the same plain and delightful manner that our minister instructed us. I enjoyed every word of your discourse, Mr Selwyn."

"It adds to my causes for thankfulness to hear you say so," answered Mr. Selwyn. "For my part, I am determined never to omit the improvement of any opportunity of teaching our children the truth, that

God has made and planted this country, of and with the best material of the universe, for His own great purpose, which is nothing less than to aid and hasten, among all nations, and peoples, and countries of the globe, the coming of the Kingdom of our Lord, and of His Christ. It is a great thing to be permitted to live in this country, in this age of the world, only to see God's hand so plainly revealed to us. Every noble bridge that spans our rivers; every new and branching railroad that links our distant shores; every merchant-ship that leaves our docks, seem to be indelibly inscribed with 'Holiness to the Lord;' for the Lord is using each and all of these agencies to send abroad, to the ends of the earth, the Gospel—the good news. And from the East and from the West, from the North and from the South, the millions of the earth are turning their eyes, and ears, and hands, and feet, towards our country, to see, and to hear, and to take hold of, and to possess, the blessings of our goodly heritage. And, because Jesus is our King, and His salvation is free, they shall not turn away unblest."

Robby, who was placidly munching a stalk of celery, rounded off his father's period with, "*That's* why the bird did n't find it."

"Rob's a person of one idea," laughed Mr. George. "I think I'll supply him with a few more, in the shape of slices of turkey, and duck, and oyster-patties, and all sorts of vegetables. Do n't starve the boy on celery, Alice. Help him to cranberry sauce, and salad, and all the rest of Aunt Phœbe's good things. Those are ideas, now, that a boy of Rob's size can enjoy."

And Rob did enjoy them; and so, in fact, did all the rest. It chanced to Robby, during the dessert, to be helped to nuts, many of which contained double kernels. Robby ate philopenas with the grown people, on "Yes or No" plan. It chanced, too, that Robby gained every one of them, and claimed, as his "love-gift," a story from each.

So, the after-dinner hour was most delightfully spent in story-telling. Then came the ride on old Whitey, and the game of "hi-spy," in which not only the minister, but Mr. Ashton and Cousin George, joined; and the barn, and corn-crib, and stable, and work-shop, rang again with merry shouts of laughter and glee, as the merry children darted hither and thither, eluding the pursuing grasp of the minister, who was almost always "catcher," owing to his failing of being so easily caught. But, by and by, not only the minister, but Mr. Ashton and Cousin George, all declared themselves downright tired, and begged leave to rejoin the quieter circle in the sitting-room.

The sun was sinking to his rest, when Mr. George, mindful of the wants of his dumb animals, came out to superintend the feeding and watering. The children were enjoying a sober see-saw in the ox-cart.

"Tom," Maud was saying, "has n't this been a gay day? I think ministers are splendid, and Thanksgiving is splendid, and Robin Forest is splendid; and *three* such splendid things, *all in one day*, is enough to satisfy anybody. And, for my part, I'm *perfectly satisfied*. Are n't you?"

"Well, yes," said Tom, somewhat deliberately, "I guess so—pretty much. But, I think I could manage another piece of mince-pie."

"I never saw anything like boys!" said Maud, contemptuously. "Who's thinking about *pies*? Can't you ever consider your mercies, and be thankful? I'm ashamed of you, Tommy Selwyn! Such a great boy as you are, too—and a *minister's* son!"

"Well, now," said Tommy, "who *is* n't thankful? Does liking pie hinder anybody from being thankful? Pie is a great blessing. I'm just as thankful as you are, too."

"So am I," said Billy; "and going to be still more so, when the supper-bell rings."

"Me, too," shouted Rob, throwing up his arms, as his end of the cart came up with a sudden jerk. "Why, hurrah! there it goes now! Come, Mr. George, Aunt

Phoebe's ringing the tea-bell. *Are n't you glad the bird did n't find Florida?*"

When, after the happy evening meal, Mr. Selwyn led the hour of family worship, as he offered the sacrifice of thanksgiving and praise—not only for the mercies and blessings of the year, but especially for the pleasures and privileges of the day that had just passed so pleasantly and delightfully—Maud felt, and was not alone in the

feeling, that of all the dear, delicious memories of the happy day, this one of grateful communion with the Loving Father was the dearest and the best; for the heart of the minister was full of sweet and trustful faith, that was like the faith of a little child; and the incense of his prayer, as it ascended to the Mercy Seat, seemed to return again, in Spirit-blessing, crowning the happy hours of Maud's Thanksgiving.

SUE'S THANKSGIVING.

"To-morrow'll be Thanksgiving day!" said merry little Sue;

"Mother's been making puddings and pies, and there's ever so much to do!

Aunt Mary is coming, the darling! and Nell, with her baby boy,

And dear old grandpa, and brother Tim! Oh, my! I am wild with joy!

"One year ago poor grandma came; but her face was, oh! so white!

And she trembled so, and spoke so low, I cried with all my might!

She said when this Thanksgiving came, and we placed the chairs around,

Hers would be empty, and her dear face be under the frozen ground.

"And now it's true; and I know I'll cry when I see poor grandpa stand

Alone at the head of the table, while he prays with lifted hand;

For grandma used to stand by his side, and say such a sweet 'Amen.'

'Twill seem as if we must all of us wait till we hear her voice again.

"Oh! that cunning little baby of Nell's! I don't know how to wait

Till I see their carriage come over the hill and stop at the garden gate!

She wrote in her letter such funny things the little rogue would do.

Don't you think when she asks him who he loves, he'll say, just as plain, 'Aunt Sue!'

"And Tim has let his whiskers grow. I know he'll be a fright!

And I know just how he'll tease me, too, from morning until night.

He'll catch me up in his great strong arms, and run up stairs and down,

And rub my cheeks to make them red, with his beard so stiff and brown.

"I know just what aunt Mary'll say. 'Why, Sue, how thee does grow!

Does thee grow better as thee grows tall? I'd very much like to know.'

Dear auntie! she always looks so sweet, and has such a pleasant smile,

I should think she had Thanksgiving at her house all the while!

"I must thank the Father for all my friends; but more than all beside,

For grandpa and darling grandma (oh! I wish she had n't died!);

But I'll thank Him because I had her once, and I'll ask Him not to take

Any more angels out of our house, for the dear Christ Jesus' sake!

"I'll stand to-morrow where grandma stood, close by her empty chair,

And grandpa will lay his dear old hand so softly in my hair

While he prays such beautiful, beautiful words to the Father in heaven, and then

When he bows his head I'll whisper to God, I'll say it for grandma. Amen."



CLAUD AND THE LITTLE BIRDS.

BY OLIVE THORNE.

"Claud," said his mamma, one day, "would you like to see a bird's nest?"

"Oh, yes!" said Claud, jumping up and down with delight; "where is it?"

"I will take you to see it," said his mamma; "but I shall blindfold you."

"What for, mamma?" asked Claud, anxiously.

"Because if you should go there often you would disturb the pretty little mother-bird, and she would go away and leave the eggs."

"Then I could have 'em!" said Claud, eagerly.

"But she would feel bad to lose them; so I shall not let you see where it is. If you want to go you must be blindfolded."

"Will it hurt?" Claud asked, hesitating.

"No, of course not," laughed mamma, taking out a clean white handkerchief and folding it up cornerwise. "Now let me tie this on."

Claud came up, had the bandage tied on, took mamma's hand, and they started out.

"Now I'm a blind man, like poor old Roger in my book, and you're my dog to lead me. Ain't you a pretty big dog, mamma?"

"I should think I was," said mamma, laughing.

When they were on the walk there began a curious and mysterious performance. First mamma led him a little way towards the barn; then she turned and walked towards the chicken-house; then she went back past the house, down by the fountain to the front gate; and then she led him over all the winding paths of the yard. After that she turned him around several times, so he would not know which way he was going, and at last she led him across the grass and up to a little rose-bush, not twenty feet from the front gate. Holding her dress around him, so that he could n't look out, she slipped up the bandage and let him look.

There on the ground, away under the bush, was a cunning little nest, and in it were four pretty speckled eggs. Claud could hardly believe his eyes. Such tiny bits of eggs, and such a cunning little nest.

"Oh, mamma!" he cried, eagerly, "oh, do let me take it home and put it on the piazza!"

"No," said mamma; "you would n't want to take away the poor little bird's house, would you? By and by four tiny bits of birds will come out of them, and then I'll bring you again to see them."

"It's ever 'n' ever so far from our house, ain't it?" asked Claud, innocently.

"So far that I think you'll never find it," said mamma. Then she blindfolded him again, and by the same winding way led him back to the house.

Every day after that Claud might be seen wandering away off at the end of the lawn, looking eagerly at the foot of every bush, trying to find that bird's nest.

Mamma kept her word, and in a few days she took him, in the same mysterious way, to see four little wide-mouthed birds. A day or two after this Claud was playing on the grass near the fence, and he saw a

bird fly down into the grass at the foot of that very rose-bush. Then he heard a loud peeping, and he ran up to see what it was. The old bird flew up as he came near, and there was the nest full of birdies. He stood looking at them, never suspecting that it was the same family that he had seen, when a big boy, who lived near, noticed him through the fence.

"What you looking at?" he asked.

"Little birds," answered Claud, not looking up, "with big mous, and not any feathers."

"Give me one," said the boy.

"T ain't mine," said Claud; "b'long to their mamma."

"Well, just bring one here for me to look at," said the big boy; "I want to see what kind it is. Come; I'll give you some candy if you will," he added, coaxingly.

Candy was a great temptation to Claud; so, after a moment's hesitation, he carefully took up one of the droll looking things, and carried it down to the fence. The boy snatched it and ran off.

"Here!" cried Claud, "where's the candy? an' you must n't take it away!"

"Wait there till I bring it," said the boy with a laugh, as he turned around the corner.

Claud waited a long time, till his mother came out and called him. He went up to the big tree where she was sitting, and told her the whole story.

"Why, Claud," said she, "that is a bad boy, and he just promised you the candy to get you to bring him a bird. He did n't mean to give it back; and now the poor little mamma will feel bad."

Claud began to cry.

"I told you not to talk to that boy," said mamma.

"I did n't," sobbed Claud; "he talked to me."

"I think," said mamma, "that I'd better tie up these little hands, so that they can't do any more mischief; do n't you?"

"Y-e-s," said Claud, hesitatingly.

So mamma laid his arms across each other and tied them with his handkerchief.

And then she told him the whole story of the birds—how the mamma and papa birds came there in the spring, and found that cozy little place under the rose-bush, and how they went off and brought horse hairs and other things, and made a nice little house, and then the mamma bird laid four eggs, and sat on them all the time, and hardly left them a minute till the little birds broke open the shells and came out. And then when she was gone out to hunt up something for them to eat, a naughty boy came and carried off one of her dear little babies.

Claud hung his head and felt very much ashamed, and very sorry, and promised that if his naughty hands wanted to touch any more birds he would come right to mamma and have them tied up.

IN THE WOODS.

BY W. O. C.

I walked out into the woods, the other day, and sat down upon a fallen tree. An old gray hen-hawk sat on a limb, high over my head. He looked down at me, reaching his neck over, first on one side, and then on the other. Then he began to scream, and I screamed back. He seemed some astonished, and finally was silent.

But it was too cool, sitting on the log; so I rose and stood up against a beech-tree, on the sunny side. I was listening to the tinkle of a brook, that was trying to find its way among the bushes; and I had forgotten where I was. Just then, a little chick-a-dee-dee flew down before me, not far off, and looked me all over. I thought he was perhaps measuring my height, giving a rough guess, just to try his arithmetic. Then he suddenly sprang upon my feet, and began to climb along up to my head. I had been among the bushes, and there were bits of dry leaves clinging to my clothes. These he carefully removed, making clean work as he went along up. "Chick-a-dee! chick-a-dee-dee!" sang the little fellow, as he reached the top of my hat. Then I heard him rattling overhead; and

the sound of his toes reminded me of a little poem that I like to read, "Rain on the Roof."

Then he examined the quality of my hair. He made several attempts to pull out here and there a hair that I suppose was turning gray; or perhaps he meant it for a hint that my hair had not been properly combed that morning, as the bell had rung rather earlier than usual. Anyhow, it was all very loving and social; and he seemed to be saying: "You're only one of the family, you know!" So, I am sure I felt very grateful for his kind attentions, and was sorry when he hopped off and ran away up the beech-tree.

GRANDMOTHER'S DIPLOMACY.

BY LOTTIE M. ROSE.

Eva, the fair, with soft flaxen hair,
And clear azure eyes, like her fatherland's skies,
Said, shyly and low, with dimples aglow,

"Mamma, will you bring

A little gold ring

From the town, when to-morrow you go?"

But the grave mamma's eyes were solemn and wise;

"Why, Eva, my dear, you are only a child,

And should think of your books

Instead of your looks;"

So, sagely, the grave mamma smiled.

"Of vain, foolish things,

Like jewels and rings,

Do n't think till you're older, my child."

Grandma, the fair, with soft silver hair,

In her eyes a "long-ago" look,

With a half-musing sigh her glasses laid by,

And dreamily turned from her book:

"Rings, did you say?

My thoughts were away;

I remember so well the first that you wore!

You often had coaxed me for trinkets before;

And once, in the town of Hamburg, I bought

A tiny gold ring, so quaintly wrought—

How you danced and sang for joy that day—

Do you remember it, daughter May?

Ah, me! ah, me!

So long ago!

You scarcely were old as Eva, I know."

Eva shook down the ringlets bright,

To hide in her eyes the mischievous light;

Mamma carefully gilded her seams;

Grandma went back to her "long-ago" dreams.

O! rare diplomacy,

Quietly wrought,

In the town on the morrow the ring was bought!

ALMOST A DISCOVERY.

BY L. B. BACON.

It is a long, long time since it happened—this incident that I am going to relate—but I never think of it without indulging in a little laugh at the expense of the two children who were concerned in it.

It was quite out of the line of children's ordinary occupation—something that it seems to me, at this distance of time, very unusual for children of their ages to be interested in. I have said children, but there was only one child to whom the credit of the achievement—if there is any—properly belongs. He was a little white-haired, round-faced boy, not more than seven or eight years old, whose name was Jesse. He was a wide-awake little fellow, always inquiring into the reasons for things, interested in all sorts of machinery, and skillful in the use of tools. He was one of those Yankee boys who could not only "make a thing, but make the thing that makes it."

No doubt such boys ought to be encouraged; for such as they may grow up into Whitneys, or Fultons, or Morses. But they are sometimes dreadfully troublesome in their pursuit of knowledge, and are very likely not to be appreciated by their own family. And so it was with Jesse. His father and mother could not be bothered with the boy's nonsense; and his brothers and sisters only laughed at him. But he had a cousin two or three years older than himself, to whom he confided his wonderful discoveries, without any fear of ridicule, or lack of interest on her part. Her name was Lois; and she believed in Jesse with all her heart. She had no little brothers of her own, and she had always felt that it would have been a more just and equal distribution of God's good gifts if some of the many babies that came to her uncle's house had been left at her father's instead, and especially this boy Jesse, in whom she felt the greater interest, because he was her father's namesake. She was sure she could have more patience with him than his sis-

ters had. But sometimes, when he was particularly "plaguesome," as she expressed it (and no boy knew better how to be), she could run home and leave him, and then she was glad that he was not her brother, after all. But these occasions were rare, and did not in the least diminish her faith in his genius.

His miniature dams and water-wheels in the little brook back of the house, seemed to her marvels of mechanical and inventive skill; and she was not in the least surprised, when he told her one day as they were going to school, that he thought he had discovered perpetual motion. She must stop at his house after school, and he would show it to her; but she must not speak of it to any one, for he would not have it known for the world. To all of which she assented.

As they trudged home from school that night—and they had a mile to walk—Jesse explained his discovery to his cousin with the confidence of one sure of success. It consisted of two basins of water and two siphons, which were to keep the water running back and forth between the basins. Such a simple thing it was, he said, that he wondered somebody had not thought of it before; and if he could make it work—and he had no doubt about it—his fortune was made. Nothing could be surer than that.

It was quite against her mother's rules for Lois to "stop in" at any body's house going home from school. But she ventured to go into the yard and witness Jesse's experiments. He borrowed the basins from his mother, and the children went to the brook, where the siphons were ready for use. And these deserve a moment's notice. They could not really be called the boy's handiwork or invention, for they grew in the garden, upon what is called by the very common and unromantic name of a pumpkin vine. But I never heard of

their being used for such a purpose by any one else; and certainly neither art or nature ever contrived better ones.

Filling one basin with water, Jesse put in a siphon, and having exhausted the air, it began forthwith to empty the water into the other basin.

"Now let me hurry," said he, "and get the other one running before this stops; and do n't you see I can keep this little bit of water emptying from one dish to the other as long as I want to; and so it would n't take more than two or three hogs-heads full to run a big machine forever and ever."

Jesse made all haste to suck the air from siphon number two; but, for some reason, by the time that the water was running from this one, siphon number one gave out. Then he applied his mouth to number one, and, strange to say, by the time that was in running order again, number two suspended. This experiment was repeated over and over again, to the disappointment of the little philosopher and his companion, who encouraged him to persevere, and did all she could to help him. So far as she could see, no doubt his discovery would be as valuable to the world as that of the steam engine or spinning-jenny.

The children renewed their experiments in the morning, and again at night, and of course always with the same result. They could not succeed in getting both siphons running at the same time.

"Jesse," said Lois, after many failures, "I notice that the water do n't run out of the basin only when it is the fullest."

"Yes, I've noticed that, too," said Jesse; "but then I kept hoping I could make it; may be I can't, though."

They talked the matter over seriously, and the united wisdom of those two young heads decided that by no device of theirs could water be made to rise above its level; and that was the end of their experiments in that line.

Years afterwards, when they had become a little more familiar with the science of natural philosophy, they had many a laugh

over their childish folly; and Jesse, whose fondness for mechanics was long ago turned to good account, is comforted by knowing that he came just as near to the discovery of perpetual motion as any body ever did.

OUR LITTLE DOG DICKIE.

FOR THE VERY SMALL FOLKS, BY N. A. N.

Dickie is growing old now; and as you have seen your grandpa take his chair to the sunny side of the house and sit there, so Dickie likes to find some warm, bright spot; and there he lies, opening his sleepy eyes sometimes to look at the little kitten, who is trying to play with him, or to watch a hen picking her way through the grass, her little chicks tripping after her.

What do you suppose he is thinking of? Of his young days? Perhaps that is what your grandpa is thinking of as he sits at the sunny side of the house—he is thinking of his young days.

Dickie smiles to himself—that is, wags his tail—when he calls to mind the many sham fights he had with a little rooster—a little hot-headed rooster. And then he feels complacent (you must ask the meaning of the word) as he thinks what a very kind care-taker he has been of all the hens and their little ones. Ah! old Dickie, you have a very humble look; but we all know of what you are thinking; we all know you are feeling a little vain of those things in your younger days.

Most of the hens would take no notice of Dickie. They stepped here and there picking up food, and clucking to their families, seeming to wish to show Master Dickie they were able to take care of themselves. This troubled Dickie, and he was much delighted when an old black hen, who, like Mother Goose, "had so many children she did n't know what to do," and no old shoe as that lady had to store them in, was willing to let him take charge, and become the nurse of her brood. At first all the other hens made fun of this one; but afterwards they quite envied her, she hatched

so many fine broods that summer. As soon as she had hatched a brood, Dickie would watch each little one, taking care of them at night. The hen would soon give them entirely into his charge, and go off and raise another brood.

Now what do you think the chicks did at night, with no mother near? Ah! Dickie

was with them! I cannot tell you what he muttered to them, or what they chirped to him, for I don't know much about dog language nor chicken language; but they had it all arranged before dusk, and then each little chick took its place under Dickie's long hair, just as they would beneath their mother's wings.

V E S P E R S

BY MARY E. C. WYETH.

Silently over the river
 Cloud-wave on cloud-wave drifts;
 Darts from the sunset's quiver,
 Glance through the shining rifts;
 Crystalline drops on the grasses,
 Gleaming 'mid mists and damps,
 Flash through the orchard passes
 Light from their jeweled lamps;
 Shadow and sunlight drifting by,
 Trail their banners o'er earth and sky.

Sounds from the hill-top and mountain,
 Voices from meadow and vale,
 Chimes from the rill and the fountain,
 Float through the listening dale;
 Wild birds a-swing in their bowers,
 Carol their tunefullest lay;
 Incense of dewy-urned flowers
 Rises from tendril and spray;
 Color and odor and sounds declare
 Day is done—'t is the hour of prayer.

OUR DEFEAT AT WATERLOO.

BY M. E. M.

Almost our first experience of continental life was in the gay little city of Brussels, which we approached from London by way of Antwerp—that city of wealthy burghers and wonderful churches. It is a smiling, pleasant city, all the more attractive, perhaps, that we had not then seen Paris. It has fine streets, beautiful parks, and magnificent cathedrals; and, more than all, it has in Place Royale an equestrian statue of Godfrey de Bouillon, whose name and fame is echoed wherever the proud deeds of knights of chivalry and the Crusades are repeated. We often wondered, when seeing these antique statues, in all sorts of out-of-the-way places—often in the lowest and most crowded parts of European cities—how many centuries statues would remain whole, thus exposed to the chivalry of Young America! Poor Godfrey would have lost his nose long ago, we opine, in

the neighborhood of the Tombs, in New York, or even in more Christian and respectable quarters of that goodly city.

Soon after our arrival, we were domiciled in a charming parlor, at Hotel Bellevue, with a cuisine unsurpassed, we believe, in the civilized world.

The morning after our arrival we sallied forth to visit the lace factories, and saw enough beautiful shawls, flounces, and laces, to turn the most sensible woman's head. It was with a thrill of reproach that we examined a piece of point, about a finger square, and were told that on it was one woman's work for twenty days. It looked no finer than we often see worn by our friends at home, whose luxuries thus drain the life and health of their fellow-creatures; for we were told that most of the workwomen lose their sight, either partially or totally, by forty years of age. But we were interrupted in

our fascinating search by the Captain of our party informing us that it was *en regle* to visit the field of Waterloo; and, consequently, present delights were sacrificed to the names of history.

It was a lovely October afternoon, and an elegant turn-out took us from the door of the hotel through the pleasant streets to the long avenues, bordered with trees, which leads out some twelve miles to the battle-field.

As we rolled along, our way was beguiled by admiring the neatness of the peasants' cottages, with little pots of flowers in the windows, and by the dexterous feats of little girls, who adopted a mode of begging, which seems to be a specialty of that locality, viz.: running along side of the carriage and turning somersaults, without discomposing a thread of their skirts, or their hairs, either, apparently; for in a second they were right side up, holding out their hands for pennies. We became quite critical in these gymnastics, after awhile, and only rewarded the most nimble, till some whirled off like the wheel of a velocipede, and we came to the conclusion that the most easy and natural position of the natives of that region was to stand on their heads.

At length we reached the corn and wheat fields, which were pointed out by our guide as the site of the battle, in the center of which a huge, awkward mound of earth rolled itself up like an exaggerated ant-hill, and was surmounted by a colossal lion, who still seems to growl defiance on its ancient foes.

We did our duty by visiting the dirty old farm-house of Mont St. Jean, and several points of brilliant encounters, and tried to follow the guide when he pointed out the hedge where lay the English cavalry, or the ditch over which the French charged; and when he had finished, asked, with little Peterkin:

"But what good came of it at last?
Why, that I cannot tell, said he,
But 't was a famous victory."

Much, I fear, we were employed in weaving the plan of battle into unique designs for point de Bruselles, or applique—and the roses of the lace-shops quite rivalled those of the hedges, or even the pile of old rusty relics which were stored in one of the little huts on the grounds. Our entertainment was varied by a battle of words between our guide and the landlady of an eating-house; and we were pleased to find that, so far as we could understand the jargon, our side gave the *coup de grace*.

Not being British enough to pay our court to the old lion, one hundred and forty feet above us, or Prussian enough to pause long before their Gothic monument, we found ourselves quite ready to leave as the twilight approached, and soon were bowling along the tree-bordered avenue, with eager expectations of supper and the luxurious rest of Hotel Bellevue, when suddenly our reveries were roughly broken in upon by a wheel of our carriage rolling off, and thus we broke down ingloriously near the "Champs de Mars." Our driver, seeming perfectly helpless in his despair, and no possibility of succor being at hand, there was nothing for us but to make the charge on Brussels *a pied*.

Leaving our poor driver to bemoan his fate in a series of successive "*sacres*," we tramped along, feeling quite sure we should soon arrive at our hotel. But the way was long, and the path was dark, for night had closed in upon us; and although two gentlemen made up the force of our party, we had a sly inkling that they would, just then, have rather had the protection of Wellington's cavalry, than to lead the charge on Brussels afoot and alone.

Groups of people passed us, occasionally, who looked rather suspicious; and, to keep our courage up, we tried to humbug them into the belief that we were of their own sort, by blundering out an occasional French phrase. And still we walked; and still farther seemed the spires and lights of the phantom city.

At length we approached some little

suburban buildings, which betokened a very low order of civilization, and, entering a smoky cabaret, one of our party was fortunately able to make our wants and disasters known; and we found, to our dismay, that we were still five miles from the city. After much chattering, a cut-throat-looking landlord agreed to get out a rickety cab and send us home. It was too dark to see what it looked like, but the senses of smell and touch conveyed enough to quite satisfy the fastidious as to the character of the establishment.

It was somewhat close packing to crowd five grown persons and two children into this little one-horse vehicle, to say nothing of the driver, who, in his dirty smock, added dignity to the whole. But it was a merry party, notwithstanding our mishaps; and passers-by, who heard "John Brown," "Yankee Doodle," and other national melodies, shouted at the top of our voices, might well have said: "There was a sound of revelry by night in Belgium's capital."

At a late hour our brave turn-out landed us at the hotel, and, amid the glare of lights and wondering stare of the officials, we meekly dismounted, feeling very much like Cinderella when returning late from the ball. The friends whom we had left behind were just about sending out in search of us; and we fully enjoyed the delicious hot supper which their thoughtfulness had provided.

After sending succor to our benighted driver, we congratulated ourselves that nothing more disagreeable had resulted from our defeat at Waterloo.

THE GIANT SHIP.

A GERMAN LEGEND, BY HARRY FEDDERSEN.

The sailors of Friseland, on the western coast of Sleswic, tell of a giant ship, "Mannigfual" (*männig*, many; *fual*, people), which was so large that the captain, in giving his orders, was obliged to travel around the deck on horseback. The sailors, who climbed up in the rigging as young men,

came down again as old gray-beards. But up there they subsisted by frequently visiting the taverns, which were located in the blocks of the rigging.

Once the monster ship steered from the Atlantic Ocean into the British Channel; but, between Dover and Calais, she could not get through, on account of the narrow passage. The smart captain ordered the larboard side, which was pushed against the English coast, to be greased with soap; so, the "Mannigfual" happily succeeded in getting through the Channel, and into the North Sea. The great quantity of soap which was rubbed off on the rocks of Dover, gave them their white, soap-like color, which they keep till this day.

Once the giant ship came—God knows how—into the Baltic Sea; but the crew soon found the water too shallow. To get the "Mannigfual" afloat again, the ballast, and the ashes of the kitchen-stove, had to be thrown overboard. Of the ballast, the island of Lornholm; and of the ashes, the little island of Christiansoc, near by, originated.

ALL FOR THE BEST.

BY M. E. N. HATHEWAY.

What thought so well can lighten care,
And lend us strength to do and bear,
And lift the heart with grief oppressed,
As this—that all is for the best?

What draws us to our being's height,
And makes His laws our chief delight,
And calms our weariness to rest,
Like feeling all is for the best?

In vain we seek, and question why
He now should give, and now deny;
Reason is baffled in the quest,
Faith whispers—all is for the best.

Wherever, then, our paths are laid,
Through strife or peace, through sun or shade,
In each appointment we are blest,
While knowing all is for the best.



Bayville. "Dear Prudy: I received the pictures, and was very much pleased with them. They are ever so much nicer than I expected they would be. I thank you very much for them. I am eleven years old, and I help pa milk, morning and night, to pay for THE CORPORAL, and shall take it as long as I can earn the money to pay for it. Yours, with respect.
"F. B. BROWN."

Madison. "Dear Prudy: I was ten years old the eighth of last February. I live on a farm, but my papa is a merchant in town. I had the measles about a month ago. I do n't like it very much, do you, Prudy? or perhaps you never had it. A cousin of mine sends me THE LITTLE CORPORAL. I like it very much. We have a pretty little pony. He is very gentle, and we think a great deal of him. There are a great many birds around here: robins, blue-birds, red-headed woodpeckers, and oh, ever so many more! Have you ever read how Hiawatha went out to fight a great magician who had troubled the Indians very much? A great many others had tried to kill him, but in vain; and they themselves had been killed by the magician. When Hiawatha came to the place where he lived, he discharged several arrows at the magician, but there did not one wound him. A woodpecker was in a tree near by, and the woodpecker told Hiawatha to aim at the roots of a tuft of hair that grew on his head. He did so. The arrow hit in the right place and wounded him. He discharged a second arrow and it killed him. Hiawatha then, to show his gratitude, stained the woodpecker's head with the blood of the great magician. But I presume that you have read all about it. But I have said too much already. I must n't talk to you any more. Your friend,
"GRACE G. SAFFORD."

Warrenton. "Dear Prudy: Once during a thunder storm, two of my younger sisters went into the parlor and knelt down by the sofa and said:

"Now I lay me down to sleep."

I guess they were a little afraid, don't you? I guess you will laugh when I tell you I am writing a book, and setting the type also. What do you think of that, Prudy? My smallest sister sends her love to Prudy. Your unknown friend,

"TOMMIE HUBERT."

A STORY ABOUT THE JAPANESE.

"I am a little girl. I live in Japan. I am ten years old. I like Japan very much, because we travel in the summer over the mountains. We travel in chairs carried by men, or Jenrecklehas. The Jenreckleha men wear no clothes in summer, but in winter they wear a coat and tight trousers. In Tokyo, there is a temple called Sheba. There are six rooms there which are inlaid with gold. The gates

are of bronze. There is one room in which the ceiling is of gold, inlaid with enamel. There is a tree there which people write on with pencil, and it will never rub out. In winter there are a great many camillas. We pick them by the basketfuls; and in summer, a great many pinks. All the Japanese women smoke. A little girl or boy of rank has no playmates, but lives in the castle. The tutors come every day to the castle. Every horse in Japan has a man to run and take care of it. The cows have men, also, to take care of them, called bettoes.
"BLANCHE HARPER."

Peru. "Dear Prudy: I thought I would like to write you a little letter, as I have not seen any written you from here. I received the little chromes all safe, and I think they are splendid. I like 'Little Runaway' the best, though. I am fourteen years old, and I make my own living. I am kind of an office-boy in the Howe machine office, and trying to learn all I can, for I can not afford to go to school; and I was told the other day, if I was a good boy and studied real well—for I have plenty of time to study—I could gain a position in the office in a year or so. Don't you think that is worth trying for? Dear Prudy, I am an orphan boy. I came over to America to make my living, about two years ago. I lived in Brighton, in the southern part of England. When my dear mamma died I had no one left to love or care for me, and I had to make my own living; and I could n't do it there, so one day I bld farewell to my native country, and started out all alone for America, to try and see what I could do; and so far I have been successful. Does Prudy know any little orphans? This is quite a thriving little city of about six or seven thousand inhabitants.
"RICHARD E. GOBLE."

Crawfordsville. "Dear Prudy: I am twelve years old. I live with my grandpa. He gave me a pig, and I fed it myself; got it fat, sold it, and bought a writing desk, and now I want to write you a letter. I wish I could write as good a letter as some of the others who write for your pocket. I was much interested in the letter from Morristown. My grandpa came from New Jersey; but I never heard of Fort Nonsense before.
FRANKIE PULSIFER."

"Dear Prudy: I want to tell you how I like THE LITTLE CORPORAL. We have taken it two years, and are taking it this year. I do n't believe I could do without it. We have just got our new school-house done. We have got a right nice school-house, but the trouble of it is, that we do n't have more than four months' school a year. We have got a marthin-box up, and there are two sets of martins building in it. We went out in the woods the other day to hunt gooseberries, and we found a bird's nest, and it was built with sticks, and then they had walled

it up with mud outside, and lined it with feathers; and it had four little white eggs, all speckled over with brown; and I found one in a rose-bush, and it had four little blue eggs in it. From

"MARY SMITH."

New Hartford. "Dear Prudy: I am twelve years old, and go to school. We have a very nice teacher, and it will be our own fault if we do not learn, this winter. Did you ever wax any autumn leaves? Take a warm iron and rub it over some beechwax, and then over the leaves, on both sides, and they will keep for a year or more; and you can make them into transparencies for the window, and fasten them about the room. My letter is getting to be quite long and I must close. I inclose a letter to Private Queer. With much love, I remain your friend,

"HATTIE P. MARSH."

Vermillion. "Dear Prudy: I am a little girl, ten years old. I have a dear little brother. His name is Ralph. I love the dear LITTLE CORPORAL. My big brother has got the measles bad. I think Prudy is the prettiest name you could have. I do n't see why any one wants to call you Miss Smith, or any other such name. Here is the money for THE CORPORAL and the chromos. My little cousin Walter is going to take THE LITTLE CORPORAL next year. Not long ago we went to Kansas, where he lives, to visit grandma. I think I have got the best grandma in the world. Prudy, did you ever have a grandma, and did you go and see her, and did she give you a doll and a pie and some sweet milk, and let you churn? I hope you will put this in THE LITTLE CORPORAL. Here is a kiss for you. Give my love to Tommy Bancroft. I cannot think of any more, so good-bye. From your friend,

"CLARISSA FRANCES HOLMES."

Grand Rapids. "Dear Prudy: As I haven't seen only one letter from here, I will write one. I think you made a mistake in the pictures on the covers of THE CORPORAL. I do not know how it is there, but here the girls are far more studious than the boys, and always get the highest prizes in school. I have taken THE LITTLE CORPORAL two years, and like it very much. Good-bye.

"ELLA BROWN."

St. Clair. "Dear Prudy: My mother takes THE LITTLE CORPORAL for Harry and me. Harry is my brother. He is ten and I am eight years old. We like your book very much. We think the chromos can't be beat. Mother thinks they are just splendid; but she thinks 'Little Runaway' is lovely.

"BENNIE M. CARLETON."

Denver. "Dear Prudy: I am one of THE LITTLE CORPORAL's band of ten-year-olds. I think THE LITTLE CORPORAL is the best magazine ever published. I have n't been to school very much, and I cannot write very well; but I will do the best I can. Don't you think that is the best way, Prudy? I have got one sister and four brothers. The other morning my sister came in and said: 'Pa, I wish you would get a patent girl to wash the dishes; and another time she went to pour coffee, and she sat down on the stove hearth. Once, when I was little, I cried because the handle broke off of my pie. I like the chromos real well. So, if you print this, I will write another time. Good-bye.

"ELLA VIRDEN."

Garnett. "Dear Prudy: Welcome, LITTLE CORPORAL and Prudy! I do so like THE LITTLE CORPORAL, I don't think I could get along without it; and I got such pretty pictures. When you were out here, did n't you think this State very pretty? Won't you tell whether you are Mrs. Miller or not? for how can we claim you without we know what your name

is? Is Tommy Bancroft your little boy? Please tell us some more about him. I have half a California acorn shell. It is as large as a good-sized bowl. In it are some mosses from the White Mountains. I am making a small house of two rooms. From your loving

HATTIE BROWN."

Pierces City. "Dear Prudy: I have just been looking over the last two or three CORPORALS, trying to find the address of some one who wants to correspond; but not finding any, I guess I will have to send my own address and let some one else answer. Should like to correspond with a boy or girl, thirteen or fourteen years old. Address

HERBERT H. BECKWITH,

"Pierces City, Lawrence County, Mo."

Warsaw. "Dear Prudy: I would like to correspond with Willie Heffin very much. My address is Richard Dallam, Warsaw, Illinois, care of Warsaw 'Bulletin.' Your magazine is getting better every month. I am saving THE LITTLE CORPORALS to get them bound. Yours truly,

RICHARD DALLAM."

Independence. "Dear Prudy: I am one of the little girls that take THE CORPORAL. I am ten years old. I have a little sister seventeen months old. My ma is dead, and I miss her very much. I live with my grandma. Pa comes to see me. I keep the seventh day and go to meeting and Sabbath-school. I received the chromos, and like them very much. I am going to commence to get up a club next week. I hope I shall see this letter in THE CORPORAL. I am your friend,

DORA E. WOOD."

Mauston. "Dear Prudy: I thought I would write one more letter, and see if it will go through that dreadful hole in your pocket. I have written three or four times before, but they have gone through that hole; but I am in hope I shall see this in THE CORPORAL. We could not get along without it. I think that the stories, 'Hidden Treasure,' and 'Life on an Island,' are just splendid. I tried to make an egg-shell cradle, but did not succeed. I received my chromos all right, but differently from most of others. I think 'Mother's Morning Glory' is the prettiest. For fear my letter will be too long, I must close. From a lover of THE LITTLE CORPORAL,

ELLA TRAIN."

Galesburg. "Dear Prudy: I am twelve years old. This is the fourth year I have taken THE LITTLE CORPORAL, and I like it very much. I think 'Hidden Treasure' splendid. I have a great many pets: among the rest a pair of guinea pigs papa brought from Chicago when he was there.

"MINNIE F. MURPHY."

Philadelphia. "Dear Prudy: I live in the country, but go to school in Philadelphia. I have been on top of the State House and in Independence Hall. Not long ago I went through the Girard College. There are five hundred and fifty boys there. Were you ever there? Next week I am going home. Just think! Fifty miles, all by myself! I have a dear little niece that can say 'nanny,' just as plain as can be. Please put this in your pocket. Yours lovingly,

MAGIE W."

Hamilton. "Dear Prudy: I think THE LITTLE CORPORAL is splendid. I have only subscribed for it lately. I have the July and August numbers of it, and I think they are splendid books. I received that beautiful chromo, 'The Little Runaway.' I think he is as pretty and natural as he can be, with his little curly hair and sweet blue eyes. I will not write any more, for fear it will be too long. Remember this is my first letter to you. Your little friend,

"IDA."



CONDUCTED BY PRIVATE QUEER.

No. 58—CHARADE.

I am composed of ten letters. My first, second and third spell an important branch of industry; my second and third an article often used when people are conversing; my second, third and fourth are more than half angry; my fourth, fifth, eighth and sixth make gain for dealers; my fifth, sixth and seventh express indefiniteness; my eighth is a personage you think of great importance; my eighth and ninth sound like a boy's nick-name; my tenth means one; and my whole is the name of a fresh water lake in Central Africa, in the investigation of which Livingstone is still engaged. *F. R. F.*

No. 59—WORD SQUARE.

Much used in winter.
To employ.
A color.

Bella.

No. 60—GEOGRAPHICAL SUBTRACTION.

Take B from a German State, and leave a Gulf in Asia.

Take B from a cape in North America, and leave a weapon.

Take D from a strait in Europe, and leave above.

Take O from a river in Asia, and leave a verb.

Take F from a river in Europe, and leave a letter.

Take P from a country in Europe, and leave a vast empire.

Take S from a range of mountains in Africa, and leave a word denoting present time.

Rudolph Mats.

No. 61—ACROSTIC.

To call out.
To excel.
A plant.
Extreme hatred.
Labor.
First person.
A band of music.

The initials make the name of a character in Hamlet.

Joseph W. Jones.

No. 62—ENIGMA.

I am composed of thirty-nine letters.
My 26, 6, 22, 11, 13, is a shrub common in England and Scotland.

My 16, 30, 38, 9, 5, 24, is the name of a celebrated English teacher.

My 2, 34, 3, 35, is a plant used for making cloth and cordage.

My 9, 12, 19, 27, 7, is an animal valued for its fur.

My 32, 37, 10, 39, 23, is an island at the entrance to the Baltic Sea.

My 1, 27, 8, 35, 14, is the name of a vale celebrated among the ancients for its beauty.

My 4, 37, 7, 17, 29, 31, is the name of a celebrated Irish orator.

My 23, 5, 31, 39, is the *nom de plume* of the English authoress, Miss Charlotte Tucker.

My 25, 15, 18, 35, 20, 5, 18, is one of the Barbary States.

My 33, 8, 28, 36, 29, 30, is the feigned drink of the gods.

My whole will give the names of the first three steamboats built by Fulton. *I. T. C.*

No. 63—PUZZLE.

There is a word of plural number,
A foe to human peace and slumber;
Now, most of words you choose to take,
By adding S, you plural make;
But if you add an S to this,
How strange the metamorphosis,
Plural is plural then no more,
And sweet that bitter was before.

Sallie Jones.

No. 64—WORD SQUARE.

An article to clean floors.
A girl's name.
Good for infants.

Bella.

No. 65—CHARADE.

I am composed of three syllables; of which my first and second make a man's name; my third is the name of a tree, a shrub, and a delicious fruit; and my whole is a group of island, on the opposite side of the world from us, whence are obtained beautiful handkerchiefs, scarfs, and robes, of a fabric woven of the fibres of a leaf, and that is nevertheless finer than the finest French lawn. *F. R. F.*

No. 66—CHARADE.

Without my 2, 5, 6, 7, I am a part of the face.
Without my 1, 4, 5, 7, I am a liquor.
Without my 2, 3, 4, 7, I am a covering for the head.
Without my 2, 3, 4, 5, I am a short sleep.
Without my 2, 3, 5, 6, I am an article for the toilet.
Without my 1, 5, 6, 7, I am a falsehood.
Without my 3, 4, 5, 6, I am an inclosure.
Without my 2, 3, 4, 5, I am a shallow vessel.
Without my 3, 4, 5, 7, I am an animal.
Without my 1, 3, 6, 7, I am frozen water.
Without my 2, 3, 5, I am a distress.
Without my 1, 3, 4, I am a walking stick.
Without my 1, 4, 5, I am a narrow street.
Without my 3, 5, 6, I am a tree.
Without my 2, 5, 7, I am a vessel for water.

My whole is the name of a bird. *M. M. H.*

CORRECT ANSWERS.

Correct answers were sent by the following persons: Diana S. Kintz, Hattie P. Marsh, Helen C. Odell, Mamie C. Locke, Arthur and Frank Hosterman, Ella Clark, Lewis Hiner, Allie M. Phelps, Corinne Baker, Lindley D. Clark, Hattie Sleeper, Eddie S. Peck, Clara B. Wolfe, Perlee R. Bennett, Josie Chapman, Louis Roberts, Henry A. Varnum, Anna Christy, Joe Walker, Mamie P. Wilson, Joseph W. Jones, Estelle Anthony, E. B. Watson, Herschell Jones, Emily A. Scott, Ida Adland, Fannie Humes, Clarence Kimball, Annie B. Orton, Lula Preddy, Otto Doering, Myra Pollard, Alfred P. Walbridge, Mamie and Walter Nettleton, Nellie Raymond, Charles Knight, Mabel B. Beardslee, Irving S. Denlow, Lucy and Nellie Grant, Annie D. Kelley, Arthur O'Brian, Fanny Howard, Harry Hill, Willie Fullerton, Grace Clark, George Smith, Arthur Dyckman, John C. Keeler, Herman F. P. Salwood, Harriet J. Kirk, Napoleon Hatschek, Nellie Cornean, Hattie B. Jewell.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES, ETC., IN OCTOBER NUMBER.

No. 44.—Enigma—"Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day."

No. 45.—Charade—Butter-cup.

No. 46.—Puzzle—Livingstone.

No. 47.—A Flock of Birds—Nightingale; Red-thrasher; Parrot; Kingfisher; Robin.

No. 48.—Two Word Squares—DOG. OWN.
ONE. WOE.
GET. NET.

No. 49.—Enigma—John Howard Paine.

No. 50.—Anagram—Marimony.

No. 51.—Riddle—A superior.

No. 52.—Word Square—H E N.
E K E.
N E W.

No. 53.—Hidden Counties of Iowa—Carroll; Benton; Sac; Scott; Muscatine; Ringgold; Tama; Ida.

No. 54.—Enigma—"Procrastination is the thief of Time."

No. 55.—Word Square—H O T.
O R E.
T E N.

No. 56.—Riddle—Wheat; heat; eat; at.

No. 57.—Litotes—Work and Play.

TRANSLATION TO PICTURE STORY No. 2.

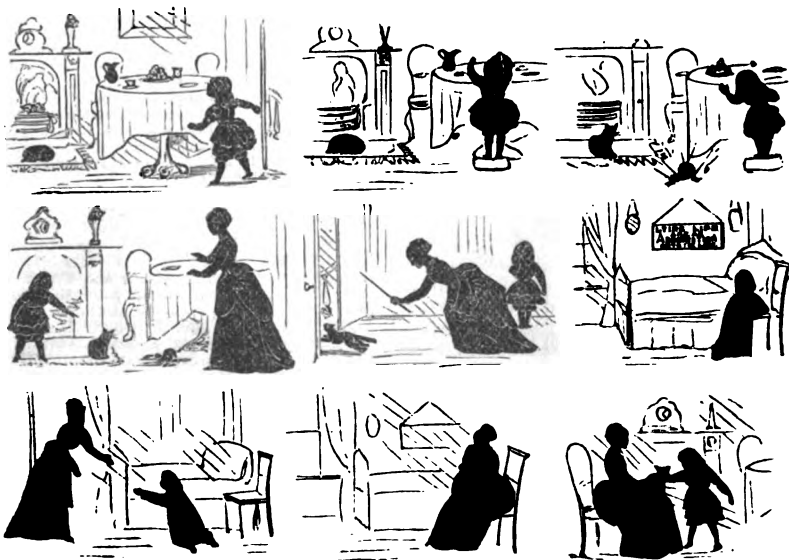
Percy was not fond of school, and was unhappy whenever the time came to go. One morning his mother put a nice lunch in a little basket, and handed Percy his First Reader, and told him briskly that it was time to go. He stood digging his fists into his eyes, but finally reached out one hand for the

basket, and walked slowly away, followed by his melancholy little dog, Rover. A little way from school he met Jim and Philly, two small street boys, who asked him to go down town with them. Just then two neat little girls came by, and tried to coax Percy to go to school with them. But Jim said, "Ho, 'frad of a girl!" So Percy ran off with the boys and Rover, while the smallest girl pointed her little hand at him, and piped out that she would "tell teacher." The boys now went on quite happily for a time. There was no book to carry, for Percy had flung it by the roadside. There was no lunch to carry, for the other boys were hungry, and soon ate it, and Philly kindly carried the basket. At the corner of two wide streets sat a nice old lady, knitting and watching her fruit stand. Jim and Phil thought some dates would be good; and as they never had any money, had learned other ways of getting things. But this time they thought best not to run any risk themselves, but send Percy to steal, instead. So they showed him how he could creep around to the fruit stand and seize a handful of dates, and creep back again, safely, while Philly kindly held the dog, that he might not hurt an innocent-looking policeman on the opposite corner. But the apple-woman had different ideas of things; and when she saw a little fat hand slowly pulling off a handful of dates, she arose and gave a swinging blow with her hand that sent her pot of paper flowers on one side of the steps and unhappy Percy on the other, while the policeman crossed the street with great strides, stopping once to box Rover's ears with his club; for Rover seemed determined to stand by his master, even if he had been naughty. But the two boys fled down the street. I suppose Percy was allowed to go home quietly; and there is little doubt that he now prefers the neat school-room to the dangers and temptations of the street.

EMMA K. PARRISH.

PICTURE STORY NO. 8—WHAT THE KITTEN DID NOT DO.

Translation will be given next month.



The Little Corporal.

TERMS—\$1.50 a year. Single Numbers 15 cents.

JOHN E. MILLER,
Publisher and Proprietor,
No. 164 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

THE POSTAGE on the LITTLE CORPORAL is three cents a quarter, or 12 cents a year, payable quarterly at the P. O. where the magazine is received.

CHICAGO, NOVEMBER, 1873.

TWO MONTHS FREE!

CHROMOS FREE.

THE LITTLE CORPORAL has, from its first appearance in July, 1865, maintained the highest rank among the Juvenile Periodicals of the land. Its aim has been to so blend instruction and amusement as to make it a welcome visitor in every household, gladdening the hearts of the young, and making them nobler, wiser and happier.

All the features which have made THE LITTLE CORPORAL so popular heretofore will be continued for the next year, with the endeavor, if possible, to make it still more attractive in Stories, Poems, and beautiful Pictures.

The continued stories for 1874 will be written by MRS. HELEN C. WEEKS and EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER. Shorter Stories, Sketches, Poems, etc., will be furnished by writers already well known to our readers; while Prudy's Pocket will continue to contain the children's own letters; and Work and Play will afford amusement for all.

TWO MONTHS FREE!

All new subscribers for 1874, whose names and money are received before January first, will receive the November and December numbers free; also, by first mail, a pair of our beautiful and popular chromo, "MOTHER'S MORNING GLORY," and "LITTLE RUNAWAY," mounted, ready for framing, or a copy of our new chromo, "WRITING TO PAPA."

This chromo is a copy of an original painting, made expressly for us, and can be obtained nowhere else. It is 11 by 13 inches in size, and printed in sixteen colors, giving it a softness and a richness of finish scarcely distinguishable from the original. We think we can truthfully say that this chromo premium will not be equalled by anything that will be offered by any other publication in this country. Subscribers can have their choice of either the pair of chromos, "Mother's Morning Glory," and "Little Runaway," or the new chromo, "Writing to Papa,"

either of which will be sent post paid, mounted, ready for framing, and the magazine for one year, for \$1.50.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS.—The plan we adopted last year, to give a holiday gift to our agents, gave such general satisfaction that we have concluded to announce again that we will present a beautiful holiday gift to every person who shall have sent us five or more subscribers between October 1st and December 25th, 1873. The value of the gift will depend upon the number of subscribers sent. We cannot tell each one beforehand what he is to get; but we shall endeavor to send out only what we think would please the one receiving it. We shall begin sending these gifts on the 26th of December, so that they may be sure to arrive on or before New Year's day. Of course, these gifts are given in addition to the regular premiums. Now, my dear friends, here is a chance for something nice and good for each one of you. Who wants a New Year's Present?

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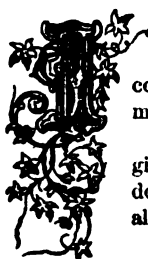
FIGHTING AGAINST WRONG; AND FOR THE GOOD, THE TRUE, AND THE BEAUTIFUL.

VOL. XVII.—DECEMBER, 1873.—No. 6.

HIDDEN TREASURE.

BY MARY A. DENIBON.

CHAPTER XII.—RIGHTED AT LAST.



It was with mournful forebodings that the little company, headed by Tom, made their way homeward.

"I'm going to leave you, girls, as soon as you reach the door," said Tom, "and hunt all night."

To this his sisters demurred.

"No, Tom; he might kill you!" said Sally, clinging to his arm.

"I'm not afraid of him; I only want to see him; and—hush! there's mother on the door-step. I can't tell her;" and with a half sob Tom hung back.

"Children!" called Mrs. Meadows, coming forward, "Stella is here!"

"O, isn't that s-p-len-did!" cried Lily; and with exclamations of surprise and delight, they all ran forward.

"You can't imagine what a dreadful fright we had," said Sally, ready to cry, now that the trouble was over; "we were sure she had been stolen."

"She was pursued for some time, she says," responded Mrs. Meadows; "but something happened to save her; for when nearly here, she lost the sound of the footsteps."

"Was n't it stupid of her," asked Lizzie,

"to come home, when she might have gone down stairs, in the house, or screamed, or something?"

"She was bewildered, dear; and so frightened that I doubt if she escapes a serious illness. As for that imposter, something must be done with him. He wants the poor child for purposes of gain. She shall not leave the house till I am sure he is out of the neighborhood."

"I'll run him out," said Tom. "We boys will make the town too hot for him. But what a time she must have had—clear from uncle Jack's here, at the top of her speed!"

"Fortunately," said Mrs. Meadows, "I was at the window, looking out, when I saw a white cloud flying along the road and up the path, for the moon was nearly gone. I was out on the walk in a minute, and the child fell into my arms, unable to speak. I guessed what had happened, however, and brought her in; and after a long time she told me; but it has been a terrible shock to her nerves."

On the following day came portly uncle Jack.

"You girls had quite a fright," he said, as he seated himself.

"That hateful man ought to be killed," said Lizzie, impulsively.

"It was n't that hateful man at all," said uncle Jack, with a serious face; "it was a mean, practical joke, played off by my Lem; and if the boy was a few years younger I'd rope's-end him for it—that I would."

"O, uncle Jack! how could he?" exclaimed Sally, the tears standing in her eyes; "it frightened her almost to death."

"I dare say—I dare say; that boy is the bane of my life," said uncle Jack, in irritated tones. "He saw her standing there, I suppose, by the light from the garden, climbed up the cherry tree by a ladder that always leans against it, and pretended that he would spring for her. He says he only ran a few steps from the piazza, when he found how frightened she was, and called, and tried to explain; but there was no use then; the girl was scared."

"It may cost her her life," said Mrs. Meadows; "she is very feverish this morning—quite unable to lift her head from the pillow."

"Well, I'm sorry," said uncle Jack, rising; "I wanted to ease your mind about that fellow who has been talking here, pretending to be the girl's father. It's all a lie, and I told him so the other day—told him, quite hap-hazard, that I should expose some of his other tricks if he did n't make tracks. That frightened him. Men do n't like to think of the gallows; 't is n't pleasant; so he left town for good."

"O, I'm so glad!" cried Anne, gratefully, as she heard the news; "now our poor little bird will be at rest."

It was hardly a rest that followed.

The terror and excitement had thrown poor Stella into a fever, and for days her delirious cries resounded through the house. Every lip was mute with sorrow—every heart cold with apprehension. Stella had won no common love from these sympathetic natures. Her gentle voice, sweet smiles, ready offers of help; her gratitude, which escaped her more in actions than words; her clinging tenderness, had made her a household blessing among them.

There were low voices, and noiseless footsteps, and anxious faces now, in the dear old sitting-room. Sally listened at the door one day, and Stella was living over again the happy hours of her mother's love.

"And you really think dear papa will come back to us—you really do?" she plaintively asked, and seemed to listen for an answer.

Sally stole away, with her eyes full of hot tears.

For two tedious weeks the doctor's horse stood every morning before the gate; and for one week the doctor gave little or no hope. But the crisis came; the reaction was favorable; and Stella, weak as an infant, white as a lily, but trusting and gentle as ever, smiled recognition upon all the household as they came to kiss her and be thankful.

Then it became their dearest privilege to sit with her. The girls took turns in feeding her with jellies and soups, beating up her pillows, reading to her, and making themselves generally useful. It was a proud day when, for the first time, she was helped down stairs, and seated in the great arm-chair in front of the blazing fire. Even Nancy Philp called to see her, and brought her a cake of her best Boston gingerbread.

Tom came in, flushed and hot, one evening, brimming over with news. Stella had been escorted up stairs by Lily, Lizzie—who had two kittens in her arms—and Dora.

"Mother, they say there's a dark, handsome gentleman in town, asking for the Martellos. I caught one glimpse of him as he was going into the hotel, and I tell you he was splendid! Can he be Stella's father?"

"How can I tell, my dear boy? I only hope it may be, for Stella gains strength very slowly; I am quite anxious about her; and still I am doubtful whether her father is living."

"But if this should be?"

"If it should be, I shall be very thankful, for one," said his mother.

Stella heard the news, and began to be

anxious. She walked about the house now, very wan and listless, touching the piano keys with her thin fingers, sometimes singing in a feeble voice. One day she stood at the piano making music after this fashion, when there came a loud rap at the door.

"I'm sure it's somebody for me!" exclaimed Stella, clasping her hands. "You won't let them take me from you?"

"No, dear; you shall not go anywhere against your will," said Mrs. Meadows, as she passed her to answer the summons.

A tall, handsome man stood at the door. Mrs. Meadows felt her pulses quicken, for the man had Stella's eyes, and was, withal, a gentleman in bearing and appearance.

"Is there a little girl here by the name of Stella?" he asked.

Mrs. Meadows, for answer, pushed open the door of the sitting-room, revealing Stella still standing with clasped hands, in a position of expectancy. Another moment and the girl had sprung to the door.

"O, *you* look like papa!" she cried, in thrilling tones.

"And you look like my poor brother John," said the gentleman, as he held forth his hands.

"Then you are not papa;" and Stella gave a childish sob.

"No, my dear, I am your uncle Pedro. I am much younger than my poor brother John was; and I have come in obedience to his dying request, to look after his wife and child."

"Mamma is dead," whispered Stella.

"Yes, my dear little girl, I know that."

"And papa is dead—surely dead?"

"Yes, my dear, your papa is dead; died at my house, where he came not two months ago. He had gone through incredible hardships, having been shipwrecked and thrown upon a desert island, with only two companions. He reached Turin, completely worn out by his hardships; but even then accomplished the business which was the object of his visit. Then he sank, day by day, and finally relinquished the fond hope of seeing home and his little family.

He wrote you, too, and I suppose the letter must have miscarried."

"Dear papa!" murmured Stella.

"He talked of you a great deal, and till the very last seemed unreconciled to die without seeing you. The day before he died, your aunt was standing by his bedside, supposing him to be in a sound sleep, when suddenly his eyes flew open, and he looked at her with a beautiful smile.

"I have seen my little Stella," he said. 'She was playing such a sweet air—one of her mother's favorite nocturnes. I am quite willing to go now.'"

Stella listened, wiping away the tears.

"And so my brother proved his title to some valuable property in Turin; and there is a great deal of money coming to this little girl some day."

"If mamma had lived to enjoy it with me I should have been happy. Now I do n't care for money," said Stella, sadly.

"But do n't you see you could make other people happy?" asked her uncle, who had seated himself in the great arm-chair, and drawn her towards him.

"Yes, there is something in that," said Stella, brightening; "I can give Lily a grand piano. It is the dearest wish of her life."

"Then the dearest wish shall be gratified," said her uncle, smiling, "and that soon."

Mrs. Meadows had left the room to notify the children of the pleasant fact, and to leave the new-found relatives alone together. Presently Stella found herself talking with this uncle unrestrainedly. She told him of the peaceful home in which she had been sheltered so lovingly; of the girls, each one separately, dilating upon Sally's patience, Anne's gentleness, Lizzie's drollery, Dora's love of fun, and Lily's musical ability.

"And I have some little cousins to tell you about," said her uncle; "a little cousin Nina, and a boy-cousin Antonio, who talked about you a great deal before I came away. They live in a beautiful country-home, where dates and figs and olives and

oranges grow; and what do you think was the last request they made?"

Stella shook her head.

"That if I found their cousin alone and lonely, that I would bring her to Italy."

Stella shrank away.

"I can't leave dear Mrs. Meadows: she is my second mother. I can't leave the girls: I love them all too well."

"But would you not go long enough to bring the roses into these pale cheeks?" he asked, looking pitifully at her sunken eyes. "You might take one of these dear girls with you; come—which one would you like?"

"Anne is always talking about Italy," said Stella, with a transient smile; "but I do n't believe she would leave her mother."

"For a time only? We shall see," said her uncle, and soon took his leave.

In the evening he came again, and passed a delightful hour with one of the "most charming families," so he wrote home to his wife, that he had ever met.

There the programme was all talked over. Mrs. Meadows offered serious objections to his proposal to take one of her daughters as Stella's companion, but finally gave a reluctant consent. Anne was wild with rapture at the expectation of seeing that wonderful Italy of which she had read and thought so much, at the same time that she shrank from the thought of parting with mother and sisters.

Stella's condition, however, was evidently critical. Winter was coming, and she had not rallied from the terrible shock that had nearly cost her her life.

I pass over the preparations—the parting, the journey, the long absence—and look in upon the Meadows family nearly eighteen months later. Every eye beamed with delight. Tom was too dignified, and too tall, now, to turn a somersault; but he felt as if the occasion might justify a little ground and lofty tumbling; for he was listening to a letter which Sally read aloud to Mrs. Meadows, who sat near the open window knitting:

"So next week we set sail for dear old

home, mother Meadows, and all the darlings. Only think of it! In less than four weeks we shall be right in your midst! I love Italy; but there is no country to me like my own. Stella joins me in saying this, though she is half Italian. She speaks the language beautifully; and they say I might be taken for a native by my pronunciation; so you see I have not been idle. I am very much attached to Stella's aunts and uncles, and the dear little children—there's a baby, now, and a charming one, too—but for all that you can't tell how anxiously I want to be with you. Won't we hunt up all the old nooks! Why, it seems as if I had been away for years and years!"

"Hurrah!" shouted Tom, making pretense of throwing up an imaginary cap.

"Only think! to have them both back again, mamma!" half sighed Sally. "Home has seemed so dreary!"

"They'll bring us presents—I'm sure they'll bring us beautiful presents!" cried Dora.

"You mercenary little thing!" said Lizzie, who was coaxing one of Blackie's grandchildren about, with the help of a long string, "can't you think of anything but presents?"

"I can," responded Lily. "I think how lovely it will be just to hear Stella play once on my beautiful piano. It did n't come till after she went, you know."

How shall I describe that joyful, joyful meeting! the carriage, driving madly up to the gate, and the great cry of welcome that throbbed up from brimming, grateful hearts; the kissing, the hugs, the exclamations of rapture on both sides; the inimitable manner with which Lizzie exclaimed, "Now we are whole again!" the going all over the house, the garden, the grounds; the talks about past splendors—for Anne had worn the pearls more than once since she had left home, and they had been much praised;—all this I leave to the imagination of my readers, very sure that now I have brought this charming household together, they will make as happy a *déjeuner*

ment as I possibly could. I am certain that they will think, with me, that the Meadows girls never regretted for one moment that they had sacrificed their own personal wishes to aid and shelter one who became the angel of their home. And further, I know that the treasure they found hidden

in their own hearts, of love, good will, and charity, might never have come to light but for this discipline that brought out the secret gifts and graces of the spirit, and caused them to bloom and make beautiful all their future lives.

THE END.

OTTO BROSCH.

BY MRS. L. M. BLINN.

Once upon a time, in one of the large cities in Germany, lived a little boy whose name was Otto Brosch, and his mother Bertha. She was a good, loving mother to little Otto, and so kind and gentle to all that when her neighbors spoke of her they called her "the good Bertha. Their home was in a quaint, weather-beaten house, with high, narrow windows, and ugly black doors, and a steep roof with projecting eaves, under which the swallows used to build their nests, and chatter to each other in their sweet bird-language. Had you seen it, I dare say you would have thought it a gloomy place, and not at all a pleasant home for a child; but the little boy was happy in it, because his mother was there, and he loved her; and love, you know, little ones, makes everything bright!

The father had been a brave, good soldier, and when the cruel war broke out he had kissed his wife and Otto, and prayed God to take care of them for him, and then marched away, with hundreds of others, with his gay coat and glittering buttons shining in the sun, stepping so proudly to the sound of the fifes and drums that the child thought it must be a fine thing to be a soldier, and wondered to see his mother weep so bitterly, and hide her face in her apron that she might not see them as they went down the street with their prancing horses and flying banners, and passed over the hill out of sight.

He caught up his little drum as their music died away in the distance, and beat it sturdily, as he marched up and down the room, stamping as heavily as he could with

his tiny boots upon the bare floor, to imitate his father's tread. But at last, tired of playing alone, he went to his mother, and pulling the apron from her face, said to her:

"Why dost thou cry, mamma Bertha? I think it is a brave thing to be a soldier, and wear such a bright coat, and go marching away with such pretty music! When I am a man, I, too, will be a soldier!"

"Nay, my little Otto, God forbid! Thy father may never return from these cruel wars; and I cannot spare my boy, too. When thou art a strong man, and I am old and can no longer work, thou must make the home for thy mother, little one. Wilt thou not?"

"If thou wilt not cry," said the child, wiping her eyes with his little blue pinafore, "I will not want to be a soldier. I will go to the good Master Shroeder and ask him to teach me to write, that I may send a letter to my father and tell him to come back, so that the darling house-mother will look glad again."

So Bertha and Otto lived on quietly in their little room in the quaint old house; and every night he would kneel by his mother's knee while she taught him to pray that the good God would watch over his father, and bring the war to an end; that he might come home to them again.

At last one dreadful day came news of a battle; and then friends told poor Bertha that her husband was among the dead; that they buried him where they found him on the battle-field, with little Otto's picture laid upon his heart; bringing her only one

little lock of bright brown hair, and the ring she had given him at their betrothal.

Then I think they must have wished to die, too; but the Father wanted them to live, and gave them friends who helped them and tried to make them happy, although they were very poor, now that they had no more the strong, kind hands to work for them and bring them food.

At length the cold winter came, and people began to make ready the gifts that should be given for the Christ-child's sake at the holy Christmas-time. But Bertha and Otto were so poor that they could make no gifts. They were often cold and hungry; and when the little boy would cry for food, Bertha would drive back her own tears, and wrapping him in her shawl, and holding him closely in her arms to keep him warm, would tell him such sweet stories of the infant Saviour, and the wise men, and the star in the east, that he would quite forget his wants and discomforts in his eagerness to listen.

On Christmas eve, while Bertha was out buying bread for the morrow, and fagots to keep them warm, Otto sat by the window listening to the pleasant voices of the young singers who were going from house to house, wearing Christmas garlands, and caroling their sweet hymns.

They saw his eager face at the window, and stopping for a moment in the starlight, said, "Let us sing for the little one a Christmas carol." Then their voices rang out upon the frosty air like the sound of silver bells.

"Christ has come upon the earth: we have seen His star in the east, and will worship Him: He hath come to bring good gifts to men."

Otto so much liked the music that he quite forgot his mother had bade him stay quietly where she left him until her return, and so seized his little cap and pattered down the dark stair-case, opened the great, black door, that creaked upon its hinges with rust and age, and stood for a moment in the clear, cold air, looking after the singers, who were disappearing in the dis-

tance; the bright stars shining like lamps in the sky overhead, and the words he had heard still sounding in his ears.

"Ah!" said he, "I know what I will do! They said the Christ-child had come on earth to bring good gifts; that they saw His star in the east (I do wonder if that is it shining so large and bright over there?); I will go and find Him, and ask if He brought anything for my mother."

So the shivering little runaway started on his journey down a dimly lighted street where there shone in the distance a bright light like a star. He tried to sing as he had heard the others do; but he was so cold that his voice sounded like the piping of a chilled robin as he warbled, in his childish fashion,

"He has come to give good gifts to men: we have seen His star in the east, and come to worship Him."

Once his little heart almost failed him as he looked into the gathering darkness, and he turned to find his way home again. But when he thought of all he wanted to ask of the Christ-child for his dear mother and himself, he took fresh courage and looked over his shoulder to see if the friendly star was shining still.

"Yes," said he to himself, "it's there yet, just as bright as anything! I will go on until I find Him. I shall ask Him to give me a warm, bright coat, with beautiful buttons, and pockets filled with cakes and toys; and for the mother dresses, and shoes, and oh, so many things! I hope He will make her forget to cry; that would be best of all!" Here he gave a joyful little skip and jump at the thought of his delight at seeing the dear house-mother happy and smiling once more, and went on singing softly, in spite of his chattering teeth, the verses of a little Christmas-hymn Bertha had taught him:

"Lo! the Christ is come on earth,
Holy child of mortal birth:
Looked for by the wise men long,
Heralded by angel song:
Follow, child, love's guiding star,
Follow it fast, and follow far:

Thou shalt find at His dear feet
Precious gifts and pleasures sweet."

At last he came to where the bright star whose light he had so patiently followed, seemed to stand still over a grand old house, with stone steps leading up to a great door, guarded, seemingly, by two fierce-looking lions, one on either side. Now, the star whose light the little child had watched, was but a lamp in the tower of the great house, twinkling, sure enough, in the darkness with a brightness that would have misled older ones as well. Little Otto's heart quaked with fear at the sight of the dreadful-looking lions (for he did not know, as you and I do, that they were but of stone). "But," said he, "it must be here that the Christ-child is, for here the star is standing still. I think He will not let the lions hurt me. I am so little, perhaps if I go ever so softly they will not hear me."

So creeping cautiously up the steps, casting frightened glances on either side as he did so, he stretched up on tip-toe and tried to pull the bell, but could make no sound, his hands were so small and weak. Presently the door was opened from the inside by one of the servants, who started at seeing the little stray boy curled up on the threshold, and asked him what he wanted.

Otto arose, and taking off his ragged cap, he looked earnestly in the man's face, and said gravely,

"If you please, I should like to see the Christ-child. I saw His star shining, and came so far to find Him that I am tired."

"God's pity be over us!" said the astonished serving-man; "what does the child talk of? I will take him to my lady!" and taking his hand he led him through the bright halls into a great room lighted with waxen tapers and trimmed with evergreens, where a Christmas-tree stood loaded with rare, beautiful gifts, and many little children gaily dressed, and looking like fairies, went caroling about, making as many pleasant sounds as the birds do when God trims their homes with green leaves and flowers in the spring-time.

At one side the room sat a lovely lady,

with golden hair and pleasant smiles, and in her arms a little boy with a sweet, pale face and closed eyes. He could hear all the merry play of the children, but could not join in it, because he was ill and blind. Little Otto had never seen so much beauty before, and for a moment stood in silent bewilderment; then, as his eyes fell upon the lady and little child, he walked quietly across the room to them and asked,

"Is this the Christ-child, lady? He looks as if he came from heaven! And did he bring good gifts with him? The singers said so to-night. If he did, I wish he would give to my dear mother something to make her look glad again, as she used to before my father died."

The lady looked at him for a moment in utter astonishment, and then, comprehending his mistake, she laid her white hand caressingly on Otto's curly head, and said softly to the child on her knee,

"Here, Hermann, is, I think, one of the Lord's little ones that He has sent to us for aid and comfort. Where is your mother, little one, and why is she not happy?"

"Because my father is dead, lady, and we are very poor, and sometimes have no bread; and then mother is sad, and cries. The singers said in the street that the holy Christ is on the earth to-night, and that He came to bring gifts. They sang about the star, and I saw it, and came where it stopped, to see Him and ask Him to make us happy. Will you ask Him for me, lady?" And he looked with childish awe at the pale, spiritual face of the child in her lap.

"Blessings on the trusting heart of childhood!" said the lady, looking down upon the sweet, pleading face of the boy, with her own eyes full of tears. "Thou shalt indeed have good gifts, in the name and for the sake of the holy child who hath in love guided thy little feet hither. He is in heaven, but His love is in our hearts on earth, and we to whom He sent you will not let you want."

The little blind boy whispered, "Let him come here and put his hand in mine, mother, that I may speak to him." Then

he said softly to the child, "I think He will help you, because you love your mother. I mean to tell Him about you when I go to heaven, any way. I wish I could go *now*, for there I shall see: here I cannot. I mean to ask Him to take care of you always; and every Christmas-time, when the angels are singing 'Peace on earth: good will to men,' I will get close by the door and sing it for you. You can hear me, I know, if you listen, for Nina says heaven's doors are always open on Christmas-night; and you will know it is the voice of the little boy who was blind on earth, but can see in heaven."

I do not think I could tell you, if I tried, of Otto's joy at the kindness of the lady; neither can I describe the gratitude of the frightened Bertha, when the little runaway was returned to her in charge of a servant from the great house, bringing all sorts of good things for the morrow; and oh, joy

of joys! for little Otto a real Christmas-tree, with tiny tapers ready to light, and little silver-winged birds nestled among the branches, looking, as Otto said, "just ready to open their mouths and sing Christmas carols."

So you see, little ones, how faith in the "lover of children" is never suffered to go unnoticed and unrewarded. If you will ask Him for good gifts, He is as ready to hear you as he was to reward little Otto's blind faith. He will never send away empty the hand that is reached trustingly to Him.

Will you not, at this happy Christmas-time—you who read this little story—try to be His ministering angels to the friendless ones who are stretching their hands for aid, not knowing from whence it will come, but trusting that the Christ-child will put it in the hearts of the young and happy to remember the homeless?

HOPE'S CHRISTMAS TREE.

BY H. M. M.

"What is it, Hope?"

"Oh, nothing much," said a fretful voice from the bed; "only I'm so tired. I've embroidered and crocheted, and painted, and read, till I'm just sick of everything; and my bones ache, and I don't believe I'll ever get well." And the head went down among the pillows, and the pale face was buried out of sight.

"My dear," said her mother, gently, "I know it is very tedious to lie on a hard bed for months, especially for one so active as you. But the doctor says you are improving, and you must n't get discouraged."

"I'd like to know how I can help it," sobbed Hope, turning a tear-covered face to her mother, "when I've been stuck to this horrid old bed for three months, with my knee strapped to boards, and when I've made every fancy thing I could think of, and read every interesting book in the library, and got so awful tired of everything. And now it's most Christmas, and

all the girls are having such splendid times going to parties and getting ready for the Christmas Festival, and I have to stay poked up here in bed."

"I saw some girls yesterday," said Mrs. Laurie, hoping to divert Hope's attention from her own griefs, "that I don't think are having any gayer times than you."

"I should like to know where?" asked Hope, indifferently.

"At the orphan asylum," Mrs. Laurie replied, "where I went to a meeting of the Board, you know. Poor things! they have little to look forward to—a few years' shelter of the asylum, and then bound out to work somewhere. And most of them are as bright and interesting as children who have parents to make life happy for them."

"How many are there?" asked Hope, somewhat interested.

"Only twenty-five now," said Mrs. Laurie; "and it's very fortunate there are no more; for it's such hard times just now



that it is all the Board can do to feed and warm them. I really don't see how we can make a Christmas festival for them, as we have heretofore, unless we get help outside. It's a pity, too, poor things!"

At this moment Mrs. Laurie was obliged to go out, and Hope was left alone. Perhaps some blessed angel stood by her bed; at any rate she could not get those wretched orphans out of her thoughts. She pictured their life in the great barn-like asylum; she thought of the dreary round of lessons, with no mother to go to at night, and no home in all the wide world for them; she imagined their dismal holidays, with nothing to look forward to, and nothing to talk about.

Bed-time came. She was undressed and

laid down to sleep, the shaded night-lamp placed in the corner, the glass of water and little bell (to ring if she wanted anything) put on the table by her side, and the family went to bed. But something was the matter with Hope. Wide awake she lay, staring up at the wall, not crying now, but with an earnest and thoughtful face—more thoughtful than sixteen-year-old faces usually are. I can't tell just what she thought; but by and by a bright color came into her pale cheeks, her face grew eager and happy, and not till towards morning did she fall asleep.

"Why, how bright you look!" was her mother's morning greeting. "Do you feel better?"

"Oh, yes, mother!" exclaimed Hope;

"and I've thought of something! I've got a plan!"

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Laurie, glad to see her interested in something at last.

"I'll tell you all about it pretty soon," said Hope; "only first I want you to tell me something. Will you?"

"Yes, if I can," said Mrs. Laurie, smiling at her eagerness.

"Well, how much do you expect to spend for me at Christmas?" asked Hope.

"Dear me! I do n't know," said her mother; "I usually look about till I find something you would like, and then buy it."

"Yes; but there's some limit," said Hope, earnestly; "you would n't think of spending a thousand dollars."

"Of course not," laughed Mrs. Laurie; "especially this winter. Well, at a rough guess, I should say not much over fifty dollars this year."

"Oh, that'll do nicely!" exclaimed Hope. "And now, mother, I'll tell you my plan. In the first place, I want you to give me the money itself, and before Christmas, too; and with it I want to get up a Christmas party for those forlorn orphans. I want a tree—a real nice one—and I can make lots of things, dolls, and everything; and I want a nice supper, and—"

"But, my dear child!" interrupted Mrs. Laurie, "fifty dollars won't go far towards supper and presents for twenty-five children."

"I know it will not be very grand, mother," said Hope earnestly; "but it'll be grand to them—poor things! And you know the presents won't cost much, I can make such lots of things, and I've got plenty of time; and aunt Jane'll help you about the supper, and Phil will get the tree and fix it. I've thought it all out, and I know I can do it; do let me, mother!"

Mrs. Laurie thought it was a great undertaking, and she disliked to have Hope try to do it; but when she looked into her eager, glowing face—brighter and happier than since her injury—she had not the heart to refuse; so after a few moments' hesitation she said,

"Well, dear, if the doctor thinks so much excitement good for you, I won't object. But you'll find it hard to do without presents yourself, I'm afraid."

"Oh, I shall enjoy getting it ready better than the presents, I know," said Hope, eagerly; "and thank you, mother; the trouble of it will all be yours, after-all."

"Indeed it will not!" said Mrs. Laurie; "you'll have to do every bit of your own planning, and make all your own presents: I'll only have to wait on you, and obey orders, and everybody knows that isn't very hard."

"Well," said Hope, laughing, "the first order I give is that after breakfast you send Phil to me—I've got to have his help—while you go up to the asylum and get a list of the children, names and ages, and if there's anything special they like, such as dolls, or books, or candies, you know."

"Well, I'll do that," said Mrs. Laurie, who began to take an interest in the plan herself.

After breakfast Hope sat up in bed and was dressed, as usual, in a soft, quilted scarlet sack. Her night things were taken away, the bed made up fresh, the pillows piled up behind her, and she was ready for company. Mrs. Laurie started for the asylum, and Hope proceeded to try and interest Phil in her plan. Phil was her brother, and one year older than herself, and it was through his carelessness that she had fallen and hurt her knee. Feeling responsible, therefore, and suffering pangs of self-reproach, he had been her most devoted servant since that day; and when the new plan was unfolded to him, he entered into it with zeal.

"Not that I care a fig for the little beggars," he said carelessly; "but if you've set your heart on it, sis, I'm bound to help you through."

"I have set my heart on it," said Hope; "and I want you to make everything you can think of that's nice for boys—it's hardest to make things for them—carts, and tops, and whips, and jumping-jacks. Oh, is n't it nice? you can whittle so beautifully,

and I can paint them, you know. Dear, how we shall muss up mother's nice bedroom!" and she fairly laughed in glee.

The doctor just coming in heard that laugh, and at once decided that getting up a Christmas tree was the very best medicine she could take.

Mrs. Laurie handed over the money and the list of names, and business began that very day, with the purchase of dolls, gilt and silver paper, glue, and so forth, and the searching of the piece-trunk for bits of silk and ribbon. Hope was busy and eager from morning to night, and Phil spent every evening at her side, whittling and hammering and sawing and glueing, and gradually getting together a goodly array of strong, practical toys. At every odd moment Hope puzzled over her list of names, and wrote after each the special present designed for it. And rapidly the holidays drew near; the large trunk placed at the side of Hope's bed was about full of completed presents, and Phil was looking out for a tree.

Word of what was going on had somehow got out, and by the efforts of a few sympathetic ladies every child at the asylum was provided with dress suitable to the occasion, collected from the outgrown garments of the children of the village. Not only aunt Jane, but other friends, came in to help about the supper; and when the night arrived, Mr. Brown, the livery stable man, offered to send his long sleigh up to bring the whole troop down.

It was really a beautiful entertainment that awaited them. A very pretty tree, loaded with nicely-dressed dolls; cradles, made of cigar-box wood, furnished with comfortable bedding; sets of doll's furniture, made of pasteboard; dogs of rough gray flannel; tops; jumping-jacks; elephants of gray Canton flannel; rabbits and ducks of white Canton flannel; soft yarn balls, covered with crochet-work; sets of grace-hoops and sticks, to play in the long halls; small wagons, with button-molds for wheels; trains of cars made of blocks; and dozens of other things; and for each child a cor-

nucopia of candies, and fancy box of nuts and raisins.

The supper—already spread out in the dining-room—was nice enough for anybody, Hope said, and provided with special reference to young tastes. Plenty of tarts, and cakes, and fruit, and ice-cream, with milk to drink; and seats, that they might eat at their ease; and last of all, an orange and package of goodies for each to take home.

The party was a grand success. The children—most of whom had never seen anything so beautiful—were in raptures, and Hope, lying on the sofa looking at them, was almost too happy to speak.

During all these weeks her knee had been getting well, and the doctor had reserved for her Christmas present the news that she might begin to use it, and not lie another day on the bed. And though no presents were received by the family—for Mrs. Laurie and Phil insisted on contributing theirs to the general entertainment—they all agreed, when it was over and the children had gone home, that they had never spent so delightful a Christmas Eve.

WATERING THE CHICKENS.

BY A. H. POE.

Close beside the rick she stands,
Little Quaker maiden sweet,
While the chickens thickly flock
'Round the basin at her feet;
Now she strokes each feathered back,
"Poor old Bristle, must thee fight!"
And a portly mother-hen
Gives a creak of faint delight.

Warmly wrapped in hood and plaid,
Bands of brown hair, smooth and bright,
Such a peaceful little face
Looks out on the world of white!
"Dickie, did thee freeze thy comb?
Stop thy crowding, Blackie, there;
Chickens must be kind and mild:
Dip thy bill, and say thy prayer."

Stiff and tame they drink their fill.
Shivering as the winds go by:
Even pompos Chanticleer's
Frozen into modesty.

"Farewell, Downy, farewell, Snuff."
Beam her kind eyes beautiful;
As she turns towards the house,
And the skies are white as wool.

CHUBBY RUFF'S DREAM.

BY GEO. HUNTINGTON.

Ruff was his real name—R-u-ff, Ruff. Chubby was an honorary title, given him by the newsboy club to which he belonged. They liked the sound of it; and then it was a good fit. For Chubby Ruff was not one of your lean, bony, dingy fellows, such as you generally expect a newsboy to be; but short, wide, thick, plump, in fact *chubby*, with red cheeks, roguish black eyes, a stumpy little nose, and the drollest mouth that ever shouted "E-e-e-un-ning-g papers!"

It was the night before Christmas, and swarms of people were hurrying up and down the streets, jostling each other right and left, slipping on the icy walks, squeezing into crowded stores, out again with full pockets and empty wallets; hugging their precious holiday bundles, and smiling all over in happy expectation of the morrow. Chubby was fully equal to the occasion, and entered at once into its spirit. He charged upon the good-natured crowd, met every man in his own humor, and kept up a constant stream of news-boy lingo and eloquence.

"Evening papers here! Holiday edition! All about where to buy Christmas presents and save half your money! One million dollars' worth of information for five cents! Paper, sir? Have a paper? Thank you, sir. Trade with our advertisers and you're all right. Great holiday gift of the season for only five cents! Leading paper of the world selling here for half a dime! The ladies dote on it, and the children cry for it! Paper, Mister? Better take a paper and make your family happy!"

Chubby took especial satisfaction in standing where the brilliant shops drew off little streams here and there from the great crowd, and driving a brisk competition with the shopkeepers for their customers' small change. At the bookstores, for instance, he would cry out, "Do n't waste

your money for expensive books, ladies and gentlemen, when you can buy the best reading in the world for only five cents!" At the toy-shops the argument was, "Better buy something useful and instructive, and not be fooling with playthings at your time o' life. Paper here! Great curiosity of the age for half a dime!" With the confectioner's customers he expostulated in this fashion, "Do n't give your children candy to spoil their teeth, my dear friends, but get 'em something to improve their minds. Papers here! Papers for old and young, at only five cents a piece!"

But while Chubby thus exhorted the multitude, he really cared just as much as they did for all the fine things which he warned them against; and, having delivered one of his harangues, and sold a paper or two, he would turn to the show-windows as willingly as anybody. Nobody's mouth watered more quickly in contemplation of gum-drops and caramels. Nobody's fingers itched and tingled and snapped more eagerly at the sight of patent tops and bright, new skates. Nobody looked with more hungry eyes at the shelves full of handsome books. I am afraid that Chubby spent a good deal of time at the windows that he ought to have devoted to business. At any rate, the clocks were striking eleven, the streets were getting empty, the shopkeepers were putting up their shutters, and Chubby had six papers left unsold when he entered a certain notion-store on the corner and walked up to the counter. The customers had all gone, and the clerks, a little tired and cross, were preparing to leave.

"Clear out!" growled one of them to Chubby. "Off with you!"

"Don't speak till you're spoken to, young man," said Chubby.

"We do n't want your papers, I tell you," growled the clerk again, as Chubby drew the bundle from under his arm.

"Oh, you do n't! Then I shall feel easy

about 'em," retorted Chubby, laying them down on the counter.

"What do you want, any way?" asked another clerk, a little more graciously.

"A bull-dog," answered Chubby, confidentially; "is that one for sale?"

A general laugh followed, during which Mr. Marsh, the proprietor of the store, came from his office buttoning up his great coat.

"Well, my lad," said he, pleasantly, "what can we do for you?"

"I'm looking for Christmas presents, sir."

"Going to give mother something, eh?"

"No, sir; she's dead."

"Father, perhaps?"

"He's dead, too."

"Brothers or sisters, then?"

"Have n't any in the world, sir."

"Who then?"

"Why, you see, Mr. Marsh, I have n't anybody to give presents to, and there is n't any body to give any to me, so I thought I'd give myself one."

"Capital plan," said the merchant; "capital. So you know my name, eh? What's yours?"

"Chubby Ruff, sir."

"Chubby Ruff. Good again. Chubby Ruff gives Chubby Ruff, his sole surviving relative, a Christmas present, as a mark of his esteem! Very good. Come this way, Chubby, and let us look over the stock. You can go," said he to the clerks; "I'll wait on this customer."

And no millionaire driving to the store in his splendid carriage that day, no grand lady in her laces and silks, had been more politely served than Chubby Ruff was by Mr. Marsh. It is safe to say, also, that no one had been happier in his purchase than Chubby was, when he received, in exchange for his pocketful of nickels, the very thing that he most wanted to give himself—a shiny red sled, striped with gilt, and adorned with a picture of a reindeer at full speed.

"You're very kind, sir," said Chubby, gratefully, as he turned to go.

"I do n't know as I am," said Mr. Marsh, "though it's a time to show kindness now. Do you know what Christmas is, Chubby?"

"Oh, yes, sir. I learned that at the Mission. It's Jesus' birth-day."

"Yes, yes. Well, we must be kind for His sake. Where do you live, Chubby?"

"Nowhere."

"But where do you stay? Where do you sleep?"

"Well, sir, generally I sleep down at the Hall. We pay five cents for a bed there. But when I have n't any five cents, I know where there's a big crockery-crate full of straw, and I crawl in there."

"How about to-night?"

"Well, you see I paid all my money for my sled, so I shall sleep in the crate."

"Not by considerable, my brave fellow! Here's half a dime for your lodging. No, stop; you shall sleep here. Mike!" he called to the watchman, "put a rug down by the stove for this boy to sleep on, and find something to throw over him. Good-night, Chubby."

"Good-night, Mr. Marsh."

"Take good care of him, Mike."

"All right, zur."

Chubby Ruff had a dream as he lay asleep on the rug before the stove. If he had not dreamed, my story would have been shorter; or perhaps I should never have told it at all. Chubby dreamed that he was wandering about the streets at night with six papers under his arm, and drawing his new sled. It was very late; the shops were all shut; and there was not a soul in the streets—not even a watchman. Chubby was trying to find the crockery-crate, but he could not; and the more he looked for it the farther off he got, and the more bewildered and tired he grew. At last he sat down on his sled in despair, and feeling a good deal more like crying than anything else he could think of. That, however, he determined not to do, come what would.

Just then he heard sleigh-bells—the tiniest, dreamiest little tinkle that ever he heard in his life—and in a moment up cantered eight reindeer, just like the one on his sled, only no bigger than grayhounds, drawing a sleigh made of pearl and tortoise-

shell, with silver thills and gold runners, in which sat Santa Claus himself, a funny old fellow, dressed from head to foot in shaggy gray fur, and looking fat and stumpy enough to be Chubby's own brother. As he dashed by Chubby called out,

"Hello, you! I say, Mister, gi' me a hitch!"

"Whish-sh-sh!" said Santa; and the eight reindeers stopped as quick as a wink, and stood stamping and knocking their horns together in the most impatient manner. "Who's that calling?" cried the little man, standing up and looking all about.

"I did," said Chubby, a little frightened, stepping out into the moonlight.

"Oh, you did? Yes, a boy, of course! I might have known it was a boy. Can't stop to talk. Got miles and miles to ride. Call round day after to-morrow if you want anything."

"I only wanted to ask you—"

"Yes, yes; I know. You want to ask about presents. It's all right, all right. List all made out. Goods packed and labeled. Could n't change anything now. Run right home and go to bed; that's a good lad."

"I haven't any home," said Chubby; "I'm going to sleep in the crate, back o' the lamp-store, and I just wanted a hitch; that's all, sir."

"A hitch! That's a fine idea! Why your sled would be smashed to pieces, and your neck broken, in no time. What's your name?"

"Chubby Ruff."

"Tis n't on my list; that's a fact. Have n't any home, hey?"

"No, sir."

"Wish I'd brought one or two along, I declare. I'd give you one in a minute. Well, jump in here. I'll give you a ride, any way."

"What shall I do with my sled?" asked Chubby.

"Put it in the magic box." And Santa lifted up the velvet cushion of the seat. "See there!" said he. Chubby looked in, and saw a deep box full of miniature Christ-

mas presents. There were rocking-horses of the size of a baby's thumb; and dolls no bigger than pin-heads; and tops, balls, books, games, candies, suits of clothes—everything you could think of—but all so very little! "That's the way I carry my load," said Santa. "When I put anything in there it shrinks right up. When I take it out again it is as big as ever." And sure enough, he dropped in Chubby's sled, and it changed in an instant to the size of your little finger-nail. "Now we're off," said he. "Tsit!"

The reindeers gave a bound, and up they went, sleigh, Santa, Chubby and all, to the roof of the nearest house. Santa filled his pack from the magic box, and disappeared down a chimney. In a quarter of a minute out he popped again, like a jumping-jack out of his box, leaped into the sleigh, hissed to his team, and with one spring they had cleared the street and landed in the next block. Again Santa filled his pack and skipped through a scuttle.

And so he went on with his work—now here, now there; now on the roofs, now down in the streets; now entering by the chimneys or scuttles, now climbing through the windows. The reindeer did wonders. They seemed to understand the whole thing as well as Santa himself, and made the wildest leaps without hesitation or mistake. Sometimes, when they were flying through the air, Chubby would think they were surely going to be dashed to pieces, and would shut his eyes in terror; but they always came out right. It made no difference what sort of roofs they had to climb—flat-roofs, hip-roofs, gables, or Mansards—all was one to them. And what amazed Chubby was that they never slipped on the iciest places, and never made a track in the snow. This proves, of course, that Chubby only dreamed all this: for we all know that our reindeer do make tracks.

The magic box seemed to be inexhaustible. Santa Claus filled his pack from it hundreds of times, until, as he told Chubby, he had taken forty-seven car-loads of presents from it. He would reach in and pick

up a little mite of a thing—a tip-cart, perhaps, or a drum—that he could hold between his thumb and finger, when, presto! the instant it came out of the box it would be as big as ever. Chubby never grew tired of watching these changes, and often laughed outright to see what looked like a wooden mosquito suddenly swell out into a wooden ox or an elephant.

The number and richness of the presents surprised him very much; and Santa himself admitted that he never had a finer stock. Of course, there were thousands upon thousands of cheap toys and trinkets; but there were also presents of great value. There were, for instance, one hundred and seven gold watches, and seven hundred and one silver ones, ninety-three sets of furs, over forty diamond rings, and ear-rings and breastpins by the bushel.

Sometimes, as Santa was loading his pack, he would tell Chubby who the different gifts were for, and what sort of people they were. And Chubby was greatly perplexed to find that many of the nicest things were for very naughty children, and that many of the most costly things were for the rich, who did not need them, while good boys and girls were often put off with a very meagre gift, and the poor, too, often with nothing at all. But when he asked Santa about it, the old man shook his head, and said that he could n't go into that question then; that it had perplexed wiser folks than Chubby; and that he did not rightly understand it himself. The good Lord, he said, had seen fit to make some rich and some poor; and it was not for an old saint like him to try to undo his Master's work.

"Besides," added he, "you must understand that the true worth of these things is not the store-price of them, but the amount of happiness which they bring; and I have seen many a poor lad more pleased with a two-penny toy watch than many a rich man's son was with a gold one. Once," continued Santa, "when I was quite young and inexperienced—I think it was on my four hundredth or four hundred and first Christmas trip—I thought it would be a

bright idea to equalize things a little. So I gave a diamond ring to an old apple-woman's son, and a penny-whistle to a young millionaire. The police found the poor boy trying to sell his ring, and believing that he must have stolen it, put him in prison. The young millionaire was so enraged at the meanness of his gift, that he got black in the face, fell down in a fit, and became an idiot. After that," said Santa, "I never meddle with folks' circumstances, but just adapt myself to them."

"There is one other question I should like to ask," said Chubby.

"What is it?"

"I should like to know why your pack seems sometimes to be very light when there are heavy things in it, and very heavy when there are light things in it."

"Now you have hit upon my greatest secret," said Santa.

"Oh, do n't tell me, if you would rather not," said Chubby.

"I do n't mind telling you," Santa replied, "though I never mentioned it before. You see our sort of people have different weights and measures from what your sort of people have. Things are light and heavy to us, according to how much they are good for. Now, here is a package marked Sam Rothschild. It contains a chest of tools, a pair of skates, a croquet set, and so on—all what you would call heavy articles. But to me the whole concern does n't weigh as much as a good-sized goose-quill, because they will do that unhappy, discontented, unreasonable Sam no good at all. But here is a bundle marked Tommy Jones, containing a tippet and pair of mittens knit by his grandmother, a new knife from his mother, and a sugar heart from his little sister Meg—all what you would call light things, you see; yet they are so heavy to me that I fairly stagger under them, for I know they'll make Tom so happy that he can hardly contain himself. Why, it seems to me I'm carrying about five tons of happiness in that bundle."

And sure enough, Santa had all that he

could do to lift Tommy's presents into the pack, but tossed Sam's in as if they were so much thistle-down. After a night of hard work, Santa finished his task just before day-break. Chubby was glad to see the last load taken from the magic box, for he was getting tired and cold. Santa felt a little tired, too, as well he might; and the last load was a pretty heavy one, for they were in a neighborhood now where a great deal of happiness went with a present. Chubby noticed something more than fatigue in the old man's look as he came slowly back with his empty pack. He was troubled about something, that was plain.

"Did we take everything out of the magic box, Chubby?" he asked.

"Everything but my sled," said Chubby.

"Do n't you know we picked a violin and a pair of copper-toed shoes out of the crack in the left hand corner?"

"So we did," said Santa; "and fished that microscope out of the nail-hole on the right."

Yet he looked the box all over again, holding his lantern close down, and hunting every corner. There was nothing there but Chubby's sled.

"Have you lost anything?" said Chubby.

"No; but there's poor Phil, the lame boy in the next house. I wish I had brought something for him."

"I suppose he could n't use a sled, if he's lame?" said Chubby.

"Just the thing he wants. Then his big brother Jack could draw him to school. But we have n't one for him, that's clear."

"There's mine," said Chubby.

"What are you thinking of?" said Santa Claus.

"I was thinking," said Chubby, "of what Mr. Marsh said when he was so kind to me in the store. He said it was a time to do good for Jesus' sake, because Christmas was Jesus' birth-day; and I should like to do some good for His sake; and I think He would like to have me give Phil the sled; and I would like to, too. It would be a real Christmas present, then; and I should like to see how it would be then."

Santa looked at Chubby for a moment with glistening eyes. Then he stooped and took the sled from the magic box. It was the heaviest load he had carried that night, and Chubby saw how he staggered under it as he walked off with it toward Phil's house. When he came back he walked very briskly, and the sober look was gone from his face.

"Chubby," said he, "would you like a home for a Christmas present?"

"I should like it very much, if it was a good one," said Chubby.

Santa Claus took his seat and spoke to his reindeer. Off they went like a shot, through miles and miles of streets, turning corners, crossing bridges, never slackening their pace for an instant till they came to a handsome old mansion on the outskirts of the city. Here, at a "whish-sh-sh," from their master they stopped still.

"This is the place," said Santa. "Climb into my pack."

Chubby climbed in.

"Am I very heavy?" he asked.

"As heavy as an elephant," said Santa.

"I can't carry you. I'm glad of it, though; it's a sign they're going to like you."

"What shall I do, then?"

"Carry yourself."

"Which way?"

"Up the rain-spout."

"Inside or outside?"

"Outside, of course. Follow me."

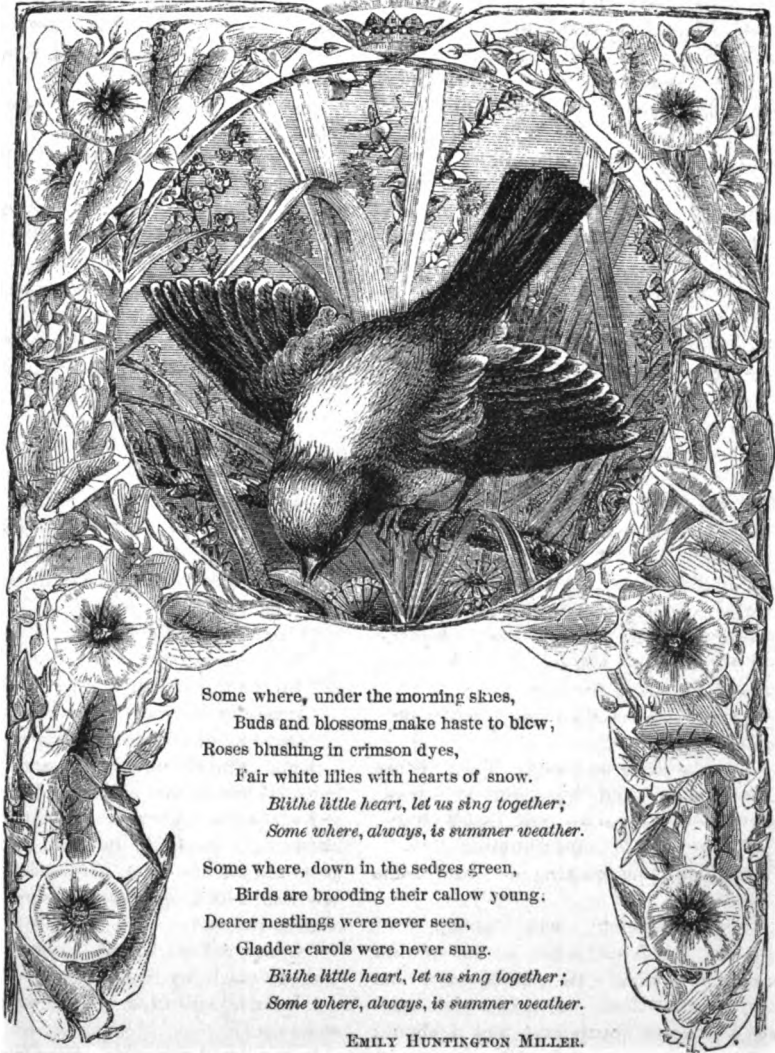
Santa climbed nimbly up, and Chubby followed him as well as he could; but when he had got about thirty feet from the ground his strength began to fail, and he felt sure he would have to drop. He looked up and saw Santa looking down at him over the edge of the roof.

"Climb a little higher," said he, "and you can reach my hand."

"I can't," said Chubby; and with that he woke up.

It was broad daylight. Mike was taking down the shutters, and Mr. Marsh, who had just come in, stood by the stove looking down at Chubby.

"It was only a dream, after all," said



Some where, under the morning skies,
Buds and blossoms make haste to blow,
Roses blushing in crimson dyes,
Fair white lilies with hearts of snow.
*Bid the little heart, let us sing together;
Some where, always, is summer weather.*

Some where, down in the sedges green,
Birds are brooding their callow young.
Dearer nestlings were never seen,
Gladder carols were never sung.
*Bid the little heart, let us sing together;
Some where, always, is summer weather.*

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

Chubby, jumping up and rubbing his eyes.

"What was a dream?" asked Mr. Marsh.
"Will you tell it to me?"

Chubby related the dream, and Mr. Marsh listened with great interest, all the while studying Chubby's face, and thinking very hard.

"There 's stuff in him, that 's clear," said the merchant to himself.

"What, sir?" said Chubby.

"Chubby," said Mr. Marsh, "do you like selling papers for a living?"

"It 's the best I can do, sir."

"But suppose I could help you to do something better—to become a merchant, for instance?"

"I should like that very much, sir."

"Well, I 've been thinking about it since last night, Chubby, and I have taken a notion that you might make a pretty fair merchant. If it would suit you, I 'm—"

"Oh, it would suit me, sir, I 'm sure."

"Well, then, I 'll give you a place right here in my store."

"You 're very kind, sir."

"That remains to be seen. I may be doing you a kindness, and I may be doing myself one; perhaps both; perhaps neither. We can tell better by and by."

And so, after more talk than it is necessary to relate, it was arranged that Chubby should become a clerk in the store; and better still, that he should, for the present at least, board in Mr. Marsh's family.

"And how about the sled?" asked Mr. Marsh.

"I think, sir," said Chubby, "that I would like to do as I did in the dream, and give it to somebody that needs it more than I do."

"Do you know such a one?"

"Oh, yes sir. There 's limping Peter, that used to belong to our club, and got run over by a dray. I shall give it to him."

And so Chubby Ruff's Dream came true—the best part of it, at least. He got a Christmas present of a home, and began his more prosperous life by doing a little good for Jesus' sake.

LIFE ON AN ISLAND.

BY HELEN C. WEEKS.

CHAPTER VI.

May came before Annie could believe it, and with it the new teacher, who proved to be delighted with the strange, solitary life of the Island, and quite content to stay. She had taught in a large city school for two or three years, and seemed glad to leave the bustle and confusion behind, and settle down to quietness. The children were shy for a little while, but gradually made up their minds to like her, though it seemed hard to give up their long days in the open air for the little old gray school-room. Perhaps Miss Howard thought so, too. At any rate, when taken over one morning to the north shore and shown the play-house and the great rocks all about, a sudden sparkle came to her eyes, at which Mary wondered; and Annie decided she was thinking of something very nice.

That very afternoon, a hot, sultry day in the last of June, Jack nodding over his spelling-book, and Frank looking out to the Sound, Miss Howard laid down her book and looked around.

"We are all going to sleep together," she said. "Who wants to wake up?"

"I do n't," said Jack, opening one eye. "That big fly sent me off. Seems as if he buzzed, 'Baker, shady, lady; baker, shady, lady,' just what I 'm studying. I wish there was n't any school."

"What would you do if there were not?" Miss Howard asked.

"Oh, I do n't know. Yes, I do! I 'd go over on the north shore and play under the rocks. I say, Miss Howard—oh, Miss Howard!"

"I know what you want, and if you

promise to be attentive, will do it," Miss Howard said. "Come, children, take your readers, and we'll have our last hour on the shore. Poor Rosy! she's sound asleep. She's too little for school."

"Is she?" said Frank. "I did n't know as anybody ever was that. Grandfather says he could read a chapter in the Bible when he was three years old."

"People expected more of children in those days than they do now," Miss Howard said, taking down her hat. "Come, Rosy, we are going to a new sort of school."

Rose opened her sleepy eyes wide, and trotted along by Annie.

"Danpa 'll scold," she whispered. "May be, though, he won't see us."

"He won't," said Frank; "he's out fishing. He'd stop us if he was n't."

Miss Howard's face clouded a little. She and grandpa did not agree on all points; and he would neither argue nor admit that any ways could be safe save those in which he had walked all his days. With the other teachers the children had had their six hours daily in the school-room, and studied every evening at least one. Poor Jack and Rosy, whose little lessons were over in an hour or two at most, and who then had nothing to do but plan mischief or swing their feet, suffered the most, and had earned the name of the two naughtiest children ever known. The others, though busier, were not much happier, and sulked or stormed, as their different temperaments led them, more or less every day. The hour at noon was a safety-valve, and dinner a great help; but the three afternoon hours always dragged. It was then the squabbles came, when George declared he could n't say the table of sevens, or knew nothing about where any of the rivers rose; and it was at these times that Miss Titus, the last teacher, called "old Tite" in private, grew desperate, and put first one and then another into the brick oven.

Rather frightened at first by the darkness and close smell, the boys soon found out they could be very comfortable—far more so than sitting on a bench with no back, or toeing a mark in recitation. The

oven was built out from the house, and so old that there were many loose bricks. Frank soon found that these could be moved, so that both light and fresh air could come in; and also that it was possible through this same opening to crawl out, have a recess under the apple-tree, and be back again in time to answer "No," when asked if he was sorry. An armful or two of hay made a comfortable sitting-place; some old picture-books and playthings gave plenty to do; and the small sinners at last had learned to look forward to half an hour in the oven as a delightful change; and from crying and begging not to be put there, crept in so placidly that I wonder Miss Titus did not suspect them.

She, however, paid very little attention to anything but getting through a certain amount of work daily. As to what could be best done by each, she never thought; and if she had thought, would not have known how to treat the matter. So much reading, spelling, arithmetic, must come from each one—so much geography and history, in just the words of the book—and then her work was over, and for the rest of the day she could lock herself in her room, thankful to get rid of them all. No wonder the school-room seemed an awful place, and lessons something to be shirked as much as possible. No wonder that when "old Tite" was suddenly called away the children hid in the barn when good-bye time came; or that Miss Titus drew a long breath as she looked back to the Island and said, "It's like a South Sea Island and a set of cannibals. I was never so glad to get away from a place in my life!"

With Miss Howard everything was different. Frank and Mary were really beginning to realize that a river meant something more than a little crooked line on a map; and that the people in their history had actually been boys and girls once very much like themselves. All of them had been inclined to see how far they could go, and had begun one or two battles, but somehow or other found themselves very ridiculous, and stopped.

I think Miss Howard had made a private

examination of the oven, and discovered its resources. At any rate, when Jack had spelled a whole column wrong, and suggested that Miss Titus always put him in there for punishment, Miss Howard only said,

"Did she? Well you can go in there some day when you're good, perhaps. Now you may sit right down by me, and study till you know this line. You will find it easier to learn a thing well the first time, I think."

Jack thought so, too, when he found her quite ready to stay with him till late in the evening, if necessary; and after one long battle, in which George and he held out until bed-time, they acknowledged themselves beaten, and tried no more experiments.

"If she'd only looked mad I could have stood it," George said, in talking it over afterward; "but she sat there just as easy, sewing away, and every once in a while she'd say, 'Well, boys, are you ready?' and smile just as if she was as pleased as anything. I do believe she'd have stayed there all night!"

"We're not going down to play, remember," Miss Howard said, as they walked along; "but the play-house will be a very good place in which to learn your pieces for Friday; and that is what we will do to-day."

Half an hour later, grandfather Catlin, as he rowed by the north shore, stopped a moment, half a mind to shout out, "Go back to the school-house, every one of you; I won't have you wasting your time out here!" On the whole, though, it did not seem to be wasting. The older children were studying so hard they did not see him; and Rosy and Jack, at Miss Howard's feet, were whispering together:

"One thing at a time,
And that done well,
Is a very good rule,
So I have heard tell."

Grandpa shook his head, but rowed on; and nobody knew how nearly the meeting had been broken up. Miss Howard's watch

hung against a rock, and the hands pointed to four o'clock as Frank threw his book in the air and caught it skillfully.

"Now, who says you can't study out doors?" he shouted. "I know six verses of Horatius perfectly. I could say 'em backwards. I've read ahead, too, and found out all about him. He was a bully fellow!"

"A glorious fellow, a splendid fellow, anything but 'bully,' said Miss Howard. "He never would know what you meant if he heard you call him that. Now, children, you've done so well that we'll try this again to-morrow. It will be a capital place to say Horatius in, Frank; and when you come to the prayer,

'Oh, Tiber! Father Tiber,
To whom the Romans pray!'

you can look to the Sound, and imagine it the old river. We'll have this flat stone to stand on, and all speak our pieces from it."

"You too?" Mary asked.

"Yes, all of us. I wonder if Oscar would n't like to come, too?"

"He can't but just read," Mary said.

"He would n't know what to do with himself. He never has time for school."

"Tide's out!" called a voice from the field. "Come on, all of you, and help get some clams!"

"I've never dug any," Annie said, jumping up. "I'll go, too, only I haven't any shovel. What shall I do?"

"Oh, we've all got little wooden shovels," said Mary. "Grandpa made 'em for us; and they do real well. Come on."

Frank went to the barn for the shovels, coming back with them in a few moments; and the children ran, followed by Miss Howard, who nodded her head once or twice as if making up her mind to something.

"An hour in the evening, or at most two, will do it," she said. "He has such a bright face, it's a shame he should not learn something. Now what's the matter?"

A long squeal had come from Annie, who sat now rubbing her eyes.

"He shot at me," she said, half laughing.

"I never saw such a clam. Do they all do that?"

"Why, of course," said George: "did n't you know that? That's all they can do. They feel you, or see you, I do n't know which—guess it's feel, for they have n't got any eyes—and they squirt up water and sand in a kind of cloud, so's to hinder you from seeing 'em sink down. I've got him! he's a big fellow. Now you dig straight down, and throw 'em out, so."

Annie caught the knack in a moment, and her basket began to fill up nicely—would have been full in a little while had there not been so much to look at. There were big periwinkle-shells, in one of which a small crab was walking about: and she stopped to watch him, and wonder why he had no shell. The children had scattered along the shore, and Oscar was a long way out, on what was called "The Flats," a mixture of sand and mud, abounding in clams,

and only seen at low tide. Beyond, the oyster-stakes were set; and Mary said, when it grew warm enough to bathe, that they often waded out to the beds and got oysters enough for a roast on the shore.

"I'll go out far as I can," Annie thought, "and see how it is. Oscar digs so much faster than anybody else." And she walked carefully towards him, afraid of sinking in the mud. It seemed perfectly firm; and gaining confidence in a moment or so, she ran along, jumping on the sea-weed to hear it snap. She heard Frank shout, "Look out!" and wondered why he did it. Then one foot seemed to stick a little; she stopped, and the other was fast too, and would not come out. "Horrid mud!" she said, struggling, and only getting deeper. Then she cried out, and Oscar, turning his head, threw down his shovel and ran toward her.

"Good Lord!" he said, "she's in the honey-pot!"

PAT'S PERSIMMONS.

BY MARY E. C. WYETH.

Pat is aunt Anne's gardener and carriage driver. He is just the neatest, thriftiest gardener, and the most trusty, careful driver, and altogether the nicest, best-behaved and most thoroughly respectable serving-man that it has ever been my lot to meet. His week-day suit is gray, and well-fitting and becoming. His Sunday and holiday clothes are quite another thing. They are black and shiny, and altogether very unbecoming, although Pat is so proud of the costly broadcloth. Everybody has some weakness, and that Sunday suit is Pat's weakness. To be sure, he might have many a worse one.

Pat goes to church at five o'clock on Sunday mornings. Then he comes home to breakfast and chores; and then he arrays himself in his fine broadcloth and glossy linen, and neat driving-gloves, and drives aunt Anne to her church, assists her to alight, fastens Lady Spanker and Rob Roy—aunt Anne's match boys—to their own

particular post, locks the mat and robe and cushions away in the carriage-box, puts the key in his vest pocket, and posts off to the church of St. Bridget Plantagenet, where he worships God in a fashion somewhat differing from that of the congregation to which aunt Anne belongs. But whether Father Terrence's sermon be longer or shorter, Pat is never behind time at his post of duty; so that aunt Anne always finds him, when she descends the church steps and crosses the pavement, ready to open the carriage door, carefully to assist her to her seat, and mount in all the shining solemnity of his Sunday suit to his own place.

Aunt Anne is not one of those who believe that a serving-man can have nothing in common with his employers. Very often, as she rides homeward, she carries on a little kindly conversation with Pat. She asks him about Father Terrence's sermon, and she tells him some of the good words that her own pastor has spoken to his peo-

ple. Then, on every Easter even, when aunt Anne desires Pat to fill two baskets with the choicest flowers from the conservatory, he very well knows that one of these is to be aunt Anne's offering to the church he loves, while the other, no larger or fairer, he is to carry to the ladies who adorn the pulpit and sacramental table in her own dear church for Easter Sunday.

Nanny says that it is aunt Anne's kindly and considerate way that makes Pat the admirable servant that he is; while Nel declares that it is because of Pat's modest and sterling worth that aunty shows him such kindness and consideration. I do n't myself profess to know how this is; but this I do know: that aunt Anne is certainly kind and considerate to Pat, even to the condescension of folding his coat for him every Sunday. And it was in connection with this coat-folding that I came to learn the story which very likely throws some light on the secret of Pat's excellence in the duties of that station to which it has pleased God to call him. I was passing a night with aunty and the girls, and while we were all chatting around the evening lamp, just after tea, there came a low tap at the sitting-room door. Aunty called, "Come," without lifting her eyes from her knitting—she knew the tap, and what it meant—and in a moment the door opened, and Pat, who had been to the funeral of a friend, entered the room.

"Would ye be plazed, mum?" he said, with a bow.

"Yes, Pat; bring it to me at once," replied aunty. And with another bow Pat vanished from the room, to return in a moment, bearing in his outstretched arms, enveloped in a huge white towel strongly resembling a table-cloth, his Sunday coat of glossy broadcloth. I opened my eyes, amazed, as aunt Anne took it from him, spread it upon her lap, and proceeded to turn back the rolling front, double the sleeves upon themselves, fold the flaps over upon the back, and then deftly lay one-half the back against the other, like a folding

chess-board, and return it to Pat, as he admiringly exclaimed,

"As slick an' as smooth as a guse's back, with niver a hair uv it wrong side out!"

"Well, well!" said I, deprecatingly, "aren't you old enough yet to fold your own clothes, Pat?"

"Ah, thin," answered honest Pat, "did n't ye observe the quare cut of the garmint, Miss? Mesilf can fould the vist and the panths, intirely; but the coat—ah, sure none but a born ganius 'ud be able to find the ins an' the outs of the buzzum, an' the collar, an' the two slaves, an' the ta'ls uv it. Sure, Miss, I'd diskliver the saycrit of the blue rose afore I'd be finding out the inthrackacies uv that foin garmint. Tin thousan' thanks till yez, Mis' Saymor," added Pat, turning to my aunt, as he left the room with his precious vestment held at arms' length, stretched out upon his broad palms.

When he was gone I asked aunty if that was a regular performance. She said yes; that Pat nearly worried himself sick with his efforts at folding that coat in its original creases; and finally humbly implored her aid in what seemed to him a well nigh hopeless undertaking.

"I saw at a glance," said aunty, "that the poor fellow's awkward fingers would never acquire the knack of folding those puzzling creases; so I told him that whenever he wore the coat he could fetch it to me, after brushing it, for folding. One need not grudge so small a favor to such a faithful servitor as Pat."

"Pat's a jewel in aunty's eyes," laughed Nan, "because he is such a teetotaler. She mentally raised his wages the moment he told her, with a view to stipulating for his 'days out,' that he was a member of some Irish-American-Union-Hibernian-Father-Mathew-Benevolent-Society or other. But then, no wonder Pat is good. As aunt Dinah would say, 'An angel'peared to him once upon a time.'"

"Indeed!" said I; "and thereby hangs a tale. Do let us hear it."

"It is a moral tale," said Nel, "designed for the encouragement of all bad little boys and good little girls; but I doubt whether Nan can tell it in sufficiently orthodox style."

"I can't give it in Pat's fine brogue," said Nan, "nor with his effective earnestness; but for all that, I'll tell the story. Pat told it to us the other day after his return from the parade. It was Father Mathew's birth-day, and all the temperance societies were out, and the streets seemed to be full of—"

"Green Irishmen," roguishly put in Nel.

"No," said Nan—"Irishmen 'wearing of the green' in the plumes on their hats, and the ribbons of their regalia, and the shining satin of their silver-fringed banners, and the tufts of clover—"

"Shamrock, Nan, shamrock, since you will be so accurate," laughed Nel, again interrupting.

"Tufts of shamrock or evergreen in their button-holes," continued Nan. "And of course Pat was among them, in his Sunday coat, and his hat with the long green feather and silver cross. When he was leaving the house in the morning, he looked so particularly prim and stiff and starchy that I could n't help asking him if he'd been eating prunes and persimmons.

"'Persimmins, is it?' he exclaimed, and the starchiness instantly left him, as he added, 'Bad luck till persimmins! Sure, did n't thimsilves coom nigh bein' the undoin' uv poor Pat?' And then he sighed, and said quite plaintively, 'Mebby it's not fair in me to be a-wishin' bad luck to any uv the good God's gifts. There's a blissin' in ivery wan uv them, an' there was a blissin' for Pat in thim virry bastely persimmins, in spite uv thimsilves.'

"It was, of course, no time to bother Pat about the story then; but when he came home in the evening, and was regulating the steam in the forcing-house, Nel and I besieged him, and reminded him of his morning reminiscences.

"'The persimmins, is it?' he exclaimed again, speaking as if he'd had his mouth

full of them, and they'd left a bad taste; 'I'm sorry ye spoke uv the mushy daba. Do n't the virry thought uv thim bring back the ould hunger, an' the tormint, an'—'

"'Ah!' said Nel, 'and that's just what we want to hear about;' and she settled herself against the door, and I mounted an empty bulb shelf; and the poor fellow, seeing no way of escape from us, sat down on the tool-box, and related what Nel so aptly styles 'a moral tale, all out of his own life.' He began by saying that his father, who was fond of 'the craythur,' and abusive of his mother, died when he was but a baby; and his mother, with only the tumble-down shanty on the railroad ground, and its few bits of household furniture for her worldly possessions, began the battle of life, much, probably, as many another poor Irish widow has begun it. She was a delicate bit of a thing, Pat said, with a pretty face and a light heart, and would doubtless have got on well enough, had not her oldest child, a boy of six or seven years, met with an accidental injury, that resulted in developing a terrible malady, which for years rendered him a helpless and pitiful sufferer. When at last death released him, the mother, too, was nearly exhausted with hard work and weary watching. Pat was about ten years old, and could help some by the sale of fish, which he early learned to catch from the lake near by.

"But the mother failed rapidly, and being a proud-spirited creature, she scorned to ask alms, and persisted in working out at washing and ironing, long after a fatal disease had fastened upon her. Pat saw her bright eyes growing brighter, and her white cheeks getting whiter and whiter day by day, and he exerted himself in his wild, untutored way to contrive some method of rendering her fading life easier. The poor fellow owns that he was a bad boy, though doubtless a comfort to his poor little mother. In his young eyes no one had any rights that he felt bound to respect. Accordingly, whenever any unsuspecting farmer left his load unwatched for a time anywhere in Pat's immediate vicinity, he was

pretty sure to drive his wagon away the lighter in weight by so many apples or potatoes or turnips as Pat could cram into the bosom of his baggy shirt, or such sized melons as he could conveniently abstract and secrete around the nearest corner. As he who steals will also lie, so Pat's glib tongue persistently maintained the innocence of his pilfering hands; yet, though he was seldom caught at his plundering tricks, every one knew that neither Pat's slender hands nor flippant tongue were in any degree trustworthy. One day in the early winter, when the trees were bare, and the brown earth was covered with a bitter frost, it chanced that there was in the little railroad shanty near the lake no breakfast for Pat and his mother. They had supped the night before off a porridge made with some cabbage leaves that Pat had slyly stripped from a pile of cabbages at a grocery door, and a couple of turnips abstracted from a measure outside the same shop. These, stewed with a handful of corn-meal, afforded them the only meal that the day had boasted. The mother had been too ill to work for several days, and Pat had had no luck with his fishing, and of course there was just nothing at all 'to the fore.' Pat's mother knew nothing at all of his thieving practices. It is easy to deceive one's mother, and he always had some plausible account of his manner of obtaining the vegetables and odd bits that he frequently brought home. He was good to her always; and she, poor soul, believed him to be the best of brave, good boys. And, as Pat told us, with tears in his eyes, 'she died in that same swate, desavin' faith.'

"On that particular morning, as Pat kindled the fire in the little stove, a bright thought struck him. 'Hillo, mother!' he cried, 'persimmins'll be just honey-ripe wid this big freeze. Kape you still in yer bed till I am ye a 10 dinner. I'm off to Darly's grove. It's just sivin mile away, an' I'll clip around the town till I sell out, an' oh! thin the toast an' tay that ye shall have. Throw the ould shoe afther me for

luck, mother, an' kape ycr spirits.' The mother laughed in spite of her poverty and sickness, and threw the shoe after him, and away he bounded, bare-footed and break-fastless—just to think of it—out into the wintry weather. He found persimmons sufficient to appease his hunger, and to fill his basket. He reckoned that he had at least a half dollar's worth. It was late in the afternoon when he reached the city. He had walked fourteen miles since the morning, and had wearied himself with climbing the trees and picking carefully the ripest and largest fruit. He was hungry and cold, too. It was natural enough for him to try the sale of his persimmons at the suburban residences that he passed on his entrance to the city. He met with no success, however. At one place a fierce dog sprang at him and tore his ragged trousers, and caused him to spill some of his precious fruit. At another, the servant who opened the door cuffed his ears for tracking the freshly-washed piazza. At the next place he wisely visited the kitchen door. A delicious smell of pies, fresh from the oven, saluted his keen senses as the door opened to his knock, and the warm, spicy atmosphere of the kitchen touched and thrilled his shivering frame. But the people within did n't care for persimmons. Again and again he met with similar disappointment. Nobody seemed to have the least desire for persimmons.

"The city folks were no better inclined than the residents of the suburbs. By and by he came to a steam bakery. From a grating in the alley the hot air from the furnace-room was escaping. Pat crouched over the aperture and warmed himself and inhaled the pleasant, tantalizing odor of the bread and cakes within. He was ready to cry with vexation; but he plucked up his courage and went boldly into the shop and offered his wares. The man behind the counter ate one or two, and gave Pat a handful of snaps and a cracker in return; but he did not buy. Outside, Pat ate one or two snaps, and put the rest and the cracker in his pocket for his mother. It

was now almost dark. He sought the residence streets, hoping that the home-returning fathers would buy a portion of his fruit for the happy children awaiting their coming. He cried his wares: 'Nice fresh 'simmons! Five cints a dozint!' but nobody hailed him.

"In despair he began again his ringing of door-bells, and daring of impatient servants, but not a persimmon did he sell. At last, at the door of a beautiful house, adorned with a portico with fluted columns, he met with a rebuff that, added to his day's disappointment, proved the 'last feather.' The servant rudely ordered him away, and called him a prowling little sneak-thief. And then Pat determined on his revenge. He descended the steps of the piazza, and screening himself from view among the drooping branches of a larch that nearly filled the little front yard, he deliberately flung every one of those persimmons, one by one, with malicious precision of aim, against the front door, the snowy cornice, and spotless fluted pillars of the portico. Of course, the soft, pulpy fruit burst, and stuck and stained and made sad work of the dainty paint and varnish. 'A miserable job for me to have done,' said Pat, ruefully; 'and that's why I can't abide the sight uv a persimmin till this day.'

"Well, of course the next thing was to take himself away from that locality as fast as his weary feet would carry him. In his blind anger he had quite forgotten to save any for his mother; and he had nothing now for her except the baker's cracker and snaps. He found her still in bed. Some neighbor women were with her. One of them was stewing some broth upon the stove. She gave Pat a few sups of it. His mother was very ill, and lingered but a few days. 'But her last days were her best,' said poor Pat, pathetically; 'the poor have few friends, but thin they 're faster, ye see.' These poor people were fast friends, for they never suffered the poor woman to hunger again; and they ministered to her dying wants, and gave her a decent burial at the last.

"The next day, as Pat wandered about near the lake, amusing himself as best he might, by skipping pebbles across its shining surface, and watching the trains as they came gracefully around the curve, he observed a lady and little girl approaching. The day was cold and bleak; the chill winds stirred the bare branches of the straggling trees, and tossed the child's long, fair hair about her shoulders. Pat sat down upon the bank and rubbed his bare blue feet together to keep them warm, and thrust his hands deep into his trousers pockets, and watched the passers-by. He was just wishing that he had the pretty muff that shielded the little miss' hands from the cold, that he might use it for a foot-warmer of nights, as Micky Marny used his shaggy water-dog, when the little girl, observing him, said a few words earnestly to the lady by her side, and walked quickly towards him.

"'You're the boy that threw the persimmons over our front door last night,' she said. Pat, trembling with fright, hastened to deny the charge; but the child maintained it. 'Please don't tell a lie,' she said. 'Nobody knows it but me. I saw you. Jerry ought n't to have been so cross to you, and called you names; but it was real naughty of you to do such a mean thing. I won't tell,' she added, seeing Pat begin to cry as she reproached him. 'When I saw your bare feet, I was so sorry you could n't sell your persimmons. I was coming up the basement steps to buy a whole lot of you, with my own half dollar, when I heard Jerry scold you, and saw you hiding in the tree and throwing the persimmons at the door. Then I was afraid of you; but you don't look so ugly now, and I mean to give you the half dollar. I think it is very hard to be so poor. Do n't be a bad boy any more. I'm very sorry for you.'

"Pat says he took off his ragged cap and held it out. She dropped the shining coin into it, her sweet blue eyes beaming upon him with a tender sorrow, such as angels may feel who witness the sad depravity of



sinful men. Then she flitted away, her soft hair streaming out on the winter wind, and—Pat did n't say so—I think that somewhere in its shining meshes she carried the loyal heart of a penitent little Irish boy; for Pat has the silver half dollar yet. He wears it, hung in a little blue velvet bag, about his neck; and his own testimony is that from that day he ceased to be a little scamp, and steadfastly sought to learn to do well. Pat is modest, and does n't praise himself overmuch, but he declares that

since the day when the sweet, forgiving child ran out of her way to bestow her holy charity by word and deed upon the graceless urchin to whom she owed small kindness, never has he been tempted to do a mean act, but the memory of that hour and scene have come to him like a warning; and the touch of the silver half dollar lying upon his heart, recalls the sweet face of the child-giver and he seems to hear again the pleading accents of her kind solicitude: 'Do n't be a bad boy any more. I'm very sorry for you.'

"And is that all?" I asked, as Nan came to a pause.

"Is it not enough, pray?" quoth Nel.

"Well," said I, "it does n't turn out at all, you know, as it would in a book. The 'Knight of the Persimmons' ought to have educated himself up to a member of congress, or a banker, or a postmaster at least, and married the 'fair one with the golden locks.' I do not perceive the moral."

"If marriage is the only moral you recognize," laughed Nel, "I dare say not. I should think, however, that you might comprehend how a spontaneous act of genuine sympathy and kindness is sure to work out good results, even though the doer of it may never know it."

So, then, that is the moral of Pat's Persimmons.

THE BRAVE LITTLE PIG.

BY MRS. F. H. COOKE.

There were eight little pigs near a farmer's door—

Round little fellows as ever you saw;
White over pink was the dress they wore,
And the belle of the village could scarce do more,
Though she slept on a mattress, with blankets four,
And the pigs lay snug in the straw.

The farmer came to the sty one day,

Where the young ones frolicked from side to side;
Rosy and cozy and plump were they,
And Mrs. Pig slept in a motherly way,
With one eye open, to watch their play,
And the eye was bright with pride.

A neighbor came from beyond the mill, [what.

While the farmer stood thinking of which and
"Farmer," said he, "I've a sty to fill,
And a snug little trough, and plenty of swill,
And I'm free to pay whatever you will
And take my choice of the lot."

"Ahem!" said the farmer, "the nights are cold,

And eight would lie warm where one would shiver;
But then the creatures are six weeks' old,
And so, if you'll pay me a piece of gold,
You may choose the finest, to have and hold,
And take him across the river."

The neighbor had rather a taking way,

So the pig was soon in a basket tied;
He trembled and shrank in his nest of hay,
While the neighbor, nodding a brief "good-day,"
With the pig on his shoulder tramped away
Straight down to the water's side

Then, stepping from stone to stone, he crossed,

For the stream was low, and the ford was good;
The pig on his shoulder was jarred and tossed,
And chilled by the breath of the morning frost,
But never a step of the way he lost:
He watched, as a brave pig should.

Through the woods did the man with the basket go—

Quite out of sight of the farmer's door,
For he lived up the river a mile or so,
In a place where currants and grape-vines grow,
And there was a pig-sty brown and low,
With plenty of straw on the floor.

So the pig was left in a house of his own,

Not crowded a bit by sister or brother;
'T was the very first time he had lived alone,
And he said to himself in an undertone,
Partly a sniff and partly a groan,
"I wish I was back with my mother!"

At noon came a pitcher of milk, alack!

He drank not a drop of the little he saw,
For he knew, as he peeped through a neighborly
crack,

It was not what he craved with a pitiful lack,
It was only his dinner, and so he crept back.

Further back, to his nest in the straw.

At night came more milk, in a plentiful dole.

And the pig drank a little with trembling heart;
For a plan had dawned on his homesick soul,
And so in the darkness he dug like a mole,
Till he found he could crawl through the new-made
hole,

And at day-light was ready to start.

He ran through the woods on the gray leaf-mould,

He came to the river and crossed at sight,
Though his small feet slipped on the stones so cold,
And a boy tried to catch him, but missed his hold,
For this plucky young hero of six weeks' old,
This brave little pig, showed fight.

When the farmer came with the morning's food,

He stopped, as oft he had stopped of late,
To count the young noses, if count he could;
And he said, "I fancied my eyes were good,
But here are the seven of last night's brood,
And that starved little chap makes eight."

A "MERRIE CHRISTMAS."

BY JULIA F. SNOW.

And a cheap one, too; for in these days of ups and downs there are so many loving hearts and slender purses that the ways and means of bringing a "Merrie Christmas" within the reach of such are well worth considering. THE LITTLE CORPORAL gives some hints of such ways and means, and wishes to be informed of others. Now, I know of lots of them; and if he will but give me space I will tell of them.

One is a spool book-case, or book-shelf. This is the way to make it: Get a quantity of spools, all of the same size; No. 40 Coats' thread is the best size. Count out sets of four, with say eight, six or five in each. Have ready four stout iron wires, just large enough to fit the hole in the spools. Then get three or four of the light smooth boards which merinos come rolled upon, and which any of your friends in the dry goods line will give you. Bore a hole in each corner, slip the wire rod through, fit on the spools, and have one at each corner, and wedge the wire in stoutly with bits of wood. Then slip on another board, and four more sets of spools, and another board. The one which my boys made for me has three shelves, and will hold quite a little library. The tops of the wire are finished off with the round, ball-like spools on which welting-cord comes wound, and are pointed off with a slender silk spool at the top. Four large button-hole twist spools form the feet.

I found it more convenient to put it upon a pair of iron brackets against the wall, out of the way. I paid, I think, sixty cents for them; but excepting that, the only cost was five cents for the wire, which a good-humored blacksmith cut into four lengths for him, and the dress-maker's shop furnished the spools. It could be made of any size, and even quite large if required; and could be further ornamented with fringe or lambrquin. But I use and prize my own just

as it is, and would not change it. They look just like turned-work when varnished.

Wall-pockets are very useful, and a very pretty way of making them is of those thin, flat boxes in which come fine handkerchiefs. Stitch one edge of the box and its cover together, let in silk ends, and suspend by ribbons. Trim all around with chenille cord or box-plaited ribbon. These boxes usually have a bright picture—some sort of a French print—on them; and the trimmings should harmonize with the prevailing tints, or the furniture of the room.

Slipper-cases are pretty, cheap and useful, made like this: A heavy piece of pasteboard (the bottom of a large box is best) is cut in the shape of a shoe sole, upon which are fastened pockets of pasteboard, representing the toes of a pair of slippers, covered with oak or bronze paper, and edged with box-plaited skirt-braid or chenille cord, or even heavy picture cord. They are very useful, and save much looking up of slippers of an evening, if hung in a convenient corner.

The best fun we ever had out of home-work was when we made our theater. And I'll tell you how it was done. We took a box—a large tea chest is best, being lighter and more easily sawed. We sawed it across the top several times to slip in the side scenes. The bottom we covered with a large, cheap engraving—a landscape—and fixed with leather hinges to let down, and a leather loop to fasten it at the top. This left it open, front and rear. Then we papered it inside with a neat, small-figured paper, and outside with granite paper. Small slips of wood were glued on the floor, to steady the scenes, which we slipped in from the top. A bit of wire, similar to that used in the book-case, was sewed into the lower edge of the drop-curtain. Small cords from the roof passed down and under this roller, and drew it up neatly. The

curtain was made of a gorgeous remnant of crimson silk, lined with white cotton. Thus far our theater cost nothing; but we now recklessly purchased at the stationer's a set of paper scenery, representing a wood-scene; and the good-natured book-binder (who had the job of binding one year's magazines) mounted them on mill-board. Also a set of actors, representing the *dramatis personæ* of some opera, in characteristic dress and attitude, which were mounted on mill-board, too, and glued to small bits of wood to steady them. The cost of this outfit was fifty cents. Foot-lights came next, and we cut four spools in two, glued them on a strip of wood, and stuck penny wax candles into them. The effect of the little theater all lighted up from the front, and the gay little figures all standing about in the mimic woods, was indescribably pretty. The boys afterwards devised an ornamental front, and had some tickets printed, thus:

C O L U M B I N E
T H E A T E R.
Admittance one cent.

The boys meant to have called it the Columbian Theater, but the boy who owned the printing press made the mistake, and the boys had to accept it, and the tickets also. We spent less than a dollar for two sets of scenery, actors, footlights and all, and gave a Christmas pantomime of "Cinderella," I doing the talking behind the scenes, the boys manœvering the actors with concealed threads, which came out of holes in the sides of the theater. Booth nor Jefferson never had a more delighted audience than did our little paper Cinderella. The boys gave entertainments afterwards for charity and for "necessary expenses, including peanuts," as Frank called it.

Doll's bedsteads may be easily made from hosiery boxes, cutting them out to represent head and foot-boards, and fitting up with miniature bedding: and chairs by

covering pasteboard with scraps of rep or cashmere. I would give the shapes if I could publish diagrams.

Play-houses are so prettily made from boxes, and simply furnished, as I once described in "Mamie's Play-house," that every little girl ought to have one.

Children enjoy what they make themselves so much that knives and boxes of tools are among the very best of gifts to small people, or older ones, even, who have a mechanical turn.

Animals are very pretty made in rough furry cloth. Rabbits are quite lovable in white cotton flannel. How I did once love a cotton flannel rabbit, with its ears lined with pink silk! Dogs can be beautifully imitated in Astrachan cloth; and cats in gray cotton velvet. Or woolly sheep of white Astrachan. Gay balls stuffed with cotton and knit of bright wools, and knit dollies are nice for babies.

Glove and handkerchief boxes are beautiful, made thus: Any suitably-sized box, cut apart at the corners and lined inside with quilted silk, satin or merino, and covered outside with merino of a contrasting color, and then sewed at the corners. They can be finished with box-plaited ribbon or cord, and the lid lift with a loop of ribbon or cord. Some have a cypher embroidered on the lid. They make nice gifts for gentlemen, if not too delicately made. In short, there is no end to the pretty gifts that may be made with a little money, a little leisure, a good deal of industry, and the liberty of the scrap-bag.

And here I want to tell a little story of a little boy who was determined to have a Christmas-tree. Johnny had seen them at the Sunday-school festival; but his home was out on a farm, and there was hard work and hard living, and little care for play, or what looked like it, in Johnny's home. But there were little ones there, who were too small to go to the Christmas-tree in the village: and Johnny determined in his warm little heart to have one. So he went to the woods and dug one up, and planted it in a tub of saw-dust and chips.

Then he cut up bits of red and white flannel to make it blossom brightly; then he strung a great quantity of popped corn on threads, and wove it in and out for snow-wreaths. He made a number of little lace or muslin bags, and cracked a quantity of walnuts, out of which he picked the sweet kernels, and filled the bags—one for each of the family. Then there were nice red apples with the stems on; and when Johnny went to bed a good aunty pinned on a ten cent scrip for each of the four little tow-heads asleep up stairs. That was all the outlay of cash; but there was a whole California of love in little Johnny's Christmas-tree.

I could write of a great many more cheap and simple toys, such as rag babies dressed as Zouaves, in red and blue flannel; old women with cloth bodies and hickory-nut heads; rustic chairs for dollies, of elder-pith, or stems of juniper pinned together; pine cones-work of all sorts. But whatever you make, be sure that you do n't forget to put in ever so much of Solomon's famous flavoring perfume, which made the dinner of herbs so superior to the peevish meal of first-class sirloin. Where love dictates the gifts, and faithful, industrious hands execute the plans, there cannot fail to be what I especially desire for us all—a "Merrie Christmas, and God bless us every one!"

DREAMING.

BY MRS. L. M. BLINN.

Dreaming and wondering, the little maid Marion
Sits 'neath the shade of the old forest trees;
Her soft eyes raised to the blue skies over her—
Her bright curls tossed by the fitful breeze;
Hands idly folded, and red lips moving,
Her sweet girl-fancies she breathes aloud,
While over her face thought throws its shadows,
Softening its light like a passing cloud.

"Is this great world all so fair, I wonder?
The beautiful world that I have not seen?
Are other skies bright with such autumn splendor?
Are its boundless fields all as soft and green?
Is it full everywhere of light and gladness,
Of rippling waters and song of birds?
Of tinkling bells, and the herdsman's carol,
The whispering winds, and the bleating herds?"

"They tell me of cities of wonderful beauty,
Where wealth and taste gather treasures rare:
Where the eye grows tired of the stately grandeur
Of palace and dome, and mansion fair.
I wonder if over their noisy brightness
Comes ever a calm like these lovely hours?
If their silver and gold and glittering bangles
Are better than trees and birds and flowers?"

"Nay; I'd rather be but the little maid Marion—
Sunburnt and brown, in my country nest—
Than the proudest lady, whose diamonds sparkle
Over haughty brow and unquiet breast.
I'd never covet their gayest trappings,
Nor care to be decked in their jewels fine;
I'm happier by far with these woodland beauties:
Man made their treasures, but God made mine!"

PALISSY THE POTTER.

BY ANTOINETTE C. M'LEAN.

Once upon a time there lived a man who tried to do something he knew nothing about. I dare say my little boys and girls have many times found it hard work to do things which they knew very well about. Then, if you were told you must go to work and make a cup and saucer like the one you drank your coffee from this morning, what would you do? You would say you could do nothing without a teacher. But

who taught the first man? Some one studied it out at first; and if all the potters in the world should die at once, some one might study it out again.

Palissy had no teacher. He had to put different kinds of clay together, by way of a trial, then put them in the oven, build a hot fire and bake them, and when they were cool look at them to see if they were changed. This he did, not once or twice,

but over and over again, for years and years; but still every time there came out nothing but the same brown ware such as he had always made.

It was a wonder he did not stop, for he had a wife and children: and sometimes he spent so much time and money trying to make white enamel that they nearly starved.

"One more trial," he would say, "and I will find the wonderful secret; then they shall have all they need." But the "one time more" sometimes took him away into the night, when, weary and sorrowful, he would creep into bed, only to find his wife awake, and ready with a good scolding for all his "folly," as she called it; for she seemed to think all the sorrow was hers, and he brought it.

Poor Palissy would then think his wife was more than half right; he would leave off working to find out the secret of white enamel, and go to painting on glass until they were all comfortable again. But just as they thought he would never again think of the white enamel, he would go to work at it again.

Thus things went on for many years, until Palissy was about fifty years old, and still he sought for the wonderful secret, which as yet he could not find. The neighbors at last said he was crazy; and one night his wife and children thought if he had never been crazy before he had become so at last. For six days and nights he had watched beside his oven; and yet he needed more heat, and his fuel and money were gone. Then he rushed into the house, tore up his floors, broke up his chairs, and put them in the fire. Do you wonder that his wife screamed and scolded and cried, and ran for the neighbors to tie him up for a madman?

But the next morning, oh, joy of joys! like a little angel of peace and love, there stood in the oven his dish, covered with the long-sought-for enamel! no longer brown, but white and shining! Do you not think he was glad? Yet even then it was ten long years before he had so brought out the beauty of his wares—white and colored—as to bring him fame or fortune.

Then, indeed, a great and rich nobleman gave him an order for making enamel tiles for the floor of his palace, and gave him plenty of money for all his materials and to pay him for his labor.

Now, you may be sure there were glad times in the house of poor Palissy, a plenty to eat and drink, and no need any longer for Madame Palissy to scold; so we will hope she now saw that her husband was right to keep trying, in spite of his many disappointments and the trouble they all had shared.

SANTA CLAUS' POOR SPELL.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

Word came from the country where Santa Claus dwells

That he was alarmingly ill;
And fears were expressed that he'd not be on hand
With presents the stockings to fill.

The children had fancied the precious old saint
Secure from all mortal mishaps,
And they said it was queer that at this time of year
He should have such a dreadful collapse.

"Oh! what shall we do?" cried the little ones all,
With grief that they could not control;
"Oh! what shall we do? for our pennies are few,
And there isn't a toy that is whole!"

"I thought that he'd bring me a wagon," said Jack.
"I want a new dolly," said Jane.
"I looked for a sled this Christmas," said Fred:
And they all fell to crying again.

"It won't be like Christmas, I'm certain of that,"
Said young Master Frank with a pout;
"And the bells will ding-dong a monotonous song
If Santa Claus isn't about."

"I guess," said mamma, "that the giant Deepair
Came into our castle to-day,
And filling with gloom every heart in this room,
Took all of our sunshine away.

"Dear Santa Claus does n't like children that pout,
And make such a dismal ado;
Because he, alack! has a pain in his back,
And feels much more wretched than you.

"A smile on the face will do Santa Claus good,
And help him, I'm sure, to get well;
And our hearts may keep time to a musical chime,
Though Santa Claus has a poor spell.

"For Christmas is coming; and Christmas must be
A season of gladness and cheer;
Though broken our toys, let us make it, my boys,
The merriest day of the year!"

EYES AND EARS.

CONDUCTED BY THE EDITOR,

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

ONE of the curious animals of South America is the great ant-bear, which lives wholly upon ants and such small insects, though it is fully four feet in length, and must require a million or so for a mouthful. This queer fellow has long sharp claws for tearing open the nests, and a round slender tongue, about sixteen inches in length, with which he picks up the squirming little dainties at a sweep. He has a portable blanket, which he always carries with him, for his tail is nearly as long as his body, and covered with a heavy thatch of coarse hair, so that when the ant-bear has a mind for a nap, he has only to curl himself up and whisk his gray blanket over his head, and directly he is only a heap of shaggy hair, in which shape he often sleeps for a whole day.

THERE is a bird in South Africa called the korwe, which makes its nest in holes in the trunks of trees. When the eggs are laid the female bird enters her nest, and the male plasters up the entrance with mud, leaving only a small opening, just large enough for his beak. Through this hole he feeds the mother-bird; and after the eggs are hatched he feeds the young birds until they are ready to fly. The prisoner grows very fat, but the poor slave of a husband is often so lean and exhausted that he falls down dead in a sudden rain-storm.

THIS is the way they contrive in Italy to fatten the dainty little ortolan for the epicure. The sensible birds have a habit of feeding only at sunrise; but the Italians shut them in a dark chamber, with only one aperture in the wall, and scatter food upon the floor. At a certain hour in the morning the keeper places a lantern at the orifice, and the dim light thrown upon the floor makes the ortolans think the sun is about to rise, so they rise too, and greedily

eat the food. Then the lantern is taken away and a fresh supply scattered. No doubt the birds are astonished at such a short day; but they make the best of it, and go to sleep for a couple of hours, when the trick is repeated, and thus the blithe little finches are in a short time transformed into balls of fat for the tables of gourmands.

If you lived in South America, instead of keeping chickens, you might have a few turtles in your back yard to furnish you not only eggs, but butter and oil, and sausage and steak, and a variety of roasts, stews and soups. The great tartaruga, which measures three feet in length and two in breadth, is often kept for family use. The people have little ponds in their yards for their accommodation; and in the laying season these creatures dig holes in the ground, at night, in which they lay from one to two hundred eggs between midnight and morning. The eggs are as large as a hen's eggs, and are eaten both raw and cooked. They are made into butter in a way which we should hardly fancy. The natives put them in a canoe, stamp them fine with their feet, and then by pouring on water and exposing them to the heat of the sun the oil is brought to the surface. Afterwards this is skimmed off and purified by heating in a copper kettle. I am afraid you would not quite like the flavor, but the Indians think it a great delicacy.

WHAT would you think of a tame snake for a pet? The boys and girls in France are said to harness them by the tails, and drive them about for fun. One would think so lively a team would hardly need a whip. Toads have often been tamed, and can be taught to make themselves very useful by catching hurtful insects among choice plants; though a gentleman who experimented with one found that squash-bugs seemed to disagree with its stomach after it had swallowed fifty or sixty. Mice make very cunning pets, and will learn a variety of tricks; and a Frenchman once taught some of these little creatures to per-

form all the manœuvres of a company of soldiers on drill. Another gentleman, of the same nation, had a span of fleas, which were well broken to harness, and drew a tiny chariot around the table.

DID you ever think of the difference between air and light, in the way they come to us? You cannot catch the sunbeam in your fingers; you cannot shut it up; you cannot even feel it. It seems as thin, as intangible as the air itself. Yet the air penetrates everything; it creeps through; it glides under; it goes behind. There is no escaping it: while the sunbeam is turned aside by every obstacle. What if light moved as air does, instead of only in straight lines? Do you see what would happen? *There would be no shadow*; no escape anywhere from the piercing brightness. The thick green leaves would not turn it aside; there would be no coolness of the woods; no "shadow of a great rock in a thirsty land;" no use at all for hat-brims or sun-umbrellas. Some One seems to have planned very wisely and kindly, in this one little law of light, to keep us all comfortable and happy. Then the sunbeam itself, though it looks like a simple gleam of brightness, is really a bundle of different colors tied up together, and each color has a different office to perform. The artist can separate the ray into its original colors, and letting them fall upon his prepared plate, will show you that it is only one or two of the darkest rays that have anything to do with printing his wonderful sun-pictures.

ISINGLASS is a kind of gelatine made from the air-bladder of the great sturgeon and some other kinds of fish. Mica, which some people call isinglass, is a mineral that is found in smooth thin plates, sometimes white and nearly transparent, sometimes with all the colors of the rainbow. The little windows that make your base-burner stove so cheerful are of mica, not isinglass, as the hardware merchant will perhaps call it. The name mica comes from *mico*, to

glitter; and if you will look at a bit of granite, and see how it is filled with the little shining grains of mica, you will see how appropriate the name is.

WHERE does the salt on our dinner-tables come from? In the first place two very strange things were joined together to make it: a silvery metal called sodium, and a poisonous yellowish gas called chlorine. This queer metal will swim on the surface of water, in little dancing globules, which soon take fire and vanish in blue flame; but no sooner is it breathed upon by the poisonous gas, than both vanish, and leave in their place the little crystals of salt, without which life could not be sustained.

Salt is found in immense quantities in the mines of Poland, Norway and Spain, where it is quarried like coal, and is quite pure; but a great deal is found mixed with clay and sand, and has to be purified by dissolving it and then evaporating the water. In Germany, and in our own country, are many valuable salt springs, which hold the salt in solution; and lakes around which the salt constantly forms in solid blocks. These solid crystals must be ground fine before they are fit for table use.

Trees and plants need salt as well as human beings; but there are great salt plains, where nothing can grow, like the great region in South America, containing more than twenty thousand square miles; and another in the heart of Persia, covered with glittering crystals of salt, and which have been thought to be the beds of great oceans, whose waters have been drained away by volcanoes.

THERE never was such a bridge-builder as a spider. Put the greatest architect in the world upon a raft in the middle of Lake Erie, and he would not be much better off than you or I. But place a tiny spider on a chip in the middle of a tub of water, and in half an hour he will build himself a bridge and be off, without so much as wetting his feet.



A great many boys and girls write to Prudy, saying they would like to correspond with others, and ask to have their address published. Now Prudy cannot do this any more, for several reasons. One is, it would fill the whole space with what would only interest a few; another, and a better reason, is that she does not think it a profitable thing for boys and girls to carry on a correspondence with strangers. You all have friends enough with whom you can correspond; and as it would be considered a very indelicate thing for a gentleman or lady to advertise for correspondents, and a good many wise fathers and mothers would be very unwilling to have their children do it, so, if you have anything worth saying to each other, send it to the pocket. If you are interested in natural history, or botany, or ornithology, and find out anything new in your line, or want information on any point, put your fact or your question into a few straightforward words, and it will be very sure to be published. But if you have nothing more to say than telling your age, how many brothers and sisters you have, and that you like *THE CORPORAL*, why, all that is well enough for a letter to Prudy, but you must not expect her to print it.

Blissfield. "Dear Prudy: I am interested in the 'Society of Inquiry.' In the northern part of Ceylon they have a small bird, with two long tail-feathers; and what seems remarkable to me is that there are several different colors to what seems to be the same kind of bird. There is one pure white; another black, another green, and once I saw one nearly brick-color; but all with these two very long (in proportion to the body of the bird) tail-feathers. The natives call them edrah-sah koo-doo-ve, or king-bird, probably as a name of honor, just as they call our children kings and queens. They are not at all like our king-bird. I think David Howland, Enfield, Mass., might tell you a good deal more of the birds, shells, and flowers of Ceylon. I see he has written to you. Yours sincerely,
E."

Only two or three persons sent any items to the 'Society of Inquiry,' and most of those were copied from books, and not the result of observation; so it was not thought worth while to keep it up.

Niles. "Dear Prudy: I have a bird-house near my window, which I made this spring. A pair of

blue-birds, which I named Marcus and Mattie, built a nest in it; that is, Mattie built it. All Marcus did was to bring one or two straws once in a long time; to follow her back and forth as she brought great mouthfuls of grass; to go into the house with her, and (I suppose) superintend the forming of the nest; to come out with straws hanging from his claws, and to drop them without noticing, and to sit on a tree near by and watch the house while his wife was away, stretching his wings and scratching his ears, not to mention that he warbled his approval and encouragement all the time till the nest was done. After Mattie had begun to sit, I paid the house a visit to see the eggs, and being unable to look into the nest, I disregarded Mrs. Miller's caution and took one out. I was sure I did not do any harm. I had touched field-sparrows' eggs without any bad consequences; but Mattie proved more particular than the sparrows, and left the nest. But after an absence of more than two weeks she came back with Marcus; and now they are building a new nest on top of the old one. I scarcely see how they will have room, for they had half filled the house the first time.
HELEN E. C."

Cherokee Nation. "Dear Prudy: I am a little Cherokee girl fourteen years old. I have one brother and three sisters. My little sister Emma takes *THE CORPORAL*. She is ten years old. Her teacher presented her with it last session. We all like it very much. We live about a mile from the Arkansas River, on the edge of a prairie. We go to school every day we can. We like the story of 'Life on an Island' very much.
LESLIE BREEDLOVE."

Alderly. "Dear Prudy: I do not take *THE CORPORAL* myself, but my sister takes it; and as I cannot read very well, she reads for me. I like the stories very much, but I like the letters the best. We have three horses, and I help take care of them. I ride one to water every night and morning. This year my sister and myself gathered fourteen bushels of butternuts. I like to go hunting and fishing. We have got through husking corn and digging potatoes, and I helped with them. As I cannot write myself, my sister has written this for me. My pa keeps a store, and when I can I am going to help him. Wishing *THE CORPORAL* success, I close.
"ROBBIE JERENSON."

Rising Sun. "Dear Prudy: I take my pen to write you a few lines. You said in the October number 'that if the boys wanted more letters printed they would have to write more;' so I thought I would write you a small letter. I go to school, and have to stick to my lessons pretty close from seven o'clock to nine, and at noon and night walk two and a half miles to school. I have eight studies, as follows: Willson's Fifth Reader, Robinson's Higher

Arithmetic, Bullion's English Grammar, Webster's High School Dictionary, Robinson's Intellectual Mental Arithmetic, Bryant & Stratton's Book-keeping, Mitchell's Modern Geography, Hart's First Lessons in Composition. I think I must close, with respects to you all. Yours,
JAMES A. COOK."

"Dear Prudy: I have heard so much about you I just feel as though I would like to write a letter to you. I think you must be a big woman now, for I have read a book about you when you were a little girl; and you were so cute and nice then that I know you must be real good now, and won't be angry with a little girl writing a letter to you. I am living in the country now, six miles from Dayton. I once lived in town before I came here; and I like it so much better than I did in town, because it is so much pleasanter. Now, Prudy, and you really Prudy, or are you some lady that wrote the book about Prudy? I have a little sister Maud, and she says, 'No; Prudy gone up to heaven on a ladder.' Maud is seven years old and I am twelve.
"ELLA C. MCGREGOR."

Madison. "Dear Prudy: I have traveled a good deal for a little girl of thirteen. I have been in the New England States, in the Southern States, and in Mexico. I would like to tell you what strange things I have seen, but you do not like long letters.
"NELLIE."

Those are the very things Prudy would like to hear about, only not too much at a time.

"Dear Prudy: My brother has a little baby girl that weighs ten pounds, so that makes me an aunt. My hen Lily is so tame she will fly upon my shoulder and eat out of my hand. I have a kitty named Rose May, and when I ask her if she loves me, she meows, which I think means yea.
FRANKIE."

Bellaire. "Dear Prudy: I sometimes feel quite vexed at the stories for always closing in the most interesting places. I like 'Life on an Island' so well that I am always wishing for more; but 'Hidden Treasure' is just as good. I would like so well to know who you are. If you will tell me, I won't tell anybody but mamma. Please do; you can trust me, I guess.
ANNIE C. HOZE."

Isn't Prudy just as good a name as Annie? and don't you know who Prudy is as well as she knows who you are?

Kingston. "Dear Prudy: My aunt made me a New Year's present of THE CORPORAL, and every number reminds me of her. I think she is one of the best, to make me such a nice present. We live on a farm of one hundred and sixty acres. We have a walnut tree in our garden that has about five bushels of nuts on it. If you will send your pocket this way, I will fill it with walnuts, hickory and hazelnuts.
ALICE COLE."

Emma Lyons "feels slighted that she has not received any chromes, as well as the rest of the boys and girls." Did Emma send the extra twenty-five cents to pay for them? If she did she should write at once to the publisher, and the matter will be set right.

May Hill. "Dear Prudy: I walked on crutches a long time, from the effects of white swelling in my leg, but I can run some now. I earned the money for my CORPORAL all myself. I raised melons and sold them at the show, and saved the money until I got money enough; but it took a long time to gather enough; but I have got enough after all. I am thir-

teen years old. I do love THE CORPORAL. May he always live, marching on, 'fighting against wrong; and for the good, the true, and the beautiful.' I send my love to Mrs. Miller, Private Queer, Prudy, and all who are engaged in printing THE CORPORAL. Yours truly,
NANNIE H. COUSEL."

Union City. "Dear Prudy: I am taking music lessons too. May must not think it is hard. She must think it is fun, or she will not learn; so my teacher says. I agree with Lucy in wishing you would send your picture in THE CORPORAL; if you would I should be very glad. I wish THE CORPORAL would come every week, instead of monthly. I like the chromes well; but I like little 'Morning Glory' the best. I never took THE CORPORAL until this year. I am much pleased with it.
"MERTIE PRATT."

Rochester. "Dear Prudy: I am a lover of THE LITTLE CORPORAL, and I like the stories in it very much. I live out in the country on a farm, ten miles from the city. I have taken THE CORPORAL this year, and I have earned the money to pay for it next year, by carrying brick for our chimney. We had a new house built last spring. My parents are dead, and I live with my uncle and aunt. We are having beautiful Indian summer weather. My little cousin sends a kiss to Prudy. I go to Sunday-school at Pleasant Grove, two and a half miles from here.
"MARIA PICK."

New Haven. "Dear Prudy: I wrote you once about my cousin George. I will tell you another story about him. When he lived in Worcester he came to New Haven to make a visit; and at night, when he was going to bed, he did not say his prayers. His mother reminded him to do it, and he answered, 'What! the same God in New Haven that is in Worcester? What a long God!' Yours truly,
"HARRY W. BLAKE."

Did you ever hear what the little girl said about God? "He is so great that the heaven cannot contain Him; yet so small he can dwell in my heart."

"Dear Friend: I live on a beautiful farm, twenty-eight miles from Chicago, with my grandparents. We have old Sam, General Sherman's war-horse, which he rode in twenty-seven battles. I like THE CORPORAL very much, and I am waiting for the next. Your friend,
WILLIE."

Sivas, Asia Minor. "Dear Prudy: I am a little girl twelve years old. I have a sister seven years old, one brother five years old, and one one year old. We are the only American family in this city now. There was another family, but they have gone to Constantinople to attend a meeting. I took THE CORPORAL three years, and this year I am taking it again. Sister Lucy takes the Nursery. Now I will tell you what they do in this country. A wooden shoe, called a nalin, was sent from Bagdad to Constantinople, with a great many guards and soldiers. It was a nalin that Mohammed the prophet once wore. It was in a box. When it got to Diarbekir the Pasha went out to meet it, and he opened it and looked at it, and he was taken immediately with a fever. In all the cities they went through it was received with great pomp. When they got to Constantinople the shops were all shut up, and cannon were fired, so as to receive it with honor. It is placed with the sacred things in Constantinople. Last year I went to Constantinople, and had a very nice visit. I am very glad that I was born an American, and not like these poor people. This winter we spent in another city, called Cesarea. I had a very nice visit, because there were children near my age there in the missionaries' families. Yours truly,
"ANNA M. WEST."



CONDUCTED BY PRIVATE QUEER.

No. 67—CHARADE.

The first three letters of my seven
A covering for the head will show,
Made of fur or cloth or velvet,
With feather and tassel, buckle and bow.

The last four letters of my seven
A useful, well-known grain will show,
That loves the burning sun of the tropics,
And only in fields of the South will grow.

And lastly, all my letters seven
A fancy, a mood of the mind will show,
As changeful and airy as plume and tassel,
Or grain in the field, when the breezes blow.
M. M. H.

No. 68—CONCEALED BIRDS.

Why, Rob, I never can believe it!
See! that pig is wallowing in the mud.
I think it will do very well.
Where can I find a house at low rent?
Strew the floor with rushes.
M. H. B.

No. 69—ENIGMA.

I am composed of twelve letters
My 9, 2, 5, is to weep.
My 4, 3, 7, 11, is to deceive.
My 6, 1, 8, 12, is a speck.
My 6, 10, 5, is over all.
My whole is a crowded place. *Clara E. Hyatt.*

No. 70—RIDDLE.

Two ladies, an aunt and her niece, were carried off by a band of Indians, and, though imprisoned within the same encampment, were not permitted to see or converse with each other. A young Indian girl—the favorite daughter of the chief—used to visit them both; but they durst not trust her to carry messages, so the niece persuaded the maiden to carry a certain animal to her aunt, and to bid her study its name carefully. The young Indian complied. The aunt understood the message to be an entreaty to escape if possible, and returned answer, by a fruit, that escape was utterly impossible. What was the animal, and what the fruit? *F. R. F.*

No. 71—WORD SQUARE.

Worth.
A foe.
Kingly.
A likeness.
A President of the United States.
Luther H. Bull.

No. 72—GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of seventeen letters.
My 9, 14, 1, 10, 12, is a city in Georgia.

My 2, 11, 4, 3, 6, 16, is a city in Texas.
My 7, 15, 12, 1, 10, 8, 16, is a city in Nebraska.
My 2, 3, 7, 14, 13, 2, is a city in Georgia.
My 1, 14, 13, 17, 5, 15, 7, 8, is a city in New York.
My whole is a range of mountains in the United States.
M. H. Blackwell.

No. 73—WORD SQUARE.

A girl's name.
An Eastern country.
A small brook.
Name of a college. *John Schillestad.*

No. 74—A SWARM OF BEES.

Take B from an instrument of sound, and leave a measure.
Take B from a small vessel, and leave a grain.
Take B from a basin, and leave a bird.
Take B from a blossom, and leave a machine.
Take B from a color, and leave a want.
Take B from a note, and leave sickness.
Take B from a shrub, and leave to wander.
Take B from an animal, and leave a human feature.
M. M. H.

No. 75—CHARADE.

I am a word of five syllables; of which my first and second make the name of a huge serpent, strong enough to crush an ox to death, and large enough to swallow him whole; my third and fourth are a cube usually made of ivory; my fifth is a vowel, and an article much used; and my whole is the name of a British queen who burnt London, destroyed seventy thousand of its people, and afterwards poisoned herself because defeated in a battle with her enemies.
F. R. F.

No. 76—ENIGMA.

I am a sea-tyrant.
Behold me and I listen.
Behold again and I float. *E.*

No. 77—DECAPITATION.

Behold a river in Indiana, and leave to confuse.
Behold a gulf in Africa, and leave a cave.
Behold a river in the United States, and leave a boy's name.
Behold a cape in North America, and leave capable.
Behold a river in Asia, and leave a marsh.
Behold a lake in the United States, and leave correct.
The initials of the words beheaded spell a city in Europe.
Alfred P. Walbridge.

No. 78—WORD SQUARE.

An animal living in water.
An island.
To shut violently.
A plant. *F. R.*

No. 79—CHARADE.

Without my 2, 3, 4, 5, I am a grain.
Without my 1, 3, 4, 5, I am a toy.
Without my 2, 4, 6, 7, I am a carriage.
Without my 1, 2, 3, 4, I am a small house.
Without my 3, 4, 6, 7, I am a covering for the head.
Without my 2, 4, 5, 6, I am an animal.
Without my 2, 4, 5, 7, I am used for propelling.
Without my 1, 3, 5, 6, I am a hollow place.
Without my 1, 4, 5, I am a harbor.
Without my 1, 4, 7, I am a harvest.
Without my 4, 5, 6, I am a snare.
Without my 1, 2, 4, 5, I signify to decay.
My whole is the name of a fruit. *M. M. H.*

No. 80—WORD SQUARE.

To beseech.
An attached friend.
Each one.
The nest of birds of prey.
Less wet.

No. 81—ENIGMA.

I am composed of twenty-one letters.
My 2, 3, 19, 18, 10, 14, 8, is ten hundred thousand.
My 1, 7, 12, 20, 15, 20, is a boy's name.
My 20, 16, 17, 4, 5, is a girl's name.
My 13, 21, 14, 5, is a city in New York.
My 6, 7, 9, is a small house.
My 2, 3, 9, 13, 20, 11, is something worn on the hand.

My whole is the name of a lady editor.

Harry H. Dane.

CORRECT ANSWERS.

Correct answers were sent by the following persons: Julia M. Case, Fred M. Cutter, Annie A. Seward, Flora V. Chamberlain, Emma L. Vandewater, Hubert Anthony, Emma Barker, Alfred P. Walbridge, Edwin L. Dimick, Bertha E. Bliss, A. L. and J. S. Allison, Mattie S. Gilbert, Louis Roberts, Mammie Spillman, James G. Allison, Ada Richardson, Willie Dorr, Joe Walker, Willie T. Heflin, C. M. Upchurch, Estella M. Anthony, Chas. A. Holmes, Jr., Kate W. Fall, Geo. R. Smith, Minnie J. Parsons, Ellen Eddy, Lora A. Brooks, Nellie Joalin, Alice V. Bates, Lillie Gupitill, L. M. Blake, James A. Cook, John Rodgers.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES, ETC., IN NOVEMBER NUMBER.

No. 58.—Charade—Tanganyiki.

No. 59.—Word Square—F U R
U S E
R E D.

No. 60.—Geographical Subtraction—(B) Aden; (B) arrow; (D) over; (O) be; (P) o; (P) Russia; (S) now.
No. 61.—Acrostic—Hollo; outstrip; rush; abhorrence; toll; I; orchestra. Initials, Horatio; finals Ophelia.

No. 62.—Enigma—The "Clermont," the "Haridan," and the "Car of Neptune."

No. 63.—Puzzle—Cares; carena.

No. 64.—Word Square—M O P
O R A
P A P.

No. 65.—Charade—Philippine.

No. 66.—Charade—Pelican.

TRANSLATION TO PICTURE STORY
No. 3.

Mrs. Carroll had partly set the tea-table, and had gone out of the room for something, when little Ida came in; and she saw on the table something that she particularly liked; but she knew her mother would not approve of her taking it until tea-time. But she determined to have some, any way; so she got a box and climbed up by the table. She reached out her hand to take some, but, hearing her mother coming, in her confusion she knocked the cream-jug off on the floor. Her mother came in, and asked Ida how it came off. Ida pointed to the kitten that was sitting on the rug before the fire, and told her mother that the kitten had done it. Mrs. Carroll got a whip and whipped it away. Ida stood by crying. She did not like to see the kitten whipped. That night on going to bed, as she knelt down to pray, her eyes fell upon the motto her mother had placed over her bed: "Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord." She thought of the lie she had told, and could not sleep till she had called her mother and told her all about it. Her mother took her on her knee, and told her Christ would forgive her if she was sorry, and so comforted her. Then she told Ida to bring kitty to her, and she and Ida both petted it. Then Ida told her mother that she would try, if Christ would help her, to never tell another lie to shield herself from being punished. *Mary Bennett.*

PICTURE STORY NO. 4—THE YOUNG BIRDS.

BY ELLA E. HARRIS.

Translation will be given next month.



The Little Corporal.

TERMS—\$1.50 a year. Single Numbers 15 cents.

JOHN E. MILLER,
Publisher and Proprietor,
No. 164 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

THE POSTAGE on the LITTLE CORPORAL is three cents a quarter, or 12 cents a year, payable quarterly at the P. O. where the magazine is received.

CHICAGO, DECEMBER, 1873.

TWO MONTHS FREE!

CHROMOS FREE!

TO EVERY SUBSCRIBER, whether NEW OR OLD.

This number closes Volume Seventeen, and brings us to the end of another year. Our arrangements for next year are completed, and we can assure our readers that we have in store for them a variety of good and entertaining matter. *LIFE ON AN ISLAND*, by Helen C. Weeks, will be continued through part of the next year; and in the January number the editor of *THE LITTLE CORPORAL*, Emily Huntington Miller, will begin a new story, entitled *THE LUCKY STONE*, a sequel to her charming story, "Summer Days at Kirkwood," which will run through the year. We shall also print during the year, a story from the pen of Miss Joanna H. Mathews, the author of the *Beetle Books*, and numerous other works, which have made her name very popular with the young people.

Besides these continued stories, *THE CORPORAL* will contain a variety of shorter Stories, Sketches, Poems, etc., by writers already well known to our readers; while Prudy's Pocket will continue to contain the children's own letters; and *Work and Play* will afford amusement for all.

THE LITTLE CORPORAL has, from its first appearance in July, 1865, maintained the highest rank among the juvenile periodicals of the land. Its aim has been to so blend instruction and amusement as to make it a welcome visitor in every household, gladdening the hearts of the young, and making them nobler, wiser and happier.

All the features which have made *THE LITTLE CORPORAL* so popular heretofore, will be continued for the next year, with the endeavor, if possible, to make it still more attractive in Stories, Poems, and beautiful Pictures.

OUR NEW CHROMO "WRITING TO PAPA."

This chromo is a copy of an original painting, made expressly for us, and can be obtained nowhere else. It is 11 by 13 inches in size, and printed in sixteen colors, giving it a softness and a richness of finish scarcely distinguishable from the original. We think we can truthfully say that this chromo premium will not be equalled by anything that will be offered by any other publication in this country. Every subscriber can have his choice of either the pair of chromos, "Mother's Morning Glory," and "Little Runaway," or the new chromo, "Writing to Papa," either of which will be sent post paid, mounted, ready for framing, and the magazine for one year, for \$1.50.

TWO MONTHS FREE!

All new subscribers for 1874, whose names and money are received before January first, will receive the November and December numbers free; also, by first mail, a pair of our beautiful and popular chromos, "MOTHER'S MORNING GLORY," and "LITTLE RUNAWAY," mounted, ready for framing, or a copy of our new chromo, "WRITING TO PAPA."

See our Premium List, found in another place. Look it over carefully, and see if there is not some article which you can secure by a few hours' work raising a club.

THE HOME CLUB LIST.—We are prepared to receive subscriptions to all the leading papers and magazines, at greatly reduced prices. Do not subscribe for any periodical until you have seen our list, for you can save money by doing so. Send your address on Postal Card for the Home Club List, to JOHN E. MILLER, Publisher "Little Corporal," Chicago, Ill.

Read what is said about subscriptions to the Nursery, in another place.

A Holiday Present will be given to every agent raising a club of five or more names. See what is said about it in November number.

Renew at once for next year, before you forget it. Send one new name at the same time, and you can have both copies for \$2.50, and the chromos free.

We receive subscriptions for other periodicals in club with *THE LITTLE CORPORAL* at reduced rates. For list of papers and magazines see Premium List page.

Every subscriber, new or old, receives free one of our beautiful chromo Premiums, or both of them by paying 50 cents extra, or \$2.00 in all.

We will send the Chicago Weekly Inter-Ocean, price \$1.50, and *THE LITTLE CORPORAL* both one year for \$2.00, without chromos. With either of our chromo premiums, \$2.50.

We will send a Globe Microscope, price \$2.50, and *THE LITTLE CORPORAL* one year, price \$1.50, both for \$2.50 without chromos. With either of our chromo premiums for \$3.00.

We will sell any article on our premium list for the price named on the list. Many of the things would be suitable for Christmas presents.

Canada subscribers must send 24 cents extra to prepay postage.

HARD TIMES.—Ten cents a day for cigars and tobacco amounts to \$36.50 a year, while it costs less than one-half a cent a day to give your children *THE CORPORAL* one year with the premium chromos.

THE NURSERY, published at Boston, is the best magazine for the smallest readers we know of. The subscription price is \$1.50 a year, the same as for *THE CORPORAL*, and persons raising a club for *THE CORPORAL* may also take subscriptions for the Nursery at \$1.50 a year, and have the names count in club for premium, same as names for *THE CORPORAL*. Thus your club may be made up of names, part for *THE CORPORAL* and part for the Nursery—provided you send \$1.50 for each name in the club. This will be a help to agents in getting up clubs, as they often find persons who are too young to subscribe for *THE CORPORAL*, but would take the Nursery. We can, however, send no chromo premium to subscribers for the Nursery—only to subscribers for *THE CORPORAL*.

AGENTS WANTED.—An active, energetic person wanted in every town to canvass for *THE CORPORAL* on cash commission. From three to ten dollars a day can be made by the right kind of person during the next two or three months. Send 75 cents for agents' outfit and confidential terms. Address Publisher LITTLE CORPORAL.

An agent's outfit includes only one of the chromo premiums. When \$1.00 is sent we will send both premiums.

OUR FIRESIDE FRIEND

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